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SONS OF CANADA

WALTER ALLWARD

SONS OF CANADA

SHORT STUDIES
of
CHARACTERISTIC CANADIANS

BY

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

DRAWINGS

BY

F. S. CHALLONER

R.C.A., O.S.A., Etc.

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PREFACE

As a general rule, a man must be a native of the country in which he claims the rights of citizenship. This is broadly true in connection with Germany, France, Russia, and Great Britain, but it is not true of Canada, nor yet of Australia or the United States. There are Canadians of all classes who were born on the soil, but there are also typical Canadians, with full citizen rights, who hail from all the civilised lands under the sun.

This volume deals, as its title indicates, with typical modern Canadians, but it is not a treatise on racial development or on the evolution of a spirit of devotion to a new and composite country. It is a book of impressionistic studies of a number of the outstanding Canadians, in various walks of life, who have built up the present-day Canada which is distinguished alike for its industrial greatness and its romantic traditions. These studies attempt to do some amount of justice to the patriotic efforts of certain men whose names are well known through the medium of the press, but who are little more than names to the general public.

An attempt has been made to provide a record of strenuous personal work done by men whose claim to public recognition lies rather in what they have done for Canada than in their descent or family connections. But this volume is no mere record of self-help, while it is recognised that the men of whom these chapters tell owe as much to Canada as Canada owes to them. They are men whose chief claim to distinction probably lies in their complete adaptability to the environment in which they found themselves; and they must therefore be necessarily judged rather by what they became as

Canadians than by what they were before Canada laid a compelling hand upon their lives and fortunes.

The story of the strenuous life suggests the achievements of the railroad king, the great financier, or the notable politician; but this book does not deal only with men who have made their names " familiar in our mouths as household words." Its purpose is also to show that certain men have deserved well of their country who have neither made large fortunes nor taken a place among their country's legislators. Canada is not so crude as to depend entirely upon her millionaires and industrial leaders for her full development, and an effort has been made to prove that the work of the so-called " lesser " men of the country has had its full share in building up this modern and very vigorous nation.

In all cases the author has tried to get down to first principles, and to show the real character of the man under consideration, leaving the reader to form his own judgment of that character from the facts supplied. The book is from the pen of a writer who although not born in Canada claims to be a Canadian because his life-work as a pioneer has been done in the Dominion.

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SONS OF CANADA

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

CANADIANS are somewhat fastidious in the matter of Governors-General. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught has spoiled us. Before his time we had experience of many first-rate Governors, some of whom added to their celebrity after leaving Rideau Hall. When a man has been vice-regent of Canada he is qualified to fill any gubernatorial post in the Empire. When the Duke of Connaught leaves this country it is to be hoped that he consents to act as the King's representative in no other overseas dominion or crown colony under the sun. The inherent democracy of Canada was never at such a high pitch of expression as since the term of our most aristocratic governor. Soldier, statesman, gentleman, man of the world, and a Royal Governor embodying all the typical graces of the Victorian era and most of the rugged proverbial virtues of John Bull himself, we shall always remember Arthur, Duke of Connaught, as in most respects the simplest, sincerest Governor we ever had. We shall never know how much of the Canadian army, both in numbers and in loyal fighting quality, was inspired by the presence among us in a supreme capacity of a Royal Governor who is himself a trained soldier of the highest rank in the Empire. The Duke's shrewd and active interest in the militia system that became a great army and in the overseas dominion that has become itself a centre of empire sentiment, has always won the admiration of Canadians. In paying respect to His Royal Highness as a Duke, an Emperor's uncle, and a polished instinctive gentleman of the first

rank in any of the world's aristocracies, we sometimes look to him more kindly than to some of the more pretentious aristocrats whose titles are in direct ratio to their standing in politics or finance.

Twenty-six years ago the Duke of Connaught paid his first visit to Canada. During his stay in Toronto an orchestral concert was given in the Horticultural Pavilion. The Duke was not present, being socially engaged elsewhere. Just before the last number on the programme the conductor, whose career is sketched briefly in this book, turned and said to the audience:

" Ladies and gentlemen,—In recognition of the fact that His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, is in the city, the orchestra will now play ' God save the Queen,' so that you may have an opportunity to put on your wraps while we perform the last number on the programme."

The compliment is now extended by people of many languages to the person of the Duke of Connaught himself. In so doing, the people of Canada, more or less represented by the characters impressionised in this book of sketches, have a hope that the Duke of Connaught counts it not the least distinguished part of an eminent career that for a term of years in the evening of his life he was privileged to become a citizen of Canada. As a true gentleman is always a democrat at heart, we believe that His Royal Highness will much oftener be proud of his Canadian citizenship than he will be conventionally amused at any of the superficial defects of our Canadian brand of democracy.

SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE greatest educational philanthropist in the British Empire—so far as the expenditure of millions for education is concerned—is a paragon of paradoxes. Money-making is as natural to Sir William Macdonald as measles to childhood; but he lives almost as simply as a street-car conductor.

Individually the richest man in Montreal, he has given away more than he has kept. Too conservative to use a telephone until a few years ago, he has spent millions on modern scientific education for other people. A man of public interest to the core, right in the forefront of modern movements that benefit society through practical education, he has never held any kind of office where any man could call him anything but plain Macdonald. So plain and simple in his tastes that for most of his life he drove to business in a series of old-fashioned gigs and phaetons, in a moment of unguarded weakness he accepted a title from Queen Victoria and scarcely knew what to do with it. A firm believer in domestic happiness he has always steadfastly refused to marry. And though he has made millions out of manufacturing tobacco, he has never smoked a whiff or taken a chew in his life, and once threatened a nephew of his with retirement back to Prince Edward Island if he did not give up cigarettes.

If there is joy in practising what you do not preach, Sir William Macdonald should be the happiest man alive. There never was a Canadian Dickens to transcribe this man to a charactership in a novel, or he would have become one of the monuments of literature.

Since the memory of most men living Sir William has lived in a plain old terrace on Sherbrooke Street not far from McGill University. When he first went there the place was probably somewhat stylish. While other money barons of Montreal built modern castles at West-

mount, Macdonald kept his terrace, whose only mark of pious care was the polish on the brass knockers and the knobs. The door opens into a dark hall and the hall leads off abruptly into a library of many books. Here at a lectern stands or used to stand Sir William, black coat, squidgy black bow loose under a negligent collar, glasses over his sharp nose—reading, reading, his only pastime. The books are many and various; the house is almost gloomy; the wallpaper reminiscent; on the walls not even a good oil painting. Some years ago Van Horne and Strathcona tried to interest Sir William in pictures. It was no use. There was no reality in pictures; much more in books. And the old man often went down to business, even since his knighthood, in an overcoat that used to be grey till time made it somewhat green—always with that muffler at his chin, clattering away in his rickety gig to the dingy old offices on Notre Dame a few steps from his beloved Bank of Montreal, up the creaking rickety staircase that never knew an elevator, into rooms that would have given the blues to any but a man who cared nothing for mere comfort or decoration, but all for business.

Sir William was born in Prince Edward Island. His father was President of the Legislative Council, P.E.I. His grandfather was John Macdonald, eighth chief of the Clan of Glenaladale, founder of the Scotch settlements of Tracadie and three other places on the Island, and captain in the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment in the Revolutionary War.

Further back than this the genealogist does not go, to the Highlands where the ancestors of this little man of compressed dynamics must have been giants of the mosshags. The line direct ends with William Macdonald, who may have concluded that it was no use to have children that would inherit his money and perhaps go to the dogs in spending it.

William Macdonald was a little wire-edged bundle of energy when he turned his heels upon Prince Edward Island in 1854, and took an amazing journey up the St. Lawrence. The Montreal that first knew Macdonald was

a jumble of historical monuments, untidy docks, dirty, dark streets, thriftless French and diligent Anglo-Saxons, and one little university with less than a hundred students. What led him to manufacture tobacco nobody has ever explained. He would have made as much money had he decided to make sugar, cotton, or lumber. But tobacco was a Canadian institution. Lumber camps were as much in need of tobacco as a modern army. Hard tack, fat pork, and molasses needed plug tobacco to complete the luxury of living. The tobacco made by Macdonald was one of the first Canadian-made to go to the outpost places; smoked and chewed in lumber camps, mining camps, Eskimo igloos, prospectors' tents, and Indian tepees; in half-breed shacks and factory yards; on trains and steamships and trails; in the outermost marches of the Arctic where the hip-pocket and its plug are a constant joy; on the soft blowing Pacific where the weed from Montreal is as common as canned salmon; on the cod-banks of the Atlantic where the fisherman's pipe is the joy of living; and even in downtown clubs of Canadian cities you will find men who, scorning the fine-cut and the patent package, discreetly haul out from the hip-pocket a plug of Macdonald tobacco and proceed to demonstrate the joy that comes from the art of getting ready to smoke.

Never to be forgotten is the first chew of tobacco I ever saw a man take. He was a timberjack in the hardwood bush of western Ontario, about to notch a five-foot swamp elm which he and his mate would afterwards bring down with a crosscut saw. He took the black treacly plug from the hip-pocket, looked at it with almost maternal tenderness for a moment, bit off a corner, and prepared himself to enjoy the taste of that chew until the swamp elm should go down.

"What kind is she, Bill?" asked his mate.

"Oh—Micdonald's—down in Montreal."

I remember seeing that brand advertised on the board fences; but I am not sure whether it was one of Macdonald's plugs or another sort almost equally famous which furnished bushwhacker wags with the bogus five-

cent pieces that they sometimes dropped into the church collection plate. There was great stimulus to the imagination in one of those plugs of tobacco. Molasses laden, gummy and black, it told the story of the tobacco plant growing like weeds, packed and baled and ported to the wharves of Montreal, whopped with fragrant emphasis into the warehouses of Macdonald, ripped and torn loose, sorted and stripped, flavoured and pressed, stamped and ready for the case, the counter, and the camp.

Every plug of that tobacco had in it the almost cosmic frugality of William Macdonald. In that sharp-lined, eagle-eyed face could be seen the lines of the proverb, "Waste not, want not." A plug of tobacco in the making was to him a personal product, or why should the bushman wink and say piously—"Oh, Micdonald's"?

High wages and dear tobacco-leaf reduced the size of the ten-cent plug as Macdonald himself began to shrivel a bit into the pucker of age. Plantation owners in the south knew what a hard buyer was Macdonald, who figured in fractions of a cent on cost of production. A factory hand who wanted a raise of pay without a corresponding increase either in the work or the cost of living must be inquired into by Macdonald. He knew his workmen. Whatever methods were in vogue in his factories or in his buying and selling, machinery must be explained to any commission by himself, never by a subordinate. If a Macdonald employee met with an accident or fell sick, he became the personal care of the firm, who professed to look after him better than any paternal lodge or insurance society.

Without chick or child or hobby but his business, Macdonald was the phantom at every man's elbow. Why should any man waste time or material? Why should customers get less for their money because employees were allowed to squander in the factory, or because the head of the firm wanted a winter trip to the Bermudas? Why should customers pay a higher cost of production because some foreman wanted a more elaborate building or because other men with far less business on their books had luxurious offices? There was

no objection to electric light when it came, because it was a better and more economical light. Modern machinery was always welcome, so long as it turned out better goods at no higher cost, but the interest on investment must be carefully watched along with the depreciation.

As for the telephone—did it not make men lazy? Did most men transact any real business by long-distance conversations? Why should a talk be interrupted by an impertinent bell? No, the telephone must be postponed. Macdonald tobacco could be produced without it—for a while yet.

If Macdonald was always a personaliser of his business, it was because he was a man with one idea at a time and but one lifetime in which to work it out. He was a concentrator. Plenty of his friends had so many ambitions that they spent half their time presiding at directors' meetings. Most of the successful men he knew were directors or presidents of half a dozen companies each. Macdonald could always find plenty of room for his personal energy in the one-man business of which he was the creator and the head. If he had time and energy to spare he found some way to invest it in that business—no other. Optimistic promoters of mining companies, land companies, gas and power companies never got much encouragement from Macdonald. Why should he lend his name to a dozen other concerns of which he knew nothing and had not time to learn? Every man to his trade; the cobbler to his last; Macdonald to his tobacco, his one directorship in the Royal Trust—and his stock in the Bank of Montreal. Ay, the bank! that was a great thing, a natural, necessary handmaid to business and a source of wealth. And William Macdonald remains to-day the heaviest shareholder in the Bank of Montreal.

Clubs again; why did so many men he knew belong each to half a dozen clubs? Relaxation, sociability, business acquaintance, social standing—psh! Macdonald needed none of these things. He had a comfortable home, many books, plenty of things to think about—and ideas taking shape for the future.

He had become a very rich old man. He had no family on which to spend money, no sons to whom he could leave it.

But there was a way for the lone man Macdonald to prove that he was not living for wealth and bank shares and business and self. He had never been uncharitable; but he had never believed in indiscriminate charity—especially in a new country like Canada where self-help was the law. But he knew how to give where his judgment found it was needed. And whenever he came to the full measure of his giving there should be no man in Canada, past or present, who could be set down by the newspapers as giving more—or as much. But it would never do to dissipate millions in riotous giving. What Macdonald chose to part with for the sake of the community and the country in which he had accumulated wealth must be as shrewdly administered as the business by which he began to make his money and the bank in which so much of it was wisely invested.

The world has known for a good many years what Sir William Macdonald has done to recreate McGill University; how his money and practical wisdom have changed McGill from a college with a classical turn to a great modern university with its fingers on every phase of twentieth-century life. But the sunny optimists who imagined that because he was giving millions to education he was *ergo* an easy mark for sociological benevolences were sometimes grievously jolted.

It was not very long after he began to give large sums to the cause of education that he received a call at his factory office from a man who had a benevolent hobby, a large but very needy down-town Methodist church in Montreal. Time after time the affairs of that big church, now worth at least a million dollars in foot frontages, had come before the General Conference. It became the perennial problem—how to save it to Methodism in Canada. Macdonald was not a Methodist. Born a Roman Catholic, he had pretty well given up interest in all church matters.

The visitor found the millionaire, as usual, hard to

get at. He was received by a dour and burly Scot, who as major-domo in a bareleg regiment would have been immense.

"Y're wantin' to see Mr. Macdonald?" he repeated. "Ay, he's in. But what is it y'd like to spier him aboot?"

The visitor evaded the point.

"Weel, I'll tell him y're wantin' to see him."

In a few moments the caller was let into the office, where he stated his benevolent business to the keen-eyed and wary philanthropist. He knew the caustic tongue of Macdonald, its withering irony, and its tactics of the claymore. Persuasively and discreetly he told the story, adding that a Methodist customer of Macdonald's, who was a delegate to the Conference and purchased Macdonald tobaccos by the carlot, had asked him to elicit from the head of the firm what he would do to save this grand cathedral of Methodism.

The sharp eyes of the tobacco magnate gleamed with sudden interest. This was a plausible human suggestion. He called his clerk. The moment seemed auspicious.

"Find out," he said rapidly, "what the account of Mr. —— is with this firm."

The caller waited with nervous expectancy. He knew the yearly aggregate was very large, and surmised that with Scotch justice the magnate would "make the punishment fit the crime."

The clerk returned with the figures. Macdonald did not reach for his pen and his cheque book.

"Write Mr. ——," he snapped, "that his account with us is closed forthwith."

The clerk gasped with amazement.

"Say that the account is closed," repeated Macdonald. "It makes no difference how large it may be. Mr. —— can't use his connection with this business to hold it up for a donation to any cause, no matter if it is a church."

Philanthropies are never pried out of Macdonald. When he established the Macdonald Agricultural College and Normal School with a large model farm attached at St. Anne de Bellevue up the Ottawa, he spent millions

on a project that he considered would be of some use to modern education in Canada. He did the same thing in a smaller way by founding the Macdonald Institute, a school for domestic science at the Agricultural College in Guelph, Ontario. He pursued the same modern set of ideas in his establishment of consolidated rural schools, believing that the old red schoolhouse with its isolated régime was too much a part of the backwoods era in Canada to be keeping up with the times.

If the affairs of these philanthropies, totalling more than $15,000,000, have got into print, it was through no publicity enterprise of Macdonald. In 1898, after he had begun to spend mi''ions on education, he was knighted by Queen Victoria. How he came to accept a title is still a mystery. The only sign he gave of having done so was to discard his old horse and phaeton and buy a smart coupé with a quick-stepping, well-groomed horse driven by a coachman.

So this strange old man of stubborn ways goes about Montreal with the mystery of the paradox always about him. His body is drying up, but his soul goes marching on. He is the dour old Scot with the twinkle in his eye and the spring of incurable energy in his limbs. He has the grit of a lion and the tenacity of his race at its most incorrigible height. No one ever heard of his giving any opinions about how to run a nation. He never instructs senators or parliamentarians. He speaks from no platform. His private politics are like his religion, and his business and his philanthropy largely a personal matter. He takes no stock in grand opera or in music of any sort. Mere amusement is no part of his programme. If the world must be amused—so let it be. Macdonald amuses himself. All there is of Macdonald outside the great business which his personality made possible he embodies in the things that swallow his surplus millions. And if at any time the shade of the old founder McGill could be consulted he would probably be courteous enough to agree that the name of the big Anglo-Canadian University in bi-lingual Montreal should be changed to Macdonald University.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN

He will be recorded in history as the Premier who at New Year 1916 called for a total Canadian Army of 500,000 men; whose government commandeered 15,000,000 bushels of wheat at terminal elevators and sent it to Europe; whose Finance Minister opened a domestic war loan of $50,000,000, which was subscribed twice over; whose Parliament, up till the beginning of 1916, had already voted $200,000,000 of a war loan. Men, money, materials—going out. Little but credit coming in. Every mortal thing done by the Borden government running into millions—expenditure; and not a soul on the other side of the House to make a word of protest.

Yes, the country is very loyal to the nation-making idea represented by Sir Robert Borden, the first Premier who ever governed this country by impersonality. This unstageable man almost woke up to find himself Premier in 1911. Years before he had begun to talk about getting the Liberals out. Since 1907 he had theorised about what his party would do if ever they got in. The Halifax Platform (see *Hansard* and the newspaper files) contains all the recipes enunciated by Mr. Borden at Halifax, just before a general election. Perhaps Sir Robert Borden could recite that document to-day. If so, he smiles. That Halifax Platform is in the National Museum along with the National Policy, No Popery, and the Jesuits' Estates Bill.

Sir Robert Borden is calling for soldiers—and more soldiers; millions of money and more millions. Railways and steamships are carrying out troops and wheat; factories making munitions; farms, offices, and stores sending men into camps; financiers raising war funds galore; women knitting, sewing, and organising and helping to recruit. Canada is not now being railroaded,

Europeanised, and subdivided. Gone into the cold perspective of history is the deadlock over the Naval Aid Bill in 1912. Fast going into historical oblivion is the Nationalist Party that helped to elect Sir Robert Borden Premier.

So he goes with that Derby hat and thick overcoat, trudging a bit sidewise up Parliament Hill on winter days to the office of the Premier in the East Block—the man who never laughs in public. Step by step he cogitates. Resolutely he holds on his way. Courteously he bows to a member or a minister. On into his room, face chiselled like bronze for an Egyptian god, grey hair punctiliously parted amidships, faultlessly groomed, a thick grizzled moustache, and a steady eye—alwaysseeming to have plenty of time, forever seeming to make up his mind, discreetly shuffling over papers, reflectively reading; such a serious, meditative man. His secretary is staccato; Borden—always slowly polite and for the most part gently reasonable. In an hour he may conscientiously get through a load of detail work and is ready for the first of a line of miscellaneous callers.

A green baize door opens and you face the Premier, at whose back a slow wood fire is burning, on his right a big Gothic bow window overlooking the campus.

He rises, greets the visitor in a thick basso voice of unaffected cordiality, and motions him to sit in a chair which is discreetly screwed to the floor on the end of his desk. And until the interview is over this man of slow mind and overwhelming sincerity says never a word that somehow does not seem to be part of a moral message.

He is the unstageable, unspectacular Borden; the man from Halifax, the lawyer who was born to be a judge, the citizen who was never cut out for politics, the gentleman who ordinarily never could have got through life without becoming a churchwarden.

In September 1915 the Prime Minister spoke before a vast audience in the Arena at Toronto. He had just returned from an extensive visit to the lines of battle and to England. Fresh from the headquarters of General

Joffre and Sir John French, from the trenches on the firing lines and the hospitals behind them; only the other day speaking on the same platform with Premier Asquith and Right Hon. Mr. Balfour; dined and conferenced; entertained by the King; given the freedom of the City of London at the heart of Empire—the Premier of Canada spoke to 10,000 people as though he were reading a story sent in a letter.

Sir Robert Borden cannot pretend to be what he is not by nature, who in moulding him left out most of the power of expression and compounded the man of duty, public service, conscience, absolute honesty of purpose, and the determination to be a statesman. Had he been created even 10 per cent. a politician, he might have stopped to acquire some of the tricks of oratory for the sake of swaying the crowd that delights in the power of the spoken word. If he were less thoughtful, he might be more a man of action, no matter what form the action might take. Less than half so modest, he might have cast decorum to the winds and proceeded to tear a passion to tatters. Less altogether than he is of an admirable citizen he might have condescended to become for one hour something of an actor.

No man ever came before a united people in this country with more to say—when he said less. He seemed weary. Filled as he was with the sentiment of an Empire being tried out in a great war whose outlines he had actually seen, whose smoke he had smelled, whose ravages he had witnessed, he acted as though he had been forced upon the stage to tell about it, and would be glad when the show was over. The impressions he had got remained his own. By a whim of creation he was denied the rare joy of translating those impressions to the multitude, in an age when demagogues are on almost every street corner shouting their heads off and saying nothing.

What does it matter whether the crowd be ten thousand in a tabernacle or a hundred in some country church? The message must be the same. The personality of the speaker in expression must be the same. The same

stage setting must do for all the shows; the same plain, untheatrical, and mostly undramatic actor. Climaxes and big inspirational moments must be avoided. Thrills are dangerous and are followed by inevitable reaction. It is no business of a Prime Minister to be a revivalist.

As a leader of his party in the House, as a debater, as a dignified, clear-headed parliamentarian with the moral mastery over both himself and his party, the Premier is always admirable; a man whom it would be a pride to point out to any stranger wishing to see Canadian manhood in its most honest, straightforward embodiment. There he must be left. If the party or the people wish to drag him out for a show, they must be sure to provide actors enough to complete the bill.

It is of prime importance to remember how, when, and under what circumstances so impersonal a figure ever came to be Premier of Canada at a time when a world war is making marionettes of national figures the world over.

The Borden family migrated as United Empire Loyalists to the valley celebrated by Longfellow in the poem "Evangeline." Robert Laird Borden was born in the very village of which the poet prattled so musically in the opening lines:

"In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the valley its name. . . .
Sea-fogs pitched their tents and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their stations descended:
There in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village."

And we may well imagine that the Borden homestead was the prettiest pastoral glimpse in many a mile. The Borden family, with that grave, serious sincerity sparkling now and again into moderate mirth, attended to all duties devoutly, to church religiously, and lived amid an environment of perpetual peace.

Robert Laird Borden went to one of the little academies that were dotted almost as thick as light-

heaves over the land of Evangeline and Sam Slick. While still a young man he became some sort of professor in a little New Jersey college, afterward came back to study law in Halifax, where in after years he became a comfortable, unpretentious lawyer, where he attended church regularly at wooden old St. Paul's, overlooking the mighty harbour and the square once clanking with the king's soldiers, where up till a few years ago he sedulously sang in the choir amid the quaint relics of a bygone age.

No man can be a good Haligonian without a due sense of the historic and the decorous. In Halifax the past gazes pensively at you on every corner, not romantically as in Quebec, but with a subdued, respectful aspect that makes you forget the once rollicking devilry of Halifax's military régime. The pomp of military days has become the manners of the present. Garrison parades, society teas, church services, monuments, and old buildings continually remind the tourist that the first essential of civilization is eminent respectability. There are business concerns in Halifax conducted by the same genteel snuff-taking methods that characterised the days of the Prince Consort. The English accent is everywhere. No true Haligonian cares for modernity. Old St. Paul's church was built of lumber fetched in sailing vessels from Boston. It is cram full of relics. Halifax is the Boston of Canada and dignifiedly resents any bumptious, real estate methods of getting on in the world. To be a decent Haligonian you must neglect a respectable part of business for society, politics, and religion, not forgetting the soldiers at the citadel and the young officers on the *Niobe*. Which, with the charmed outlook over the greatest harbour in America, is precisely what makes Halifax one of the most delectable cities in Canada in which to enjoy life.

R. L. Borden was a good citizen of Halifax. He had about him all the decorous, amiable qualities that make Halifax very largely what it used to be. You note this genteel persistency in the Premier's face; a sort of moral and physiognomical tenacity that belongs rather to the

middle-class aristocrat, respectable in trade, religion, and politics. The Sir Robert Borden of to-day, if he were habited in a brief cutaway, clinging check trousers, mutton-chop whiskers, and full black cravat, might easily be imagined doffing his colonial top hat at the gate of wooden old St. Paul's, the little Westminster Abbey of Halifax.

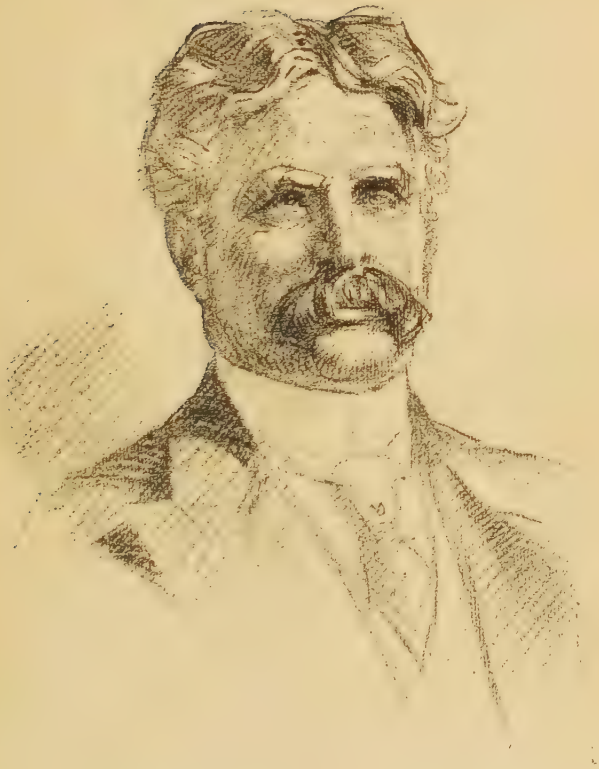
All through the earlier triumphs and later degeneracies of the Conservative party under Sir John Macdonald, the unpretentious lawyer remained in Halifax, not even attempting to get a seat in the Nova Scotia Legislature. In 1896 there was at least one surprise from the land of Joseph Home and Charles Tupper. R. L. Borden was elected to the House of Commons for Halifax. His leader was Tupper who remained head of the Opposition until the election of 1900, when the Conservatives were again defeated.

There seemed to be but one man of the old Macdonald Cabinet with political acumen enough to lead anything more fractious than a nice family horse. That was George E. Foster, who was regarded as a cold, isolated impossibility. What was to be done?

In such a predicament the Conservative party did something just to ease their own feelings and stop a gap till the Lord should send them another Macdonald. They chose Robert Laird Borden from Halifax. With all his obvious respectability, sincerity, integrity, patriotic enthusiasm, and average, everyday capacity for uninspired days' works, they thrust this scion of a Loyalist house into the chair of Macdonald. And the Caucus went off biting its finger nails as much as to say :

"Now, then, we've picked the honestest man in Canada to lead what the Liberals tried to prove was the most corrupt party organisation in Canadian history. What are you going to do about it?"

Such was the condition of a temperamental party now led by an untemperamental man. Whither? No man knew. There seemed to be no Canaan now that Macdonald was gone. The more any loyal Conservative tried



to elucidate Borden, the more desperate the plight of his party seemed to be. After all Borden might be only a stop-gap. Some other star might loom over the horizon. Borden seemed willing enough to please. At all events he could rally the party on the left sufficiently to keep Laurier and his college of dazzling experts from having it all their own way in a two-party House.

And there was little else left to do. When R. L. Borden had the magnificent moral courage to take the leadership of the Macdonaldites in Canada, he knew that he had about as much personal volition in the case as the brazen serpent had when it was lifted up by Moses. But he had no intention of blazing any brilliant trail. It would take half a lifetime to obliterate the ghost of John A.

R. L. Borden calmly sat and waited. He was conscious of no great gifts as a leader. His experience in Parliament had been limited; in politics much less. He knew nothing in actual practice of the devious ways of winning elections. Yet he came from a land where elections at that time used to be taken more seriously than in any other part of Canada.

Great movements were born during that decade 1901-1911; the new great West, the immigration era, the British Preference — begun in 1897 — the second and third transcontinental railways, the birth of a greater and more prosperous Canada, the Alaskan Award, the rise of the Nationalist party to its balance-of-power status in Quebec, and the glorification of Laurier the magnetic French Canadian to almost the giddy height once enjoyed by his great rival John A. Macdonald.

In all these onward marches of men and events, Robert Borden was little more than a somewhat perplexed, often baffled, but forever hopeful spectator; until the election of 1907 when, after the creation of two new western provinces and the redistribution of seats, he toured the country from coast to coast enunciating what was then known as the Halifax Platform.

But the Halifax Platform left leader Borden by the wayside once more. He worked and waited and hung

on. There were not wanting signs; though he was never prescient.

In 1911 the Taft-Fielding manœuvre from Washington revived the ancient spirit that in the early Macdonald days had carried the party to victory. Borden came out uncompromisingly in opposition to the reciprocity pact. Already he had to his credit an unmistakable stand on the question of direct aid to the British Navy as opposed to what was afterwards called the separatist Canadian navy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In the election of 1911 anti-reciprocity swept the country with the dimensions of a popular sentiment. Borden the patient Acadian gentleman and undoubted patriot was at the crest of the wave. Almost before he had time to forecast the event he found himself Premier, at the head of a rejuvenated party elected to a considerable extent by independents and Nationalists.

What has happened since is too near to be treated as even recent history. The battle in Parliament over the Naval Aid Bill defined the positions of the parties on Imperial questions, even when it united them on a general principle of remaining loyal to the Empire. The country had swung back to its old attitude of opposing any form of continentalism.

The Premier of 1911, up till the present, is much the same man as the Borden of 1901, when he became leader of the Conservative party. Men like Borden never undergo revolutions. They evolve.

Sir Robert Borden never rises above the level of his work, because his work always seems to him the greatest thing in life. Personal ambition he never had, or if he had he kept it concealed with consummate actorship of which no one suspects him. Chicanery he never understood. He is a moral figure who sometimes finds himself at the mercy of a flippant, adventurous world. Conscious of certain limitations he has tried to overcome them. Once a photographer, anxious to get realistic action pictures of Mr. Borden during the campaign of 1907, enticed him on to the roof of a Toronto hotel where he had the Opposition leader enact a series

of oratorical poses which were published by party organs as genuine pictures of Mr. Borden speaking. That is about the limit of Sir Robert Borden's guile.

Work, duty, responsibility, citizenship, national development, Empire — these are the daily fare of the Premier. He is not a natural leader. He has no great sagacity in picking men. Unable to dominate a Cabinet by personal methods or party tactics, he must depend largely upon moral power and political purpose. Between the Naval Aid debate and the outbreak of war the dominating force in the Cabinet seemed to be somewhere in a line between Hon. Robert Rogers and Sir George Foster, neither of whom could have led the party, although one looked after the elections and the other led the House. Since the war most of the shop-window business of the Cabinet has been transacted by General Sir Sam Hughes. The Minister of Militia sometimes finds a Cabinet rather an encumbrance. But he has not yet managed to dispense with the Premier, much of whose political business for the past two years has been to regulate and explain General Hughes.

The war increased the Premier's responsibility, but eased his task. When the call of the Empire made all men get a thrill of patriotism Sir Robert rose to the occasion. With the moral duty of upholding the Empire the Premier has no hesitation in calling for soldiers and money. When the war is over and the country is again absorbed in domestic problems, the real test of Sir Robert Borden will come.

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON

ONCE—in the year 1915—there was a lad who desired when he grew up to be Mayor of Toronto. So he asked his father what he should do to win his ambition besides reading the *Telegram*. Whereat his father asked him:

"Johnnie, who's the proprietor of the *Telegram?*"

"Old John Ross," said the lad.

The father mildly shook him.

"What's that again? Say it again."

"Old John Ross," repeated Johnnie, wriggling away. "That's what you call him. I know his last name's Robertson, but I didn't think it mattered."

"Well, if you ever get to be Mayor of Toronto by the choice of the people, my boy, you'll have to go and talk to Mr. Robertson. He looks after that."

Johnnie's consuming ambition was to grow up and have a real heart-to-heart talk with the owner of the great paper in his upstairs office. He knew where that was, just at the corner of Bay and Melinda Streets, overlooking the line of delivery autos and the screaming newsboys and the hundreds of people who watched the great presses in the basement waiting for copies that they might rush off and get jobs. He knew that the inside of this temple of news was quite magnificent. He had been up the marble stairs with the iron balustrades, had peeked into the reading room, had seen rushing reporters and all sorts of busy people in a large number of small rooms; and once he had seen the owner himself looking like the wrinkled ideal of a great man going up into his office which Johnnie knew was the real power-house of Toronto politics.

One night just before Christmas 1915, Johnnie dreamed that at last he was up spying at the keyhole to see how Mr. Robertson really looked in that office. He dreamed that he saw many pictures on the walls, bronze

figures here and there, a deal of fine furniture, a lot of red rugs, and a large fireplace just visible through a thin white sheet that hung over it. But as yet there was no Mr. Robertson.

Suddenly a light shone into the room and it seemed to come direct from the City Hall clock up the street. A figure came on the screen. It was like one of the cartoons on the front page of the *Telegram;* a large tiger with John Ross Robertson's head, and under it:

"The Tammany of Toronto."

That faded and there came another: the same face, this time arising out of a solemn mass of robes, and under it:

"High Priest of the Masonic Order."

That vanished and the next was two figures; one of them an old-fashioned person called Dr. Samuel Johnson whose head was the City Hall clock, and the other a quaint personage whose head was Mr. Robertson; and this one was called:

"The Boswell to Dr. Toronto."

Last of all came what to Johnnie was somewhat the best of all. And this one, which seemed to come down out of the fireplace, was a combination of Santa Claus and some other great kindly figure who had about his robes a host of little children that once had been ill and now were well again. And this picture was called:

"Friend to the Sick Children of Toronto."

When that picture was gone the boy woke up.

The owner of the *Toronto Telegram* was born in Toronto. Had he come to it from an Ontario village or small town he might be like some of the other wealthy men in that city, too busy making money to take any interest in municipal government except to advertise its defects. His father was a dry-goods merchant. His ancestors reach back in a direct line to Duncan Robertson, chief of the clan of Struan Robertson, dating back to 1347. Seven years before Robertson's birth Toronto was incorporated as a city. Its population then was under 50,000. In the lifetime of Robertson that has been multiplied by ten.

His youth was spent at Upper Canada College where he showed his interest in people and things by starting a paper called the *College Times*, issued once a month from a back room in his father's house, where he himself stuck the type, ran the hand press, and bundled up the copies to lug out to the college. When he attended the Model School he edited *Young Canada* and sold articles to the *Globe* and the *Christian Guardian*. At the age of twenty he started a sporting paper. He was himself an expert amateur athlete, famous at hockey—baseball not yet being invented. He had the sporting-man's interest in out-of-way corners, wayside greens, rowing courses on the Bay, nooks and crannies and landmarks on the island, back-country glens that have since grown into fashionable Rosedale, the charmed canyon of the Don, and the picturesque gorge of the Humber.

At the age of twenty-five Robertson was a self-taught newspaper man with his own publishing plant and job press and a place on the staff of the Conservative paper called the *Leader*. He afterwards helped to found the *Telegraph*, which ran five years, went to England as correspondent and business manager for the *Toronto Globe*, and in three years he was back in Toronto managing the *Nation*, a weekly edited by Goldwin Smith.

Here began a somewhat remarkable friendship between the most famous literary figure in America and the man who was about to originate the *Evening Telegram*. Goldwin Smith had the faculty of taking a deep interest in all sorts of people as much unlike himself as possible. Robertson was one of them. We have no record that Robertson ever endorsed the Professor's views on commercial and political union between Canada and the United States. But when Robertson confided to Goldwin Smith that he had an ambition to start an evening paper in Toronto the Oxford Professor generously placed $10,000 at his disposal. With much less than this amount the astute pioneer bought the plant of some defunct paper and came out with his little *Telegram*, sold for a cent a copy, the coppers piously lugged to the bank every day in a patent pail by John Ross Robertson.

Toronto was then a city of about 100,000 people with an old-Glasgow area of warehouses and Scotch clerks, English bricklayers, imported servant girls, an Irish colony in what is now St. John's Ward, with a large population of Hebrews and Italians, two or three budding millionaires, a host of oratorical politicians, a thriving university with a Scotch president, and a number of respectable aldermen with no salary. In this slow but highly interesting city Robertson catered to a small workaday populace with a paper which soon set the fashion for looking on its front page for a job, an employee, or a lost brooch. He had an original idea and he worked it well. How the idea prospered through hard times and good management was tersely expressed by the proprietor himself many years later at an Associated Press meeting in New York.

"Gentlemen," he spluttered as he stuck his eyeglasses on his nose, "I hear you discussing the premium system as a bribe to people to take your papers. The *Toronto Telegram* has 81,000 circulation in the city of Toronto and has never asked a man for a subscription."

When Robertson started the *Telegram* in 1876, all the newspapers in Toronto combined had less than 81,000 circulation.

What this man is who remains our most conspicuous example of personal journalism since the days of Edmund E. Sheppard on *Saturday Night* can never be told except by examining him with the same jealous care that he himself has expended on the landmarks of Toronto. He is himself Toronto's most interesting landmark.

Absolutely and petulantly impressive, totally democratic and simple, bigotedly a friend of the people, and always favourable to a rumpus—this self-engendered interpreter of a restless democracy never could have been conventionally cribbed in a common sanctum. There was always the street, the landmark corner, the man whose nose was out of joint—or ought to be—the crank with a message, the red-rag uprooter, the single-taxer, the innovator, and the muckraker. All these and

as many others may find in the *Telegram* the glorified embodiment of their voice in the affairs of a commonwealth. No man ever has too lurid an indictment of the intake pipe or the ensemble of an art exhibition to be denied the columns of the *Telegram.*

"Confound you!" blurted Robertson one day to an artist while rampaging in his office over a sketch of some old landmark which the artist was making. "Why don't you get mad, sir? Why don't you ever get mad?"

Let a citizen representing some needy cause come to the *Telegram* proprietor for a donation, and listen to the abuse he gets, the choleric thumping of the table, the foaming tirade of language; till he takes his hat in despair.

"Wait a bit! Give me your address," snaps the irascible philanthropist. And he jots it down. Next day along goes a cheque, with a note adjuring the recipient never to breathe a syllable of this.

A few years ago one of his old proof readers died. Robertson had known him intimately and had abused him like a pickpocket times without number, till the man felt neglected without a scolding from the eagle-eyed editor-in-chief. He was in Europe when arrangements were being made for the man's funeral. The office cabled him. There was some doubt meanwhile as to whether one or two carriages could be hired. A cable from Robertson settled it. There could be a score of carriages if need be; he would pay all bills.

Very next time one hears of him he is thick into a plot to discard all merely respectable candidates for the mayoralty and to log-roll into the chair somebody at whom all smug, Sabbath-going ratepayers should lift their hands in deprecation. This newcomer may be a pure neophyte who, by splitting a vote, may get the chair and become a mannikin for the *Telegram*—who will see that he measures up to the potentialities of the position. Or he may be an adventurer bold enough to startle the council chamber by rising again and again to a point of disorder. He is the *Telegram* nominee. Let the people elect him, and that college of municipal

wisdom will see that he sobers down and broadens out to the needed dimensions of a chief magistrate.

In 1915 the *Telegram* got into the mayor's chair a man who surprised even himself by winning the election many thousands ahead of his nearest opponent, a fellow-controller of good standing. The scene at the *Telegram* offices the night of the election was quite beyond the power of any descriptive artist on the staff to portray. From the lower Bay Street point of view it was the greatest victory ever achieved in Toronto. As a municipal adventure it was that and more. The author of *Landmarks* knew it. Never since Toronto emerged from the tops of the maples had there been such an obvious declaration of the whims of the general populace, a majority of whom read the *Telegram.*

The newspaper boss of the municipality had triumphed. He had carried the *Telegram* to another milestone of achievement. Still the *Landmarks* came out, week by week some new light on a dark corner, when it seemed long ago as though every historic cranny of the city had been rummaged by this amanuensis of the archaic. With a fresh black Panatella in his teeth the proprietor sticks his thumbs in his waistcoat and remembers that on yonder corner, now a hole in the ground with teams of horses and picks and shovels busy, there was once a family by the name of X——, a grand-aunt of somebody in which was married to the half-brother of the man whose uncle was chief of police in the year that the old brewery was pulled down to make room for an orphans' home—which would be somewhere about halfway between the year that Mackenzie's rebels marched to Montgomery's Tavern and the year that Colonel Denison's father organised the militia of Toronto.

Meanwhile there is hockey. The genial boss goes to the games; sits in his fur-lined greatcoat at the rink-side, hawk-eyeing the players of to-day, remembering as in a Homeric dream the experts of long ago. Hockey is never dead; masonry is never dead; municipal muddles are always on hand; the people on Parliament Hill are all wrong again; Laurier has blundered—some school

question or other that takes the *Telegram* for a day or two further afield than Toronto.

But wait a moment—to-morrow evening no invitations out; old cronies that might have come to the house must be telephoned to stay away. It is the evening before the nurses and the hundreds of ailing children up at the Children's Hospital are to be trekked away to the Island Home. The hot days are at hand. The big brick building is noisy, dusty, and hot. The children —most of them too poor to have well-dressed parents— must be got ready for the grand cheerful procession down the streets to the ferryboats across to the Lakeside Home on the Island. The nurses must be directed. To-morrow the big house of little ghost lives will be almost deserted for the summer. And in the morning of that day the busy city pauses for a moment to take off its hat to the genius of the crotchety philanthropist who made it the one grand hobby of his career to carry out the Christ idea as far as he might among the children.

Here also he is boss. No nurse and no doctor, no parent or guardian must interfere. The self-centred benevolence of the man who created the hospital and the greatest nurses' home in America must be permitted to play the genial despot. It makes no difference for a while who is Mayor of Toronto or what the aldermen are doing about the intake pipe. That will come to-morrow. Next day the grand crank of benevolence notices that for days a man has not been on his assignment—why?

"Sick at home," is the laconic response.

Up comes a rig and in an hour the *Telegram* chief is in the ill man's house; finds he has more needs than his salary—and raises his salary.

Once there was a campaign to raise money for extension to an Infants' Home. A lady subscriptionist called upon Robertson, supposing that he would be one of the first men to contribute for that purpose.

"Oh!" snapped Robertson, taking a scurrilous rampage round his rug. "Oh! No—sorry to say I

have a little affair of my own up there on College Street. You understand——?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Robertson, but——"

"Well, well! That's answered, isn't it? Good morning!"

Next day the lady canvasser reported the failure to the head of committee.

"Dear, oh dear!" was the response. "I wouldn't have had you go near him for a donation—for anything."

"Oh—why not?"

"Well, you see, for months now every pint of certified milk left at the Infants' Home has been paid for by the man who built the Children's Hospital."

Three years ago a rare collection of old sketches, prints, etchings, pen-and-ink reprints, and originals, all illustrating more or less remote periods in the history of Canada and its art, was presented to the City of Toronto by the author of *Landmarks*. As a civic institution this gift is quite as unique as the remarkable and historic citizen who made it.

By and by comes Christmas Eve. John Ross Robertson is not at home. No, he is up at the Hospital Christmas Tree; and he is Santa Claus in a coonskin coat with sleigh-bells jingling and a benign white beard that is a mere apology of a make-up for him. The laughter of the children is the music of his soul. From cot to cot goes the benevolent fakir, handing out gifts and good cheer. And when the snow-flakes drive up and down the street on the north wind he goes home, hunching under his cap the burly, lopsided old benefactor, smoking a long black cigar and thinking he sees in the face of the clouds or the quiet of his room the joy-faces of little children made glad by him and the work which he has made the one grand hobby of a strange temperamental career.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

An aged actor sat by a club fireplace in Toronto a year or two ago and called up the pleasing shades of Henry Irving. Among the multi-coloured stories he told of that great actor was one which rather topped them all as a bit of daring not unmixed with mild blasphemy.

"It was at the funeral," he said in a voice that mingled pathos with a tang of diabolical humour. "It was a tremendous pomp as it should have been. It was a great stage scene as it couldn't help. It was brimful of pageant and sorrow was that setting, and none of us that had worked with Henry Irving in life begrudged him one iota of it. But there was a turn in that scene that none of us expected. The day was cloudy as befitted so solemn an occasion. But at a pause in the organ and the service there came, as I remember it, such a beautiful blaze of light through the stained-glass windows, and it fell upon old Sir 'Enry there in his coffin with all the glory of a great sunset. And some wag turns to me and he says with smiling awe, 'Lor bless my soul! 'Oo but Sir 'Enry ever could have arranged that?'"

Let those who know Sir Wilfrid Laurier best fit the story on as they choose. I know of no other unconscionable mixture of great qualities and opportunising melodrama that suggests the great French-Canadian leader so well as Henry Irving. Laurier's whole life has been an almost continuous play. When he first became a Commoner at the age of thirty-three, he was too passionately chivalrous to be aware of his place on the stage of professional politics. When he became Liberal leader in 1887, he was so fervently obsessed with the doctrine of free trade that he almost satisfied Goldwin Smith. When he became Premier in 1896, he was the first politician of Quebec and the most outspoken protagonist of British institutions among all our English-speaking

orators. On that subject he could orate with as much near-sublimity as that peculiarly decorative style of oratory would permit. Between 1896 and 1911 Laurier displayed himself as the champion of the British preference; as a sort of poetic world figure at jubilees and imperial conferences; as the friend of the dual language in Canada; as the sometimes doubtful champion of the Ultramontane element in politics; the joint-author with Mr. Fielding of a high tariff for revenue; in Quebec the voice of the Frenchman; in Tory and British Toronto the equally perfervid apostle of the British connection; in the House of Commons as the projector of the Canadian navy; in the West as the man who had declared himself "a democrat to the hilt"; at university conclaves as an inveterate disciple of the intellectual movement; among rustic folk, whether French or English, as the prince of easy entertainers and the originator of the phrase "follow my white plume"; finally, in 1911, as the fatalistic devotee of restricted reciprocity—which with other elements best known to himself defeated him. Since 1911 he has been a leader who holds a defeated but hopeful party in the sure grip of genius wedded to experience, and in spite of the stars in their courses fighting for Sisera still indulges a vision that he will once again be Premier of Canada.

In such a career and such a man there is a vitality for which we can find no parallel in Canada but that of Sir John Macdonald. Laurier's whole life has been much of a paradox. His early tastes were for literary studies. He may have had some inclination for the priesthood—and what a cardinal he would have made! In law without politics he would have been only less brilliant than he has been as a statesman and a politician. There is no learned profession in which he would not have been a striking figure and a great achievement. But he was never profound enough to become a philosopher nor intense enough for a tremendous bigot.

As a man of culture Laurier is best expressed by his love for historical reading and his mastery of formal expression. His reading of English history and literature

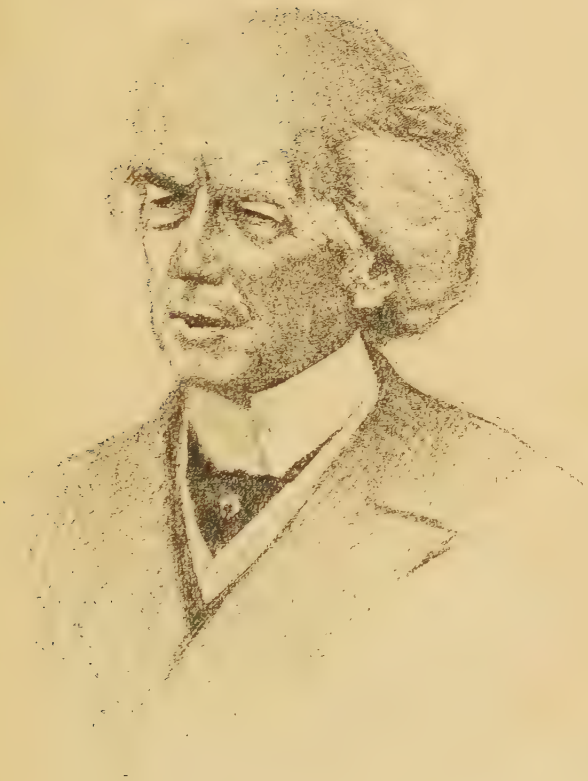
has been extensive. Some of his French-Canadian disciples of an earlier day complain that he has Anglicised himself too much. His speech in the bi-lingual debate disappointed them because it did not go far enough. They allege that he has become an old Tory incapable of expressing the highest aspirations of his race which as a great Liberal in 1896 he did so well. That is the extreme Quebec point of view. The extreme western opinion of Laurier is that he has no magic on the prairies; neither for that matter, they say, has Borden. The West has little regard for the personality of political leaders who depend so much upon personality. The West wants radical men. Laurier is too old to be a radical. In the West he is accounted too much a Frenchman; in Quebec too little; in Ontario—less of an Anglo-Saxon enthusiast than he was twenty years ago.

With so many contrary reputations in a land of many cross currents in politics it is the best part of philosophy in Laurier to retire somewhat into himself. He has a good library and still reads much. Only a couple of years ago he was re-reading Dickens and an English version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a book which as a young man he had first read in French. He still studies democracy by the historical method. There are books and essays he might write. He will perhaps never write them. In pure art he has achieved no distinctive progress. In pictures he does not pretend to be even a dilettante; and in music he has never shown any passionate preference for anything but mediocrity. This is scarcely a criticism. Laurier is himself—or has been—the subject for the painter, the theme for the poet, and the motif for the musician. With so many exquisite qualities, the wonder is that he ever became a successful politician. In a higher key he might have had much of the astute blending of opposite traits that made Disraeli such a conundrum. Being a Latin instead of a Hebrew, he has become the adroit master of many superficialities. He is at the same time a past grand-master at the art of inspiration; a man who in his old age reflects the aura of what he used to be, or what it seemed he might have

become in a country that once paid homage to the personality of political leaders more than it does at the present day or perhaps ever will do again.

It is the amazing humanity of the man—call it humanism if you will—that has kept his political vitality so high. At the age of seventy-five there is no orator in Canada who can better and more legitimately sway a multitude or a Parliament, always by means of a strong sense of rhetoric and a facile if not deep-seated instinct for dramatic effects. There are times when Sir Wilfrid is dramatic; times when he is obviously theatrical. As a stump speaker he prefers the limelight and naturally gets it. As a debater in the House he clings to form sometimes at the expense of substance. As the champion of what he considers in some parts of Canada an oppressed minority, he rises to a height of expression which is very close to real drama not without sincere and untheatrical passion. Even when silent he expresses much. Merely his look of inscrutable gravity in the House is eloquent. He scans the face of an Opposition speaker with a strange penetration. Laurier is used to following debates. No man in Parliament to-day has had such experience in the value of the spoken word. No parliamentarian has a greater sense of the importance of what a Common's speech feels like in the newspapers. In all the arts of expression that please both friend and political foe, that convince the neutral and that sway the multitude whether in French or English, Sir Wilfrid has no peer in this country. He was born to be a marvellously expressive man; to get impressions easily, to make himself instinctively one with whatever crowd or clique or creed he may happen to be amongst, and in becoming the voice of the assembly to preserve a native dignity that never permits even a yokel or a mere jingoising patriot to become in the least degree familiar.

According to the time and the place and the occasion he is either the climax of sociability or the acme of unstudied and impenetrable reserve. To his close political friends he is seldom aloof. But he may be to one



of his own Ministers—when he had them—as inflexible as the moral law; in the next room half an hour later the master of "sunny ways" to some stranger whom he might never meet again, but for that one occasion missing no opportunity to be sociable and to some extent very charmingly frank.

During the summer of 1915 a young Canadian artist painted a portrait of Sir Wilfrid which now hangs in the Legislative Building at Quebec. Day after day as the ex-Premier watched the portrait grow on the easel in that room of his on Parliament Hill, he found occasion to give advice to the artist.

"No," he said, "you must not put into that portrait the sunny ways of which the newspapers speak so often. You must make me appear as a ruler of men."

And it was so.

Dualities of this kind are not uncommon. Of all professions politics most causes an otherwise simple man to become complex. Laurier was never intended by nature to be an austere Roman. He has become such by circumstance and habit. We shall never begin to understand him until we recognise in him a particular species of double culture. Even then he is not obvious.

The first time I saw and heard Laurier he addressed a political meeting in Toronto in 1895. The speech was an orational lecture on British institutions. At that time the French-Canadian leader had come to a climax in the study of a thing that had fascinated him since his days at college. In that particular place the spectacle of the greatest French Canadian of his time eloquently expounding the virtues of British constitutional government was very impressive. One might have naively surmised that to reach such a height of vindication he had renounced some of his French Canadianism. But in the last days of the parliamentary session of 1916 Laurier enunciated a defence of two languages in almost passionate terms. In 1895 he expressed an intellectual preference. In 1916 he fell back upon a temperamental instinct. Between the two lies the alluring if somewhat

tortuous career that makes this man the master illusion of our politics.

Most of what makes Laurier consummately interesting is to be found in his temperament. That is Gallic. It is the fashion to say that he is typically an aristocrat. But he was not born so in the village of St. Lin, son of a land surveyor, attending the village school, taught by a curé who must have seen in him the embryo of a possible cardinal. He has perhaps greater *finesse* than the average aristocrat. He has not been denied the luxury of interpreting the common people. Neither has he ever permitted himself to be seduced into any simulation of a man in overalls. One of his Cabinet colleagues tells how upon a certain occasion Sir Wilfrid went on a trip among the river-drivers; how he fared with men in camp and sat on the river bank to watch the logs tumbling downstream. But it is not on record that he was ever seen—as the late Sir James Whitney often was—about the Parliament buildings in his shirt-sleeves. Laurier was never known to be negligent in his attire. He would as lief be accused of bad syntax as suspected of being slovenly in the smallest degree about his clothes. He is one of the best-dressed men of the times in any country. In his young days he must have been something of a dandy.

Neither is he of spirituelle physique. He has never wrestled with any peculiar infirmity. He is a strong, well-knit figure; his hands are large and his shoulders by no means narrow. He has the physical virility to endure hard scrimmages and the shrewd sense to spare himself any tests of endurance that are not necessary. Personally he is charming. His smile is almost femininely magnetic. His English speech has a delectable limp that contrasts oddly with his Anglo-Saxon fluency. Having learned English largely through reading of literature he has imbibed the cultural form and omitted most of the vernacular. Laurier using slang would be more shocking than Laurier in overalls.

There is that fastidious perfection of form about Laurier which flings a kind of glamour about his simplest

actions. He is never ungraceful. He is always somewhat poetic. When to his grace and his excellent form and his poetry he sometimes adds real eloquence he becomes a remarkably high expression of personality. When, as often in his most obvious political stump speeches, he becomes theatrical, the effect on the crowd is that of a pleasing concession to the temper of the moment, upon those who know him best that of a somewhat irritating compromise with himself. We must have here and there a high priest of form and expression. We owe that to our parliamentary traditions, which may become obsolete in an era of government by business, but will long survive as a ritual.

These are matters of form. Laurier is much more. He has been accused by some admirers of being a statesman. It is not on record that he ever confirmed that. "I am a politician" was one of his latter-day sayings. By that he meant nothing uncomplimentary to himself. Had he tried being a statesman as Edward Blake did—impossible! He had the example of Blake, who retired from his party and let Laurier succeed him on a matter of political principle. Blake's successor was not of so retiring a character.

It must be admitted that Laurier loves politics which in Canada is a much more variable art than in most countries. There is no intimate turn, no legitimate trick of Canadian statecraft that he has not practised as a master. The stranger may think he has fathomed a perfect gentleman in an hour of casual conversation. But he has not touched the outside of the essential Laurier. No man could have headed the Liberal party as he has done in Canada for just about thirty years, half of that time an uninterrupted Premier, without becoming more of a strategist than is required for polite conversation.

It must not be forgotten that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the first French-Canadian Premier of confederated Canada. It may be a good while again before a French Canadian takes such a place. No man will ever have the opportunity to do so much towards nationalising

the two root races of this country. Born and by temperament a French Canadian, he has put the weight of his intellectual development on Anglo-Saxon ideas. He has become a magnificent hybrid. In so doing, even had there been no more Canada than Ontario and Quebec, Laurier must have made himself a political expert of uncommon character. In this he had a shining example in Sir John Macdonald, the Celt who captured Quebec and never learned the French language well. But in the gentle art of capturing Ontario, with a much greater handicap due to No Popery, the P.P.A., and the Orange vote, Sir Wilfrid had little to suffer by comparison with Sir John. At the same time he set out to capture the new West which came on the political map in his Premiership and largely by means of the development programme undertaken by his Government in partnership with three great systems of railway. When to these we add the task of pleasing Conservative British Columbia, and on the other side of the continent the Maritime Provinces which never became unanimously converted even to Confederation, it must be admitted that Wilfrid Laurier had need to be much more than a statesman in order to keep himself at the head of his party. He is indeed a politician.

And no Canadian politician ever appreciated power more than Sir Wilfrid. When he wished to be depicted as a ruler of men, it was not merely as head of a Cabinet, but as chief of a great party and first citizen in the country as Premier. The Liberals were quite as willing to concede him the power even to the extent of letting him dominate the party. Liberalism has become a species of Laurierism. With so indispensable a duality at the head of it there was no other way. Under Laurier and in partnership with him, Liberal platforms have changed to suit the time, the place, and the occasion with quite startling results. "Consistency, the hobgoblin of little minds," has never been much of a virtuous obstacle to party government in this country. Unredemption of promises and renegation of platforms is the first charge to be formulated against any new government, some-

times almost before the last polling booth has been heard from in the wilds of Cariboo. As both parties are accused of it, we must conclude that in a new country which still prefers constitutional government to revolutions, it must be a form of political development as necessary as immigration and increase of trade.

What are the distinctive traits of Sir Wilfrid as a practical politician in the business of government may be left to a grand jury of his associates. Most of them have made it a practice never to tell him unpalatable truths. They understand his preference for optimism. Laurier has a genius for dodging uncomfortable details. This he genially explains by admitting whimsically, "I was always a lazy dog," which he scarcely means. No mere exquisite could have done what he has done in practical politics. No dilettante would have had the sagacity to pick out associates who could lighten his labours. Laurier's first Cabinet was a college of experts, some of whom, such as Andrew Blair and Israel Tarte, he let go when he found they were not absolutely tractable. Dissension he never could tolerate. He himself stood for a united Canada in race and language. He would have a united Cabinet. Whenever he found it necessary to let men go he did it swiftly and without apparent remorse—though he kept his friendship for men even when he politically exiled them.

With all his genius for managing men and governing a party by the art of leadership, there has always been an element of good luck in the Laurier career. His Premiership covered fifteen years of unparalleled expansion in this country. It was an era of prodigal spending and not much accounting. Publicly and privately men were forgetting the hard times past and somewhat mortgaging the roseate future for the sake of accomplishing big business. Laurier's government took the lead. We had a great country. Everybody said so. Borrowing by hundreds of millions, levying for population on almost any decent country, pushing out two new transcontinental railways to rival the C.P.R., building great public works for posterity—there was no lack of faith

in Canada during most of the Laurier regime; and it never became necessary for the Laurier government to do much national stocktaking.

In fact, Laurier suited our temperament. On the whole, we shall always be glad he was Premier for so long. The country needed men with imagination. Laurier's first Cabinet caused most of us to gasp. He had ransacked the Provinces for experts, most of whom were also men of good standing. The plain people were weary of political ear-holing coupled with hard times. Laurier's smashing of the old sin-accumulating Conservative machine made it possible to begin an era of new, even if somewhat fantastic ideals. The advent of a great French Canadian to the Premiership was itself something of a romance. After the long bedevilments of National Policy and No Popery it was a relief to take as first citizen a man who had never believed in the N.P. and never disbelieved in the Pope.

That romance might have been brief had the new Premier, then just nicely into his fifties, not been known to both parties as a man of both great eloquence and political sagacity. Laurier had a genius for discerning talent in other men. His own talent was for leadership. In most other departments of statecraft he remained a splendid amateur. Laurier's leadership belonged to the House, the party, and the people. As a parliamentarian he stands high, though as a parliamentary expert he is second to at least one of the members of his late Cabinet. As a debater he is eminent, but less distinguished in pure debate than one member of the present Cabinet. As an orator he has always maintained the highest traditions of parliamentary usage as expressed by Gladstone, Bright, and Edward Blake—and Laurier. He is a master of stately form in English. He loves the climax and the resounding period whose worst because most complicated expression was the regular form of his old leader and predecessor, Edward Blake. What he may be in French is best understood by those who know that language. But the speeches of Laurier as recorded in Hansard over a period of forty years reach much the

highest level of parliamentary literature to be found in that amazing wilderness of great, mediocre, and bad speeches.

On the stump Laurier's eloquence is vastly different. Here he is often best represented by the newspaper report, the camera, and the moving picture. He knows all the artful devices that catch the promiscuous crowd. He knows equally how to hold the habitant who speaks little or no English, the Ontario audience that knows no French, and the mixed audience anywhere that takes its politics from the nearest dispensary and its forensic sensations from whatever orator that best knows the game of twanging the racial or the national harp.

For whatever devious ways Laurierism has pursued in this country we have ourselves to thank. Ontario has never been satisfied to take the natural consequences of a great French Canadian uniting races by means of a party, but has tried to make an Anglo-Saxon out of Laurier, which is temperamentally impossible. Quebec was not content to have a French-Canadian Premier and race leader in one man: she must have a leader of French Canada outside the old parties in the person of Henri Bourassa. The West grew politically weary of the whole race problem as it applied to the East, and expected of a Liberal leader even greater concessions than restricted reciprocity which defeated the party in 1911.

The wonder is that in trying to please such a variety of people, Sir Wilfrid has managed to retain his supreme hold on the party. That is a proof of his genius for leadership. Any successor to Laurier in that office must play a game considerably different from his. We may have to find a substitute for old-line politics in some form of unemotional business government. The successful party leader of new Canada may have to be less of an orator, less of a political manipulator, and much more of a shrewd sociological student who knows less about parliament, party, and sectional issues and more about national problems that must be solved in the name of

the whole people. But that kind of man must become a student, even if not a disciple, of Laurierism.

Politics, even in a new country, is essentially a business of looking backward. We leave it to the sociologist and the economic dreamer to look ahead. In all our Canadian retrospect among figures historic, martial, clerical, adventurous, we shall never behold one of finer mould or greater patriotising significance than Wilfrid Laurier—who at this time of writing expects again to be Premier of Canada at an age when an average man of business considers himself too old for anything but to take the chair at a directors' meeting.

GENERAL STEELE

Now that the philosophy of courage has taken hold of the world, it is more than commonly interesting to consider the character of a man who so far as popular reputation goes seems never to have had any fear. Major-General Steele, now doing a somewhat conventional turn as camp commander in the south of England, enjoys the distinction of originating many of our heroic legends about the North-West Mounted Police. From the day when, in 1874, at the age of twenty-five, he swung out to the plains as troop sergeant-major among the redskins, until the day he pulled up stakes at Capetown and resigned as commander of the South African Constabulary, Sam Steele has been the legendary hero of this country.

None of our poets ever had the courage to immortalise him as Kipling did "Bobs." Nevertheless, with a few minor amendments as to size and the like, we could fit that ecstatic eulogy on to Sam Steele, who completely satisfies the Homeric imagination of the small boy, the grown man, and the doddering veteran with his quaver and stick. All the dare-devil haloes worn by Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and Buffalo Bill seem to have been taken for remnants to make a becoming aureole for this Canadian rough-rider. He belonged to the same robustious era of Canadian history as Ned Hanlan, the world's greatest oarsman, John Murray, the fabulous Canadian detective, and Donald A. Smith when he was the conqueror of the north. Steele is fodder for the heroising imagination. In recalling his exploits and his constructive work as a plainsman lawgiver, we indulge a fondness for the good old days in our development when the "good man" was he who could knuckle the

bushwhacking bully into a snivel or ride with the majesty of the law redcoated and alone into a camp of redskins.

All this is very boyish admiration. But no new country is worth while without it. Canada has had a fair average of these immortalising heroes, whose claim to national regard was not that of intellect, nor of art, nor even conventional saintly religion, but the quality of the man who had nerves of steel, muscles of iron, and the moral fibre of John the Baptist.

Born in Ontario, Sam Steele took to soldiering in the days of the Fenian Raid, being then a youth of seventeen. When he followed the lure of the great West, after the organisation of the mounted police, he had already learned much of the academic side of soldiering. He was born to be a soldier. There is no great general or common ranker in any of the great armies now struggling in Europe who has any more of the prime quality of the great soldier than has Major-General Sam Steele. We prefer to eliminate the badge of rank. Steele might have all the ranks, titles, medals, and crosses of militarism and never be greater by means of them than he was when he came before the imagination as plain Sam Steele, the greatest rough-rider and lawgiver we ever had in the finest body of picked plainsmen ever known in the world. It was the man Steele, commonly known as Sam; the man on the horse who left a trail of red courage all over the land that begins at Rat Portage and ends at Herschell Island in the region of the North Pole, and afterwards flung a loop of daring and splendour over the kopjes and the veldts of South Africa from Mafeking to Capetown.

As a military figure this man belongs to the same empire category as Gordon, Roberts, and Kitchener. He is not and never was a military genius. He was a bold personal force that counted for much before we ever heard of modern war organisation. He was the complement of the six-shooter and the human end of a carbine slung over the saddle. A battery of siege guns would have added nothing to the personal prestige of Colonel Steele. Khaki does not distinguish him. Uniforms never did

more for him than to make him startlingly conspicuous as a redcoat to the impressible redskin. He could have togged himself in a deerskin coat and been as tremendous.

But he was one of a superb man-organisation that in a formative and critical period of nation-development dotted itself sparingly over a vast no-law land recently taken over from the ironclad regime of the Hudson's Bay Company and Donald A. Smith. As the administrator of law Steele and the few men who were his seniors in planting the police posts all over that furpost and buffalo-range land were the legitimate successors to the resident governor and his scattered staff of factors at the trading-posts. Mere law without trade was a strange thing to the red man. These redcoats who stuck up little barracks shacks anywhere on the prairie were the embodiment of sheer law built upon man-force, discipline, and physical courage.

They were a daring lot. The presumption of a corporal's guard pitching camp on the Old Man River and beginning to boss the natives along with the whisky smugglers, the blockade runners, the borderland bad men, the riotous navvies building the C.P.R., and the turbulent miners in the Rockies, was an example of superb audacity. The building up of a mounted police morale such as became world-famous on the great plains of western Canada depended upon just such men as Sam Steele. He claims no individual credit; brusquely and modestly regarding himself as the associate of strong men who planted law in the terrorless and made it possible for civilisation to march in there with no greater flare-up than one brief civil war in the shape of a rebellion. Before the police went out in 1874, there had been the first of these outbursts. It was fifteen years before the next.

By that time Steele had climbed high in the ranks of the Mounted Police. During the pre-railway epoch from 1874 to 1881 this no-fearing man on a horse became a familiar figure from end to end of a law-making land. When the whisky smugglers and the restless red men were put under the crimp of half a battalion of redcoats

operating from far scattered posts the railway-building era flung a new burden on the schedules of the trailsmen. The work of administering the North-West was always a comparatively simple matter when its own internal problems were the chief thing. The irruption of the railway navvies changed the situation. It was necessary to double the force. The men who built the C.P.R. were tough characters; otherwise they never would have gone into such a crude country. They were more untractable than the Indians. Inspector Steele had charge of the police in the mountain section where the toughest of the navvy gangs concentrated. Ordinary daring such as kept the natives in awe made a feeble impression on these men when they were under the double influence of liquor and slack pay.

In the whole mountain section there were seven police posts with a total force of twenty-five officers and men to keep order among more than a thousand navvies. At Golden City, one of the police posts, there was a strike for payment in full impromptu, which on the C.P.R., as manager Van Horne knew, was not always practicable in such a country. A number of miners joined in with the strikers, who became a mob. One of Steele's men rode into the town and began to arrest a drunk and disorderly leader. The mob rose in fury—and Sergeant Fury came on the scene from barracks, because his chief Steele was sick abed. Fury, a bulldog little man, with two constables, went to a saloon to get the desperado. The mob rose. Fury posted back to barracks to get orders from Steele as to how far he should use violence. These police were always economic of their shooting-irons. Steele from his bunk ordered absolute shooting of all resisters. For the third time the desperado was taken and the mob followed. When the constables came to a wooden bridge near barracks, the mob with knives and revolvers began to rush the bridge. Fury turned to cover his men. It was no use. The mob's whiskified blood was up.

It was then that the unexpected came. And it was Steele who from his bunk came rushing down the road,

the iron, unfaltering man who with his six-shooter in his hand flung himself on the bridge and shouted that he would shoot dead the first man who attempted to cross. Steele could shoot. He was the human end of a fire-arm. A bullet from his direction meant more than ten from some men. There were guns enough to have riddled him. He knew it. But the instant moral force of this sick inspector with the one sure gun and the steady eye and the unflinching nerve made it impossible for a single mob gun to go up or a foot to strike the bridge. The arrest was completed and the mob dispersed.

That was merely an episode in the work of this man who, when the Rebellion of 1885 broke out following the near completion of the C.P.R., took command of the cavalry arm of General Strange's force operating from Calgary northward. The last spectacular episode in that upheaval of the Indians and the half-breeds was the tracking of the band of Big Bear which laid siege to Fort Pitt, drove out the thirty-odd police on a scow down the river, and took prisoners all the civilians, toting them away among a thousand redskins in their carts to the bogs of the Beaver River. Pitt was burned. Steele and his men went out north to corral Big Bear.

At times during the long marches and encampments of soldiers from the east in that Rebellion the question was asked, "Where are the Mounted Police?" That was a serious question in the region of Prince Albert, where muddled orders and lack of understanding between the police and the troops made the police much less effective than they should have been. It was never a query in the area from Calgary to Fort Pitt where Inspector Steele was operating against the forces of Big Bear. Had there been more men of the type of Steele, or had such a man as Steele, who knew the Indians and the half-breeds, been given either more jurisdiction before the outbreak or a higher command after it took place, the little war in a big land might have been averted or ended sooner.

The next ten years saw the Mounted Police established as a powerful force, not only along the line of the new

railway and its branches north and south, but on every outpost hundreds of miles from the railway. Inspector Steele rose to the post of Superintendent, afterwards to that of Commissioner with headquarters at Regina.

As chief of the greatest constabulary in the world after thirty years of roughing and toughing, the man of steel in more than his name became famous as a great citizen of Canada. His knowledge of the West was beyond that of any other man. He knew the forces that were converting that country from semi-barbarism to civilisation, and he was himself the greatest force of them all. As Commissioner of Police in the Territories he was as much the dictator of that vast incomprehensible land as Donald A. Smith had been as head of the great fur company operating from Hudson's Bay. The great movements of population were just beginning in that decade between the completion of the C.P.R. and the discovery of the Klondike in the land of no police. The riders of the plains became not only police, but civil administrators and magistrates, making, dispensing, and interpreting law, welding together the disjointed elements in a new country, carrying out the policy first begun in 1874 of compelling respect for law in a land of natural violence. They absolutely amazed the rough-riders across the border by the mechanical ease with which such a scattered force of men ruled a country that by violent methods would have needed a small army.

Eternal restraint and the courage of reserve was the force that always made the men under Steele such a tremendous factor in establishing law. The gun was pulled seldom, but with marvellous effect. The law, not the muzzle of the carbine, was made the great force. And it was again the law that in 1897 had to be reasserted in a new and even worse land after the discovery of gold in the Yukon. In this man-swallowing country that attracted many of the desperadoes along with some of the ornaments of civilisation, Colonel Steele, with a small body of police, became the chief enforcer of civilised rights. He had gone through too many nerve-

testing scrimmages in his thirty-one years of trail and barracks on the plains below to be daunted by the law-defying menace of the Yukon. Here was a land where nature was so devilish that man-law was a mere whim. But in this no-law country Colonel Steele as rigidly enforced the moral rights of a community as ever he had done on the prairies.

His enlightening iron régime in the Yukon came as a strenuous prelude to his work as the commander of the corps known as the Strathcona Horse in the South African War. From the edge of Alaska to the toe of South Africa this pioneer in community-making swung down to the call of country and Empire—whatever that might mean. His old friend and predecessor, Strathcona, had furnished the regiment. Steele took command of it. The work of the Strathcona Horse in Africa was only a natural sequel to the best work of the Mounted Police in the Canadian West. They were the one small force that to the Boers seemed most like themselves; the tireless and fearless plainsmen who knew the law of the trail, the code of the army, and the ethics of the community.

After the war was over Colonel Steele remained as the head of the South African Constabulary. Lord Roberts left a big work for Kitchener to finish in that country. Kitchener left a big work for Colonel Steele who, when he returned in 1906, knew that self-governing South Africa was then able to look after its own trails and the enforcement of its own laws. He came back to Canada as a plain soldier whose best work in three periods was done.

When the greatest of all wars came and the Empire again seemed to need Sam Steele, at the age of sixty-five he put himself at the service of the country, for which he had already done much more than the average statesman's work. He helped to organise forces in the West, both in Manitoba and in British Columbia. He was freely discussed as the probable commander of the second Canadian contingent. As Major-General Steele he went to England, where he was given the post of

camp commander for all the Imperial forces in the south camps.

It may be that this veteran will never get to the front. Whether he does or not will make no difference to the reputation of his work as a great dispenser of law in new communities, whether in the arctic or the antarctic regions or in the temperate zone. Nothing but age can abate the force of such a character. Nothing but a soldiering instinct and a plain sense of duty ever would have made such a force spend itself in a work that never could make him rich in what some men call their declining years.

Sam Steele is just about the age of many of the great generals directing this war. He is a year or two older than Kitchener, Joffre, Hindenburg, and Cadorna. In all but military genius he is as great a soldier as any of these. Doubtful indeed if any of these world-recognised great soldiers has quite as much of the no-fearing quality that stamps the warrior bold in any age. Quite as problematical, too, if any of them sacrificed more by spending a big force in the work of camps, barracks, and armies instead of building up a fortune or a big business in civil life. Sam Steele has the kind of primal force that makes a man great in action independent of the precise age in which he may happen to live, or of any mere organisation to which he may belong. And it is quite certain that even the world's greatest war machine was never so perfect an organisation of morality and manhood as the marvellous police system whose *esprit de corps* and tremendous efficiency at low cost was for some time under Colonel Steele the admiration of the civilised world.

BARON SHAUGHNESSY

SUDDENLY, almost impetuously, he left his desk and stepped to one of the many big windows that flood the President's office with light. A regiment was marching past. The street below throbbed with bugles and drums. Silently he watched it when his own figure was in sharp relief against the light—the studious black clothes fastidiously fitted, the black necktie, grey hair, moustache, and goatee; erect as a soldier on parade, he looked in silhouette like a first cousin, in larger physical size, of Lord Roberts, who was also an Irishman.

For a full minute he stood watching, like some general at the saluting base. That battalion might have been marched into the huge C.P.R. building and hidden in ambush when half the occupants would never have known it. All the battalions thus far organised in the two chief cities of Canada would not equal in number the army of men employed by the C.P.R. from the President's anteroom to the outposting end of the steel, round the world and back. The cost of organising, equipping, and sending abroad Canada's army up to that day had been considerably less than the capitalised assets of the world's greatest transportation system. The machine of the blustering war-lords from the Rhine is no more complicatedly perfect than that which comes to a head at the mahogany desk of Baron Shaughnessy, close to the cough and the clank of mile upon mile of trains in the yards and the hooting of ships that put out to sea with the name of that transportation and travel system on them.

Any child could have made such comparisons as he watched Shaughnessy there by the window. Canadians have made a national habit of symbolising the C.P.R., which becomes as necessary to national business as oxygen to the chemical composition of water. It is an

axiom about the offices that any man may drop out, as years ago did Van Horne and recently McNicoll, and the great humanised machine go on with no more obvious shock to its mechanism than pulling a finger from a bucket of water leaves a hole. But the C.P.R. minus Shaughnessy would, at least, be a different thing to think about.

Thirty-four years that globe-girdling system of tracks and traffic has known this man who came to it in 1882 as purchasing agent under Van Horne. At that time he had never been an officer or even a clerk in any of the departments of construction, traffic, or intelligence in the railroading State of Wisconsin where he was born. He left a country rushing ahead with 50,000,000 people for a slow-moving giant of a land with less than 5,000,000, a couple of thousand miles of railway, no city of more than 100,000, scarcely a millionaire, wooden ships building at Quebec and St. John, an overgrown furpost at Winnipeg, no wheat coming out of the West, and not an elevator west of Owen Sound.

Twenty-four years later the second son of this man at the window, then a youth of twenty, travelled round the world—every mile of the journey on trains and ships of the system headed by his father. Fred Shaughnessy afterwards went into the brokerage business and the local militia.

In 1916 things had changed again even more swiftly than ever they had in the most headlong days of the first great transcontinental, whose ships and trains were now carrying out soldiers, munitions, and war supplies instead of fetching in immigrants. That battalion marching past the window would be on the water within a week. Another was being organised at Montreal, the Irish-Canadian Rangers, whose adjutant is the elder son of Lord Shaughnessy. Several months before that the 60th had gone across with Captain Fred Shaughnessy at the head of a company, second in command under him the husband of his sister. They were now—somewhere in France.

Probably the President was thinking of these three

as he heard the bugles. More than a year now through the C.P.R. he had been purchasing agent for the British War Office. Less than a month before he had made a speech in Montreal criticising the unorganised, sentimental methods of recruiting new battalions before earlier units were up to full strength. He had intimated to the Government that he would make such a speech. Only two of the Cabinet had objected, the Ministers of Militia and of Public Works. The former at the same dinner openly vented his hostility, and in Parliament a week previous he had told the country that his work of organising the Canadian army had been equal to the task of building the C.P.R. He could think of no other comparison so obviously convincing.

There were public men who in public endorsed Hughes and in private agreed with Shaughnessy.

Patriotism is a many-headed thing. The man who waves a flag and thumps a drum gets a crowd. Three thousand men had already gone from the C.P.R. into the khaki camps, all of them on six months' full pay.

"Why not?" asks the professional patriot. "See what the country has done for the C.P.R."

Not even Shaughnessy denies that. The country and the C.P.R. grew up together. Political critics have sometimes asked which was supposed to be the greater, the whole or the part. Does Canada control the railways or do the railways own Canada? has been a monumental query. Canada owns one railway, the Intercolonial, half of another, the Grand Trunk Pacific, has guaranteed bonds for a third, the Canadian Northern, and years ago gave land grants to the C.P.R. enough to make it the greatest land corporation in the world. The total capitalisation of these four systems, if it were possible to appraise it, must come to something near a thousand million dollars. The present aggregate value no man is able to compute. The ultimate value of these roads is far in the future: depending upon the people taken into the country by the railways and the steamship lines under their control; upon the lands made productive by immigrants; upon business fostered and

to some extent created by the railways; upon the railway advertising of Canada abroad; when not a mile, nor a car, nor a water-tank of any of these systems would be worth estimating in dollars at any time in the future if the armies and the fleets of nearly all free peoples were not organised for the purpose of keeping the Prussian card index out of such places as Canada.

Very likely Lord Shaughnessy realises that as well as any one. He is temperamentally and by descent an Irishman; as Irish without the poetry as Tom Moore who made a wayside station on the C.P.R. famous in verse. Without harping on railways for a theme he went from point to point as energetically and concisely as a prairie train. He seemed to gather momentum as he went. Now and then as he swept into some peculiarly picturesque phase of his subject his voice whistled as shrill as a piccolo. Personal to some extent the conversation must be; but not for long. No matter how raptly Lord Shaughnessy loses himself in the subject, he has no inclination to forget—himself.

Which causes one to reflect that he was born an American. With Irish blood and American breeding, even the early stoicism of the organising C.P.R. failed to repress in him the bubbling audacity of the primal ego. And it must be remembered that few men living can look back upon so remarkable an evolution of a man and a system. One might illustrate by John D. Rockefeller and Carnegie, except that Shaughnessy is not a plutocrat and was only in a secondary sense a creator of the great railway system. Before him there was Van Horne. Before Van Horne there was Strathcona. Prior to these—the wilderness.

Part of his tumultuous flow of well-ordered talk that spring morning concerned his predecessor, for whom he had always the profoundest admiration and whose name he pronounced musically "Van'orne." The two men differed as radically as hydrogen and oxygen. The eclectic imagination of Van Horne was necessary to so nebulous a project as the C.P.R. Shaughnessy, less brilliant, less showy, perhaps less daring, manipulated

the matter-of-fact details in those pioneer days while his chief sketched out the huge picture, wrestled with financial problems, and worked his psychics upon governments and politicians.

When Shaughnessy arrived in Montreal as purchasing agent in 1882, the whole of that city could have been bought for less than the value of the C.P.R in 1898 when he became President. In an almost mediæval city of priests and habitants, stone walls and churches, a mountain and a big river and a bank or two, he bought steel rails and tamarac ties, picks and shovels and dynamite, pork, beans, and " blackstrap," overalls and shirts, crowbars and donkey engines, handcars, monkey-wrenches, oil-cans, ploughs, and scrapers, and whatever grading machinery there was in those days, minus our modern coughing pioneer the steam shovel. If any man in America knew the rail-head value of such commodities it was this man Shaughnessy, the slim, swift-moving Irishman whose eyes were as keen as the hawk's. Canada was a crude land. The C.P.R. was a primeval monster.

This was to be the first direct ocean-to-ocean railway in the world to cross an entire continent. Like the conquest of Canada it required imagination, and more. We shall never quite understand the peculiar psychic combination of that experimental epoch after Confederation when certain men banded together to produce unintentionally the Pacific Scandal. With the practical wisdom of nowadays we are sometimes inclined to think that the junta of Scotchmen who projected the railway for Van Horne and Shaughnessy to build were not always the most honourable of gentlemen. Democracy always reserves the right to call the C.P.R. a few savage names. We forget that in the days when Edward Blake, Irish as he was, predicted that such a highway would never pay for its axle-grease, it would have been considered good management to retain the services of the devil himself if that could have built the road.

The building of the system evolved the man of temperament, Thomas Shaughnessy. He would have

been a big man under any other circumstances. Had he been a mere understudy to Van Horne he would have been too small to succeed that giant of construction. Had he been merely an Irishman he might have been discouraged. When Van Horne left the presidency in 1898, there was considerable speculation as to the reason. The wonder still exists after the man is dead. He was then in his prime of activity, fifty-five years old. According to his own theorem no man comes to the subconscious co-ordination of details necessary to control a vast system until he is sixty. He was five years under his own estimate when he handed over the transcontinental which he had helped to create, just at the time when it had come to be regarded as one of the world's greatest systems.

In 1898 Canada had just begun to rediscover itself. In the five years immediately following that the C.P.R. carried in more people and ported out more products than it had done in the thirteen years between the driving of the last spike and the retirement of Van Horne. In the decade after 1898 the C.P.R. became a world-girdling system, with ships on every sea, its literature displayed in every country of Europe, and its stocks bought and sold under every flag. Canadians themselves have always looked upon the C.P.R. as a sort of super-system in relation to governments, parties, politics, and other business corporations. If a C.P.R. man of any prominence was shifted or promoted the news became a national fact. If the corporation applied for an increase of its capital stock the fact was sniffed at by alarmist members of Parliament and editors as something approximating to a national calamity. "Cutting a melon" became as apropos of the C.P.R. as "axle-grease" and "two streaks of rust across the prairie" had been in the days of Edward Blake.

It was a saying of Van Horne that the greatest thing he ever did for the C.P.R. was to put Shaughnessy into it. Was that another of his cryptic humours? Perhaps not. For a couple of years before his resignation he had left the bulk of his work to his astute and untiring

assistant. He had the notion that he was unwell. Fond as he was of saying that he had never been tired because he never worked, there were signs that the giant had grown weary of one thing and had become a sort of eclectic. Van Horne with all his tremendous creative energy was a superb dilettante. He had a finger in almost every pie. He had reached the end of the pioneer construction stage, and on the operating end the road had already begun to pay dividends. He had probably come to the end of his purely romantic tether. Merely to operate a system which in the main had been created was not primal enough for him. He had dabbled much in books and much more in art. He was collecting pictures and curios, ransacking the Orient for treasures. He was himself painting. He had a desire to live among objects and atmospheres of art. And for a while he did; until he discovered that his primal energies developed on the C.P.R. made him hungry to railroad Cuba after the Spanish-American War.

Whatever the philosophy of Van Horne it was probably not equal to the task of administering the system which he had done the major share to create. He had shot his bolt in projecting the system. To carry it further, with all its bewildering complications of freights and tariffs, steamship lines, palace hotels, irrigation adventures, land policies, immigration agencies, and concurrent wrestlings with both governments and Railway Commission, needed the hand of a man with a greater concentration of purpose and more patient with conflicting details. To manage the C.P.R. in competition with other transcontinental systems was no work for a man of Gargantuan hobbies. It was and is the task of a man with a single tenacity of purpose, who, whatever his private inclinations, never permits his humours to enter into his business. Since Van Horne retired the system has evolved thousands of miles of new highway. It has also evolved Thomas Shaughnessy.

That spring morning as the President heard the bugles and drums of a restless Canada marching to war, he talked freely about Canadian affairs. He spoke

with the direct rapid-fire organisation of argument that marks the man who is accustomed to simplifying and focussing a myriad details. He had mastered the C.P.R.: no man had ever done it so thoroughly. And he spoke with an almost evangelical sincerity.

The war—he spoke of that first; reiterating the views for which he had been criticised and for which he predicted that Canada would yet decide that he was right. He pointed out the need for a national register of men and resources in a time of war, a measure which he said should have been undertaken long before—although one does not recollect that in the early days of the war he ever said so. But to him the war was a passing phase. Tremendous and testing as it might be, he chose still to regard this country as a land of the future. Canada had not shot her bolt in one spasm of glorified expansion since 1898. The problems created before and since that time had not gone on the shelf.

From his almost unbroken flow of talk that morning it would seem that he hoped to take part in a still greater movement of national co-ordination after the war. The necessity for consolidating our resources, for developing our own raw material, for getting more and more men on to the land, for revising our system of immigration, for a saner programme of railway building without paralleling existent lines, for getting more of Great Britain and less of continental Europe—his views on some of these questions were already known to the Government.

He spoke of the French question. If any Nationalist conceived the idea from what he had said about organised recruiting that he favoured the parochial let-alone policy, they were sadly mistaken. What he meant was that race differences should be obliterated in a time of national struggle; that if the French Canadians wished to get more rights and freedom under the Government of Canada they should stimulate recruiting and be able to say when the war was over that they had shown their enthusiasm for the Empire. To his mind French Canada had greater rights under the British North America Act

than it could ever have under an independent Canada. To his mind also, Home Ruler as he is, Ireland needs no better measure of Home Rule than Quebec already has under the Act of Confederation.

Did he, therefore, favour or expect in his time, or in the days of any man living, an independent Canada? By no means. He looked forward to a greater future for the greatest overseas dominion under the British flag than without it. He advocated some practical form of Imperial co-ordination by a joint commission; in matters of Imperial defence, in trade—some form of mutual preference—and lastly in political administration, which to his way of thinking had better be left to come as a tried result of co-operation along other lines.

Of course, there are those who allege that when a man has a baronage from the British Crown, what other philosophy could he profess than some attachment to the Imperium? Let that pass. Shaughnessy knows more about the *raison d'être* and the value of his title than anybody else. And he probably enjoys as much as Van Horne could have done the paradox of an Irish American becoming a Canadian peer.

As to the business necessary to develop Canada among the nations when the war is over Lord Shaughnessy spoke briefly and freely. He believed that we shall have to revise our system of immigration. Instead of dragnetting Europe for people and testing their fitness to be Canadian citizens after they arrive, there should be a sifting at the ports of emigration or at government depots established in Europe. He made it quite clear that the C.P.R. intends to pursue a land policy which will make it easier for capital-less immigrants to settle and become producers. It was quite as clear that he intended the C.P.R. to pursue its own policy in this regard quite independent of what other transportation systems or the Government itself might do in the matter.

It was the talk of a many-phased man of affairs who has come to the time of life when he sees things in national perspective; a man always in earnest, forever

in touch with things as they are, never too big to observe the smallest detail, never too much of a political theorist to cease being a thinker of C.P.R., and never so much of a C.P.R. man that he sits back and makes light of national problems or of the men who are working them out.

The war was still the first great problem. He had no need to say so. It was evident in all he said. The bugles and the drums were banging below. He listened. The drums petered off again. Irishmen have always been credited with hearing and seeing some things to which many other people are blind and deaf. This man, grandfather and organising man of affairs, centralising despot and clear-headed critic — how could he that balmy spring morning of the open windows know that his second son, Captain Fred Shaughnessy of the 60th C.E.F., was dead at the front?

He seemed to know nothing of that. The cable and the telegraph had not yet spoken. The newspapers had as yet no headlines concerning that son's death. Those came two days later.

Meanwhile it was courteously permitted to the visitor to indicate when the interview should end. Lord Shaughnessy genially shook hands—a warm, impulsive Irish grip, and went back to his conferences of the morning while the bugles blew.

PRESIDENT FALCONER

At forty years of age Robert Alexander Falconer, D.D., became President of a University which since the day of his birth and before it had been headed by old men. Imagine—King Lear and Horatio, Abraham and the younger Pitt, Sir Daniel Wilson and R. A. Falconer. Yet when Falconer was a post-graduate youth of twenty-five, Sir Daniel's fearsomely benign white whiskers, snowy locks, and wintry cape were the erudite symbol of intellectual achievement in Queen's Park. In those days, when Sir William Dawson was head of McGill, it was taken as an axiom that to be caput of a college was to be a great, and far as possible a venerable, scholar.

Oh, the prancing paradox of change! The older the world gets and the more wisdom a university accumulates, the younger the man at its head. Never had so youthful a person as Robert Falconer been President of a great Canadian university. There must have been a pack of courage in this beardless educator who looked like a youth, when he consented to go up from the headship of the Presbyterian College in Halifax to manage a great university full of sage professors. "Varsity" was reeking with classic memories of Dr. Wilson; Professor Loudon who succeeded him; Maurice Hutton, still the Principal of University College, who has memories of to-morrow and is still a man of to-day; Paxton Young, the venerable mathematician in the tower; and old Dr. McCaul, the first president of King's College. Dr. Falconer was no sage. His scholarship was of the cold, exact type, sound as a good bell, incapable of exaggeration or of hot rhetoric. We do not forget that there had been already a profound contrast between Sir Daniel Wilson and President Loudon. Sir Daniel was a sort of aged Lear with

knowledge in place of misery. He was the sublimely picturesque whose two books, one on ethnology, the other on left-handedness, entitled him to a status as a student of mankind from the cave-men era down to his own time. He spoke with a grand pageantic passion, read his marvellous lectures on history from generation to generation of youths just to please himself, and was in all things much of a bard and a prophet. President Loudon was cold mathematics and science; uninspired, unpretentious, punctilious, as impatient with the headlong follies of hot youth as Daniel Wilson had for the most part been blind to them.

The régime of President Loudon, covering the period shortly after the great fire of 1890 until 1907, saw the genesis and evolution of the modern democratic university out of the old college on the campus sacred to its diligent dons and its serious-minded adult students. That decade and a half saw the rise of co-education and practical science right through the precarious age of "bloomers," bicycles, and academic mining outfits, down to the time when "the sweet girl graduate with golden hair" at Convocation took her place alongside the masculine B.A. who took his football as seriously as he imbibed Homer and Euclid.

This inconsiderate democracy of learning had reached a climax in 1907, when Dr. Falconer, the exegetist and principal from Halifax, entered the Head Office of the University of Toronto. Since 1895 the University had gone through two revolutions born of this restless democracy. The second was terminated by a Commission which, nominally headed by Goldwin Smith, the dean of all collegians in Canada, but in reality by Mr. J. W. Flavelle, business man, had found it wise to concede to the new protestantism a change of government. Dr. Falconer was the choice of that Commission. He was selected in a business way by a body conducted on business principles. The affairs of the University, from the palæontological exhibits in the museum to the latest demonstration of modern science in the laboratory, had been co-ordinated with cold, dispassionate care.

The general defect in the University was, it seemed, nothing more than the lack of a business system and the failure to assimilate the hordes of youths who came stalking in from towns, villages, and farms. New movements had been born, new tendencies were developing in a fast-moving age; and the University still clung to the King's College cap-and-gown ritual, when it needed more typewriters, more ledgers, more wall space, a central heating plant, a larger number of boilers, mills, machines, and electrical equipment—more factory co-ordination, more obviously frank correlation with the affairs of the great busy world outside, and a more discursive acquaintance with young democratic humanity.

At that time one newspaper owned by a graduate of the University had boldly nominated three or four young business organisers with covert B.A.'s after their names as possible presidents. The Commission smiled at the audacity of the idea; and after calmly surveying the needs and the available men made up its mind to do just what nobody expected it to do. There had been all sorts of hectic and shrewdly expectant rumours. Would the new President be a scholar from Oxford or Edinburgh, or a co-ordinating intellectualist furnished with a business system from Chicago or Yale? It was a momentous decision to make. For months the vexed affairs of this seat of learning had occupied column after column in the newspapers. So much was the choice of a new academic general manager a matter of popular curiosity that an excitable newspaper man intercepted the proofs of the Commission's report on their way for final revision and gave his paper a "scoop" on the contents. The choice of a President was not of course the only issue involved; but it was the one item that epitomised all the others. And when the name of the new President was at last announced, the public treated itself to a sigh of romantic disappointment.

The new head of the University was to come from no renowned seat of learning in either the old world or the new. He was to have no retinue of titles after his

name. He was to be the author of no great book, and the discoverer of no scientific principle. He was not even to be a man well known to any but a few collegians outside his own Province where he had taught and managed a sectarian university, and the little Province of Prince Edward Island where he was born. He was to be a Presbyterian preacher, a professor of exegetics, and a classicist of some reputation.

It was very absurd. Alumni all over Canada hummed and hawed over this arbitrary choice of a cold calculating Commission, and said there was either great method or much madness in it. The *novus homo* from Halifax was not even fairly forty years of age. And there was rumour that even he had hesitated a long while before deciding to accept. The Commission, with half the world of wise men from which to choose, with a great reorganising university to offer the new President, with limitless opportunity, and a salary at least equal to that of the Canadian Prime Minister, had doubts for some time whether Robert A. Falconer, D.D., from Halifax would not decide to cheat opportunity by remaining in the head office of his Presbyterian University.

Hesitation was natural. Had R. A. Falconer regarded this call to duty through the spectacles of twenty years ago, he must have refused to accept. But conditions had changed. R. A. Falconer was the result. He was a very brief while at his new post before he demonstrated that he stood as solid in his boots as though he had been in them a lifetime. To the critical gaze of elderly professors, and the yet more microscopic scrutiny of skylarking students, he seemed equally impassive. That somewhat theological gravity of his helped him here. Falconer was never an obvious emotioniser. He carried no heavy port of encyclopædic wisdom. He had no visible anxiety to impress any one with aught but his holdfast desire and intention to be colourlessly just to every one, from the learned Principal of University College down to the stoker in the boiler-room. To him the caretaker's programme was as much a department of university conduct as the chair of

Oriental languages. There was a place for all. It was the first duty of the new President to allocate, to cognise, to keep godly counsel with himself when in any manner of doubt, and presently to catechise some one in great simplicity to find out.

Patience, unswervable impartiality, judicial acumen, tireless study of details and the gradual co-ordination of parts—Falconer had, or achieved, them all. The young theologian of forty had a reorganising task that might have fascinated any adventurous soul, or driven him to buy a ticket back to whence he came. He was expected to reform; therefore reform was possible. No other work like this would ever come across his path. It was an honourable difficulty. Yet, though the public might consider his youth, he was expected to do the work of a grown man.

Outwardly the new President seldom impressed any one as being confronted by any great predicament. That coldly dispassionate face told no tales. Not given to habitual smiles—usually a trifle Calvinistic and dour in expression—he was not taken too seriously when he failed to be merry. And it was a very little while it seemed until he found other work to do besides managing a university from a head office.

Falconer has one genial besetment. It is—public speech. He has talked more in public than any other University President we ever had in Canada, except two—the late Principal Grant of Queen's and Sir William Peterson of McGill. Like Grant, he, too, is a preacher; therefore, talk comes with easy grace. But with what a difference! Grant was a forensic who made a hobby of politics and was a thorn in the side of misgovernment. Falconer is a universalist who is apparently as much obsessed by the Y.M.C.A. movement as by the exigencies of politics. Principal Peterson is a propagandist who openly carries the burden of the Empire Falconer believes in the Empire, but you never catch him carried off his feet by any gust of emotion concerning the old flag. He is as likely to be moved by the consideration of the treble clef and the utility of garbage

destructors as by the need for reorganising the Imperial Parliament.

He always appears dispassionate. To some he is cold. Youth does not at first warm to Falconer, who never bubbles or sparkles or loses himself in hurricanes. There is no obvious propellant force about this man to overawe the plebs. It is known to the students that the President, confronted with any entanglement—such as overlapping of departments or Hallowe'en eruptions—will call councils, cross-examine, and probe, folding his arms in grave senatorial scrutiny until the *via media* be found, or the blame allocated, and the penalty adjusted. But when that comes, it is in no manner through the personal force of the man, but by means of him as the full-armed delegate and embodiment of the University.

One might say that Falconer is an ideal clearing-house for all college activities. He studies his University as though it were a railway. It costs so much, earns so much, loses so much, needs from the Government so much—annually and *per capita*. One department loses while another gains. There are signs of the times; the President carefully connotes them. Classics—tottering to the polite museum; moderns—no longer a direct rival to mathematics. Natural science invaded by the physics building, the mining and engineering departments, the practical men with the tripod or the assaying outfit, the bridge builder and the architect. Yes, the times change. Gone is the mediæval port that went with the cloistered precinct and the high-barred gate. We have the keen-eyed youth who sketches his career the very day he registers and becomes a double entry in the University ledger and a factor of cost and overhead charges. The modern President must cognise these economic factors.

But the Falconer type of President is not, therefore, a machine, something between a dynamometer and a board bill. He is a discursive, investigating man, whose habitual bent of mind must be scientific in order to get the best net mean average of results from his University. No longer is it a time for big moments and inspirational

episodes. It is an age of balance, check, and administration. Methods must be compared. One college may run to this, another to that; but all must conform as far as possible to the spirit of the age. The bailiwick of President Falconer must not be permitted to go to excess in any one direction. The Oxford idea, party politics, athletics, militarism, the feminist movement, practical science—even formal religion—may be overemphasised to the detriment of the all-round citizen of culture. On these Falconer has his careful eye.

Besides the common every-day world is much to be considered. The man who was once a preacher never forgets that. Down town and out in the small country village there are problems; men working and thinking—thousands of them the product of universities such as his.

So the President is seen as much as possible down town. Manufacturers, art-workers, music-lovers, newspaper men, the Board of Trade, the Canadian clubs, the social settlement workers, the peace movement or the war party movement—any or all of these may require an address from the President. He is usually ready, at a given time of notice. And he seldom speaks without saying something carefully worth while.

Neither does he return to the University office without having learned something; it may be a very common, practical thing, but it is useful. To Falconer all life is useful that comes to his mill; and the mill is a big one. He is yet a young man. Some day he may break through some of his customary checks and balances and impetuously seize some one big thing, forgetting both himself and the University.

What might it be? The Oxford Movement or the value of the college-trained architect; the Round Table or the function of the university in business; the possibilities of pacificism or the importance of forestation; the intellectual man's independence of knighthoods or the need for developing our water-powers; the menace of bi-lingualism or the power of the laboratory man in the modern factory?

Not even President Falconer knows. And not even Falconer's closest friend on the faculty—if there be such a man—will ever know that he is disturbed by the difficulty of finding out. We have not many such poiseful men in public places. And we have no eminent academic who seems to be so nearly devoid of any one consuming passion except for keeping a perfect equilibrium in the grand march of men and events.

SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE

But for the comparative accident of a thousand years we might have called this man William the Conqueror. No Canadian of our times has succeeded in conquering so completely not only a *terra nova*, but corporations, financiers, municipalities, governments, and politicians. We shall never be nearly the same people again since Sir William Mackenzie invaded us with his transcontinental and exploitatious programme — he and his herculean partner, Sir Donald Mann, whose burly shadow must always be imagined somewhere in any life picture of Mackenzie.

But a year or so ago this man with the eagle visage and the ruthless manner was giving Canada a great deal more concern than William of Germany. In fact, no small degree of our apparent indifference to the German Kaiser may be attributed to the fact that we had a Kaiser of our own, whose name also was William.

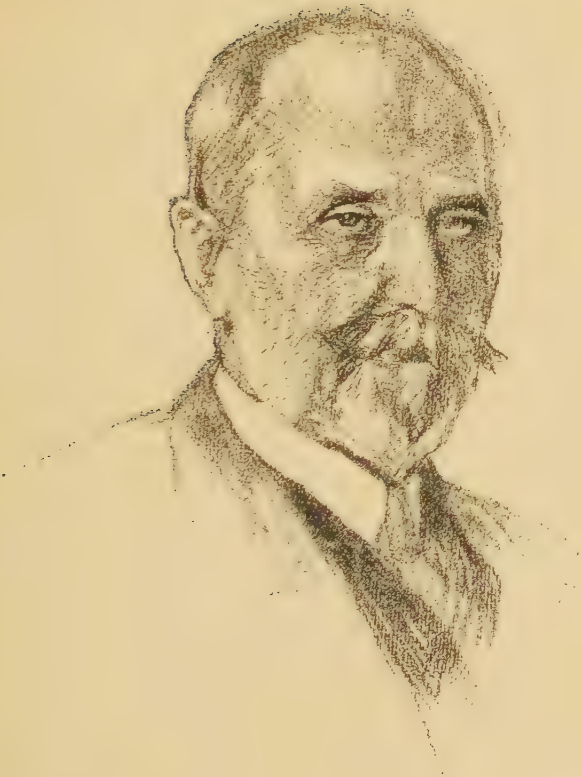
On a winter evening in 1915 Sir William Mackenzie went to an art club in Toronto to behold a set of moving pictures. It was the first film drama he had ever seen. The human figures on the screen enacted the struggle for existence in the most primitive form remaining on the continent of North America. They drove frantic dogs drawing walrus-laden sleds; sat by the hour over lone holes in the ice waiting for seals to come up to the spear; built cunningly houses of snow; rolled themselves to sleep in deerskin bags, and when they got up gnawed raw meat and went on long journeys. All these things the head of the greatest railway-building organisation in the world watched with uncommonly sympathetic interest and an occasional enormous yawn.

Many of the art-workers present supposed that Sir William Mackenzie was getting a glimpse of something absolutely new. Certainly no railway of his was yet

within hundreds of miles of those igloos. There never could be a water-tank in any of those Eskimo villages. No Eskimo freight ever could come over a Mackenzie road. What was he doing there? Having come, why did he sometimes yawn as though he had seen it all before?

The simple reason was—Sir William Mackenzie owned the Eskimos in those pictures. The film was his. The machine that took it was his also. The boat that carried the film and the cameras and a whole northland expeditionary outfit for a crew lasting nearly two years was his likewise. In his office he had a large book of blueprints, maps, photographs, geological surveys, and hydrographic reports containing information about Eskimo-land that no Eskimo had ever dreamed to exist even in its most legendary form. As a result of the expedition a group of new islands had been reclaimed from the oblivion of centuries and added to the map of Canada. And while the explorer carried the gospel of Mackenzie among the Eskimos, the man who owned the outfit went on with his programme of conquering the rest of Canada as though he knew not the difference between an Eskimo and a king of the cannibal islands.

That film was a very good illustration of what Sir William Mackenzie has been doing in Canada for the past two decades. Without intending to be at all impolite or unpatriotic, he has been regarding the inhabitants of this country as more or less cultivated Eskimos. In our struggle for existence we needed him and his railways—now 10,000 miles in operation—the C.N.R., the C.N.R.O., the T.S.R., the W.S.R., the E.D.C., the T. and Y.R.R., the C.N.R.S., the S.W. and P.Co., the C.N.R.L., and the half-dozen other utilities in Canada of which he is either head or director. These abbreviated symbols do not include the light, heat, water, power, and traction companies in Mexico, Sao Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro in which he holds fabulous amounts of stock. They have nothing to do with the ring of similar enterprises headed and conducted by his inveterate partner Sir Donald Mann.



So much self-made power, all the visible work of twenty years, has never, so far as we know, been in the hands of any other Canadian. Up till 1895 William Mackenzie was a contractor. When he was a young school teacher down around Kirkfield in eastern Ontario, where he was born, the Grand Trunk was the only railway in Canada. The Grand Trunk was operated from London. He was a youth of eighteen at Confederation, when he had no idea that in less than forty years he would have great need of all those provincial governments and the federal government created by the British North America Act. He was a contractor building branch lines of railway when the Pacific Scandal ousted the Macdonald government in 1873. His politics were Conservative. Let us all be thankful that he never took his politics too seriously. Sir William Mackenzie as Premier of Canada would have meant—at least the abolition of the cabinet system, if not of Parliament. He was a man-driving boss of labouring gangs when the C.P.R. again got into Canadian politics; and before the main line of that price of Confederation was finished, Mackenzie had individual contracts to his credit and a partnership with D. D. Mann which began in 1884, one year before the last spike of the main line was driven by Sir Donald Smith at Craigellachie, B.C.

When that epic was over the new firm M. & M. took contracts for building several of the branch lines north and south that tentacled away from the grand short cut across the prairie into regions of fabulous and as yet undiscovered wealth. The first great corporation that made early Canada a land of fur-traders had given place to the second great corporation that was to make it a land of great railways. Rivers and York boats and trail-carts were being superseded by freight trains and passenger coaches. Donald A. Smith, head of the Hudson's Bay Company, had become financial head of the C.P.R., and was being elbowed off the stage by the titanic figure of Van Horne.

When Van Horne, head of the C.P.R., awarded contracts to William Mackenzie and his partner Donald

D. Mann for sidelines ramifying into the furpost settlements north and south, even he with all his prescience did not foresee that before he lost interest in the C.P.R. there would be a railway builder in Canada who would do things never dreamed of in his philosophy.

Neither for that matter did William Mackenzie, who was never a visionary or a very remarkable prophet. It is very pleasant romantic literature to read that Mackenzie and Mann dreamed an early dream about the vast country north of the C.P.R., the great Saskatchewan valley. No doubt both of these shrewd slingers of railway ties and miles of steel realised that between Winnipeg and Edmonton for nearly a thousand miles in one direction there was a land which the C.P.R. might wait many years before developing.

But it was long after the C.P.R. had quit building in that part of the world, and just as Canada was beginning to open up a new era in immigration and land settlement, when Mackenzie and Mann took over a ramshackle bit of railway running from the C.P.R. into the Dauphin country, and with running rights over part of the C.P.R. sat down to find themselves in actual control of a diminutive railway that began and ended nowhere.

Less than twenty years after that date, a special train —which before the end of the journey became sixteen coaches—steamed out of Quebec City on its way westward. After more than a week of travelling the party of railwaymen, parliamentarians, and newspapermen found themselves in Port Mann on the Pacific and steaming down to Vancouver.

The head of that party was Sir William Mackenzie. The train in which those 200 men travelled had covered more than 3000 miles, every mile of it Canadian Northern transcontinental main line that grew out of the little spur line which in 1896 two contractors had made the nucleus of a great system without knowing it.

To any but an average Canadian cynic this brief contrast makes the outlines of an epical romance. The average British money-lender whose millions have been

invested in this strange conquest of a new land is quite willing to believe that the men who achieved it are the greatest railway builders the world ever knew; and that the hundreds of millions spent on this man-made system are safeguarded by productive territory contiguous to the road and by bonds bearing the guarantee of both provincial and federal governments. The ordinary push-and-go American, accustomed to the creation of colossal systems within one man's lifetime, recognises that even under these conditions the task of linking up the scattered sections of such a railway from Quebec to Vancouver is a programme of impersonal ambition which never could have been carried out if the creators of it had not sometimes treated most Canadians as though they were plain Eskimos.

In 1892 William Mackenzie became the head of his first corporation, the Toronto Street Railway. That was enough to tie him for post-office purposes to Toronto, and to make him acquainted with bankers in that city. Otherwise the head offices of the greatest man-made railway system in the world might have been in either Montreal or Winnipeg. In 1895 he first became an operator of a small steam railway; the year before Wilfrid Laurier became Premier of Canada. There was a Colossus in Toronto and a Parsifal at Ottawa. Both stood on the verge of an Elizabethan era in Canada. In William Shakespeare's day the new world was the whole of North America with a million or so of Indians and Eskimos waiting for the white man who would cross the ocean in a tub and begin to exploit them. In the renascent period headed by William Mackenzie and Laurier the new world was a very large part of half the same continent, much of it inhabited by redskins, half-breeds, and furposts white folk, all waiting for railways and more people.

By 1901 Mackenzie had begun to give signs of becoming one of the greatest borrowers in the world. That spur line to Dauphin was growing like Jonah's gourd. It was becoming a small octopus everlastingly hungry. Bankers wrote Canadian Northern in their ledgers;

C.N.R. overdrafts; Mackenzie—wants more money; security—C.N.R.; whatever that might be or become, heaven only knew, except that Mackenzie was the first man who ever bludgeoned his way into a head banker's office and without a note of apology proceeded to make the banker believe that to refuse him money was to miss " the tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

It is still told with much emphatic merriment by a banker who years ago was a clerk at the head office of his bank in Toronto, how that Mackenzie was informed once upon a time that his affairs at the bank were in a state of undue congestion, and that—pff! almost before the telephone receiver was cold the head of this nebulous enigma known as the C.N.R. was in the banker's office demanding to have access to the books, with a body-guard of clerks, pens over their ears, to find out what on earth he wanted.

Every year added a few hundred miles to the swaggering audacity of the curious corporation that was now a combination of C.N.R., Mackenzie & Mann, Ltd., and plain Mackenzie. Bank overdrafts were gobbled up. The terrible infant was hungrier than ever. What wonder if some banker, seeing the monogram MM for Mackenzie and Mann, said intuitively, " Oh yes—More Money."

What security? Here came in the Mackenzie genius —plus that of Mann. Obviously the more money this rampageous new railway got the more it would need. So long as there was room for tamarac ties and steel rails to reach out behind the steam shovels and the navvy gangs into the comparatively unknown, there was no stopping it. Hudson and Columbus never quit while seas remained. Here was a sea of land—up the Saskatchewan valley. Here were settlers needing railways. The pace became frantic. A few years after it began, the average of building for that period was computed at a mile a day. At the climax it became miles a day. A mile of railway costs anywhere from $10,000 to $35,000. A year's building of the C.N.R. ran into

millions—not to be earned for long enough, even though the road ran through highly productive areas.

More and yet more money must be got. When banks gave out the money lords of Europe must be persuaded to disgorge. So began Mackenzie's crusades to England. But the plain proposition of the insatiable railway-builder was the last step in a series. The MM genius had made it so. Getting London millions for a Canadian railway into a *terra incognita* must not be merely a magnified overdraft at a bank. Mackenzie must have something tangible to sell. So he had. Bonds; bonds of the C.N.R.; good, healthy, optimistic bonds, as fine as ever were made. Otherwise how could so impatient, so arrogant a man as Mackenzie spend his time wheedling ducats out of an opulent money-lender? No, the money-bags man must grab at these bonds as though they were endorsed by the Bank of England. And he did. For they were guaranteed every one of them by either the federal government of Canada or a provincial government.

Government-guaranteed bonds; simple, easy—tremendous!

But getting those guarantees was not so simple. This suggests a cycle of activities which it would need the pen of a Hugo to ravel out; how by making his lines serve productive areas the wizard wanting to sell C.N.R. bonds could prove to any government, any Cabinet minister, any politician, any senator or group of such, that the road was becoming a national or provincial asset, to what extent higher mathematics could not compute. This was not always done by writing nice letters to a Premier, or by long-distance telephone conversations. It required—knowledge of parliaments.

William Mackenzie has made use of all governments, oppositions, and municipalities. The art of government he has never studied. He has governed. Politics he may never have understood. He has by turns swept political figures out of his path and kept parliaments and cabinets dancing to his tune.

This and thus of the greatest railway story in the world has been told in newspaper columns for years.

The local editor told his 465 subscribers what the construction gang did yesterday in the coulée just outside the town. The mayor of Outpost welcomes the C.N.R. delegation. The Board of Trade in Wayback organises a banquet—speeches till midnight and official train out next morning. Large delegation of prominent citizens in a new western city takes a gratis entourage down to Winnipeg, occasion of the terminal inauguration; free buffet, sleeping cars de luxe in a prairie wilderness—flamboyant speeches till long past midnight belauding Mackenzie and Mann, till they discover that the President has ordered his private car switched at Tanktown and is there snoozing while the delegation goes riproaring on its way.

Down along the Atlantic the directors of an old road are suddenly flung into a furore of silk hats and topcoats. President Mackenzie of the C.N.R. has arrived in his private car over the Intercolonial; wants to take a trial run over the road to see if it is good enough to buy and make over, symptoms of the doomsday or the millennium.

In Toronto the Board of Trade engineer a banquet at the chief hotel, tribute to Mackenzie and Mann the marvellous Siamese twins of railroading, who have been benevolent enough to establish head offices in their town financially dominated by the Bank of Commerce; speeches grandiloquent — when Mackenzie mumbles something or nothing and sits down.

In Montreal five years ago a grand turnout of officials and leading citizens to a dinner at the Windsor; occasion, first docking of the *Royal Edward* in from Bristol—since gone to the bottom at the Dardanelles. In the same city a year or so later excited conclaves of Board of Control and Council, orating in French over the intention of the C.N.R. to shift its station from down the river behind the city to the wharfage front—by tunnelling two miles through the solid rock on whose lordly summit Jacques Cartier stood three centuries earlier and called the scene Mount Royal.

C.P.R. shares are held all over the civilised world.

Grand Trunk Pacific was a creation of a government allied to a corporation. The C.N.R. is the creation of two men—at the head of a corps of experts, including cabinets, premiers, members of Parliaments. Now and then some communist rises in the House to ask about the common stock; or some syndicalising member clamours for government ownership of the system. Sir William Mackenzie postpones the one and smiles over the other. He has not driven the last of his last spikes as yet. By what sounding seaboard will that be? The House of Commons echoes—when and where?

The opposition of to-day crusading in caucus against the C.N.R. corporationists may be the government of to-morrow—pledged by government action to support the system. There is no escape—except by government ownership.

Sir William Mackenzie is the psychic link between all governments, municipalities, and plain peoples. He is the new thought applied to public utilities, a cross between the man with a club and the hypnotist whose weapon is auto-suggestion. He is incalculable, baffling, uncorralable. If muckraking literature were in vogue in Canada he would be deified as the great optimistic octopus. But the muckraker never could prove that such an octopus was not somehow more benevolent than predatory. Mackenzie never plunders a treasury; never loots a public domain. When he grabs most he is most intent on national development. He is no sentimentalist to whom the flag is the eternal symbol of an opportunity. He never makes speeches—except to state that he never was a speaker; never signs articles written by a secretary pointing out what is the need of the people and the duty of the hour; seldom says anything to an interviewer that is not almost as commonplace as Joffre mumbling to the press about "saving the country." There is no danger that Sir William will ever blab his secrets. He knows that people and editors and parliamentaries will talk about him; and he lets them talk.

Obviously Sir William Mackenzie is not a common financier. In Wall Street he would be a mediocrity—

perhaps. Wall Street is too much mere algebra for him.

Mere vulgar wealth has never been his ambition. He is enormously wealthy, and is normally in the position of the impecunious plutocrat, so hard up that he must have more millions right away or cease doing something that the country needs.

"The best way to conserve national resources," he said a few years ago when the Conservation Commission was formed, "is to develop them."

He has never denied that he is a prince of developers.

Gossip every now and then fabricates some yarn about an offer made to Mackenzie to buy the C.N.R.—if any body of experts could be found to appraise it. When Sir William agrees with Sir Donald Mann and his associates to sell the C.N.R., let us all look for the millennial dawn. Mackenzie and Mann without the C.N.R. would be just plain orphans.

What is mere money to this man whose money is always moving faster than any of his express trains? What use would he ever be to himself as a retired gentleman? Imagine him sitting in a library, dressing-gown and slippers, while other men build the railways; his favourite volume, say, Sir John Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life*. Impossible. He lives in a castle on a hill not built by himself. He has music in the home which he seldom understands. He sometimes goes to concerts—to yawn or use his opera-glasses; to plays, when he yawns again and sometimes goes to sleep. Now and then a book agent nabs him at breakfast and rides down town in his motor-car to sell him a set of editions de luxe which he never has time even to open. Every little while some solicitous person struggles into Mackenzie's office to get a few thousands for some charity or public work. Once upon a time he was made an honorary colonel, but of what regiment even some of his friends do not feel sure. He has become acquainted with aristocracy in England and one of his daughters is married to a French Count. He sometimes entertains the Duke of Connaught.

In 1915, for the first time in his life he was snapshotted

in golfing clothes carrying his sticks on the field—and they seemed like deadly weapons. No one ever heard of him going away for his health. He has no time to be unwell.

None of these mild amenities of life have ever charmed Sir William. No man has ever been able successfully to flatter him—with impunity. There are days when he beams with the mellow glow of October sunlight. In the afternoon of the same day he may be developing a cyclone in his office, or snarling to an interviewer his opinions about the institution known as the public.

Mackenzie's domination of other men whom he employs or takes as his associates is almost feudally personal. His whim or his nod may be like the *ad nutem* of Cæsar. What he wants may seem to be almost suicidally absurd. No matter; Sir William wants it and it must be got—immediately. Some day he will explain —or somebody else on his behalf. For the present—get it. If it is a few extra miles an hour on a trial run with the president's car, the engine may burst and the stokers drop dead, but the extra must be got. If it is a fly that bothers the president in his private car the fly must be caught. When he goes away for a season there is a conglomerate sigh of relief in the offices. When he comes back there is a gingering up and a thrill. To-day the sky may be cloudy in the psychic scheme of Sir William Mackenzie. To-morrow something may be in the newspapers that explains why the big chief had such a bad quarter of an hour. And while the critics are prophesying that some day soon he will come to the end of his rope—he hooks up a fresh link in his transcontinental system and has a confab with another premier.

SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON

A PRACTICAL politician and an abstract thinker do not, as a rule, wear the same pair of boots. Perhaps it may be forgotten now and then that Sir Clifford Sifton was ever a politician.

Every land is entitled to a public conundrum. Sifton is somewhat the Sphinx of Canada. He is a man whose value will never be quite adjudicated in his own time. Yet he has years enough left—he is still only fifty-five—to construct out of his own knowledge and his experience something monumental; something that no other Canadian is qualified to create. For the past five or six years he has been Chairman of the Royal Canadian Conservation Commission. So far as it is known the duties of that Commission are to see that our timber, minerals, water-powers, fisheries, agricultural areas, industrial possibilities, and all those other tangible resources that make a country potential, do not go to waste either by squandering or by neglect to develop and to utilise.

The man who heads such a commission has a place in the country second only to the Premier. Governments may come and go, administrations change their programmes, and parties their tactics; this commission and the railway commission are among the permanencies—unpolitical and, therefore, national. We know very little of this commission's work. Now and then some water-power is saved; Chicago is stopped from draining Lake Superior into the Mississippi; forestation is mapped out; arid areas are irrigated; fish hatcheries are established, and fishless lakes made populous; forest fires are fended off; floods are abated; waste lands are reclaimed; government lands are roaded, railroaded, and homesteaded; and the imagination naturally runs riot over the vast potentialities of a new country to observe

the sweeping scope of a commission which never can do half it conceives, because provincial governments, municipalities, corporations, and big individuals often mortgage the future for the sake of the present, paying very little heed to the lessons of the past.

Yet the average Canadian—as well as the writer of biographical sketches—if asked casually who is the chairman of that thrift-inculcating body would hesitate to answer. We are becoming experts in Canada at creating commissions. As a rule, after we get over the excitement of creating them, everybody but politicians and editors forgets what an average commission is for and who are its personnel. Newspaper history, which makes most of men's reputations even after they are dead, will not record that Sir Clifford Sifton was Chairman of the Conservation Commission. Sifton will be remembered as the first Minister of the Interior we ever had whose name anybody but the archivist could remember. In fact, we were much like the over-healthy person, unconscious that we had an interior, until Clifford Sifton took that portfolio.

The portfolio lasted nine years under his name, from 1896 till 1905. It was afterwards taken over by a Westerner, who though a more picturesque character than Mr. Sifton, did nothing to perpetuate any spectacular memories of the period, except to carry out the romantic propaganda first mapped out by his predecessor. Since the change of government two or three men have had the portfolio; precisely who seems to be of very little national significance. No one can ever have that vitalising department in our affairs who will ever be able to do what Sifton did to make it famous in history. He was the privileged pathfinder, discoverer, and adventurer. All the others before and since are, in a sense, his understudies, imitators, or counterfoils.

This man seemed to come forth out of the West, without any of the essential character of the Westerner. He was a native of Middlesex, Ontario, a product of colleges, and Osgoode Hall, a brilliant scholar, a master of law, a man with almost certain prospects of a judge-

ship if he had remained in the East. He went to Manitoba to practise law. He did it successfully. He became City Solicitor of Brandon, which in itself was no very brain-taxing responsibility. In those days, Brandon was as far off the eastern map as Edmonton was twenty years later.

There was room in that elevator town for a man to breathe; room on the prairies that swept in about the outlying shacks and the corner hotel for a man of outdoor temperament to enjoy life at first hand without considering the document known as *Who's Who*. Nobody was who in those early days of the West. Social affairs were in a very embryonic state. But if any visitor to Brandon left the place without knowing that Sifton lived there, he must have been a poor student of towns. He was the man who all but gave the wheat town a local habitation and a name. The elevators of Brandon were like ships on the sea. The personality of the chief citizen of Brandon was a beacon light. What Nicholas Flood Davin was to early Regina, Frank Oliver to Edmonton, and Donald A. Smith to Winnipeg, Clifford Sifton was to Brandon. Any other Manitoba town might have suited him as well. Brandon was as good a place as any to begin a career which depended somewhat upon law, much upon politics, and very remarkably upon character, which in the West had a habit of sticking out as prominently as an elevator on the skyline. Politics rather than law was the chief intellectual pursuit of Brandon in the early days of Sifton. Outside of Manitoba in those days there were no politics in the West. Mr. Sifton sat for Brandon in the Manitoba Legislature in the fine old truculent days of Thomas Greenway and "fighting" Joe Martin whom he succeeded as Attorney-General under Greenway. Most of the politics of Manitoba in those days grew out of the school question; and it was the school question that found its most distinguished belligerent in Clifford Sifton—even against the policy of the Liberal Government.

Clifford Sifton was always rather bigger than his party, and even when he first came into national prominence as

a member of the Laurier Cabinet of first-rankers in 1896, he was secretly regarded by those who knew him best as potentially the ablest man in the Ministry. He was Minister of the Interior for the most spectacular decade of our history. He had the portfolio that meant most to the progress of the country. He had prepared for it by ability, experience, and hard work.

In 1896 Mr. Sifton knew the West better than most of the men who had lived there twice as long. He could co-ordinate the conditions and needs of the West. He foresaw the swift moving-picture drama that was to enact itself on those vast unoccupied prairies. He was willing to become, for a while, the chief actor in it. He knew that above all things the West needed people. Wealth was there to be produced. Producers must be got. Railways must follow, or if need be go ahead of the producers. Government land must be homesteaded. Europe and parts of the United States had a glut of under-producing people. Canada had a population hunger. To get the landless men on to the manless land became, in simple outline, the great agenda of Clifford Sifton.

All other departments of administration necessarily deferred to this — the business of peopling Western Canada. Anybody who happened to live in the far West, as the writer was privileged to do during the years of the Sifton régime, will recall what a picture that made anywhere from Winnipeg to the feet of the nor'-western foot-hills near the headwaters of the Saskatchewan. At Edmonton the spectacle reached one of its climaxes. Here among the picturesque and lazy half-breeds on their cayuses and the indolent, marvelling red men in their lodges, came hordes of frowsy, skin-clad folk gabbling a strange language, fragrant of dirty Europe; frugal in buying oxen, horses, and waggons, carving black bologna and rye bread with huge clasp-knives, trailing away over the hills where they stuck up sod-roofed log shacks and began to rip up the unravished prairie for crop.

" Sifton's sheepskins " the Conservative critics called them. They with the Doukhobors, the Mennonites, the

Icelanders, the Germans, and the celebrated "Barr Colony," were the Western problem of the turn of two centuries in Canada. There seemed no end to the procession of these Galicians; spring by spring and on into the summer and the fall came the squidgy-eyed caravans of these fecundating folk, who wore "skin side out and woolly side in," who were to learn the English language and buy red machinery, to buckle on manhood suffrage and to entertain the whisky-dispensing prairie politician, to go to the polls and to prove themselves citizens along with the riverside half-breeds. The mask-faced man in the Minister of Interior's office at Ottawa knew the value of these people. He was the first Minister to dragnet South Europe for immigrants and deliberately to alter the character of our Western civilisation. It was in his administration that the great gates of the West creaked open to let in the outside world, that two new transcontinental railways were conceived to carry in the people and let out the products. On this twin policy rested the welfare of the Laurier régime. Without a courageous innovator as Minister of Interior, no such *opus* could have been carried out.

And Clifford Sifton never lacked courage. In fact he had need of it for more than the work of his department. Such a wholesale injection of languages, costumes, and customs into our jealously guarded preserve sacred to the Maple Leaf was an easy matter to criticise. Conservatives in the East "viewed with alarm" the Europeanising of the prairies and the growth of ghettoes and bananeries in our big cities. We should put up the bars. British Columbia viewed with much more than alarm the orientalising of lumber camps, mining camps, and fisheries. Eastern manufacturers and wholesale importers wanted the West's business without having new prairie towns clapped upon the map over-night. Sifton kept on landing his unwashed armies at Halifax, St. John, and Quebec, trailing his colonist cars cross-continent to the land of golden grain, swinging the homesteaders out to the free lands, padding the voters' lists with unspeakable names, cynically disregarding all the historic isola-

tion of a great colourful country for the sake of the wealth it might produce and the politics it might create.

In this hectic propaganda the brainiest man in the Laurier Cabinet proved that he was bold enough to change the character of our civilisation without guaranteeing safeguards to the Anglo-Saxon part of it. He let down the bars. Inch by inch as the problems of assimilation grew, he put them up again. The American invasion began some while before he quit office. He encouraged it. He knew that one good Minnesotan was worth half a dozen Ruthenians. He made some effort to get a greater percentage of immigrants from Great Britain. As the Laurier Government in 1897 enacted the preference tariff for British goods, so Sifton admitted a preference for British people. But he never regretted that he had started the waves of polyglot Europe over the prairie. With true Western dispatch he determined to do first what he wanted and talk about it afterwards. Whenever his immigration policy was attacked in the House, he was spared the discomfort because he was gradually growing deaf. And if at any time he chose to listen through his ear trumpet, he was well able to take care of himself in a debate.

Sifton rarely rose to speak in the House when the House was not conscious of a master mind. He was a man with a different sort of intellectual make-up from the work he was doing. He was capable of living in more than one world at once. He sometimes seemed bigger than the Government from which he occasionally differed on certain questions of Western interest. And there were times when Clifford Sifton was the target for more plain abuse than any of his colleagues except those from time to time identified with the Department of Railways. Yellow editors created screeds of copy out of Sifton. One argus-eyed penny-dreadfuller in Calgary made it part of his regular diversion to tell scandalous stories about the Minister of Interior. By more than one editor he was accused of becoming disproportionately rich since he had taken office. He was criticised for taking dancing lessons. He was said to be intoxicated with the

glamour of his new position. It became the fashion to scurrilise Sifton, who being a man of great ability, remarkable force of character, apparently powerful ambition, and never-failing courage, grew to expect a continuous outpouring of abuse from the Opposition both in Parliament and press.

Nobody denied that the Minister of the Interior was an expert at winning elections. That game in Canada has created many an expert—none of the intellectual character of the man from Brandon who had for a grand hobby the breeding of high-jumping horses. There were critical occasions when the remarkable ability and experience of this man were of service to the country in a greater than party sense. There were times when he was the critic of his own party; other times when he was the creature of it.

But never was a time when the severest critic of Clifford Sifton did not admit that if Canada were ever in a great international predicament he was the one man whose political acumen, shrewd practical experience, and great knowledge might be most useful to the country. As an organiser of forces he had few equals in Ottawa at any time of our history. As an exponent of modern thinking coupled with practical politics he was the most distinguished Janus this country ever had abroad. There never was a time in the thick of an election scrimmage that seemed to the critics to be undermining civilisation itself when Hon. Clifford Sifton, the power behind, could not, if he would, sit in his study and write a powerful treatise on almost any phase of government, law, politics, religion, or civilisation. Thus he became the enigma of our politics; the perennial Sphinx who, gradually growing more deaf and more aloof from the crowd, became all the more mysterious and pregnant in his scrutiny of the world at large. In any university gathering he could speak with the power of a big modern thinker, to whom facts were always in process of co-ordination. Among any group of parliamentarians or publicists, whether in London or Washington, he had the gift of translating himself into the vernacular of the

occasion and of traversing planes of thought unfamiliar to the crowd.

He became the irresistible, incomprehensible Sifton, the man who retired, first from his portfolio in the midst of a tremendous programme, afterwards from the House where he had become a somewhat isolated spectator; but who never receded from his position as one of the foremost thinkers of our time in this country. As the controlling genius of the *Manitoba Free Press* (Liberal) he swung it into a line of opposition to his own Government on the Manitoba School question. He afterwards took some of his own medicine when his own paper flatly refused to follow his lead on the question of reciprocity with the United States. As Chairman of the Conservation Commission he had a field in which he could, whenever he chose, exert a powerful influence upon any Government. As an independent thinker he gave himself the indescribable joy every now and then of concocting a line of synthetic argument that made some people pause to say, " Well, I take off my hat to Sifton when it comes to real thinking expressed in clear language. That man is the biggest intellectual force in Canada."

So it goes on; the enigma of a practical politician, a superb administrator, and a target for the " yellows," claiming attention as a master intellect who, if he chose, might have been an eminent philosophic historian. We have never seen fit to discard this man as Chairman of Conservation. We can only continue to hope that his first duty next to his concern for the country will be to conserve the best in Clifford Sifton. For the best in that man is good enough for any country, and his worst is far too bad for any country claiming to preserve any respect for political honesty.

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR

ONE o'clock by the Big Ben bell in the tower of the City Hall. Half the jolly company of art workers have gone home. Half the others are struggling into overcoats and getting ready for night cars. Of the remaining few that care not when they get to bed, Professor James Mavor is one of the last. When Auld Lang Syne takes the floor he may be owling in some far room at a new set of etchings.

Since he came early in the evening he has discussed paint with one man, sculpture with another, literature and drama with half a dozen more, and answered a score of questions about Russia put to him by newspapermen who want to know how shortly the Russians may begin to come back, and with what sized armies. If at that belated hour some one has a mind to strike up a darkey song to a guitar or give a ventriloquial performance, the professor of political economy turns as quickly as a bird on a bough, lights a fresh cigarette, and proceeds to get a new lease of energetic bonhomie. And to look at him any time he may be compelled to keep silence, the wonder is that such a *négligé* sort of man ever could divert himself from the plodding profundities of a wearisome subject long enough to appear as though he belongs to the same genus and age as our own.

James Mavor is the most spontaneous bundle of surprise elements in the college life of Canada. You do not regard him as a mere scholar. There are in fact those who cynically doubt that he has ever achieved ultimate scholarship. In a world of multitudinous objects of research Mavor has kept himself dynamically on the go, sometimes with the swift energy of the wild Indian on trail of a fox. But there never was a time, so far as he is known to his hosts of casual acquaintances, when he was

unable to turn from the main trail and follow a side path whenever it struck his fancy.

Moving along the crowded street—the day may be as hot as Gehenna and the crowd sweltering and dawdling—Mavor, with a linen coat, a Bermudan helmet, and a flamboyant stick, goes hotfoot by the mile, shoulders bent as though the problem whose main clue he wanted were likely to pop like a hunted weasel out of any doorway. With the reputation for having written the longest book of any author in Canada on one of the dryest subjects in the cosmos, he keeps his mind as ingenuously fresh and as immediately interested as a child's. Looking like an archæologist he is in reality an *ingenue*. The world is fair in front of his nose. The thing he wants is eye to eye. But if necessary when he rises at a meeting to speak the compartment of his mind that happens to be in working order, he can go spindrifting back into the past ages for a precedent, into unheard-of lands for a parallel, and into that particular point in space where all the art lines converge to provide himself with an angle.

Among some of the less erudite and more envious university men Mavor is considered an enigma of unrelated knowledges. Though he professes political economy he does not practise it. He is in many respects most prodigal. To have written a book so enormously extensive as his recent politico-economic encyclopædia of Russia, he must have been compelled now and then to concentrate. But the complete work took him within three years of the time it took Gibbon to do the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. To get the mere information contained in this work he spent many months in Russia, engaged a permanent Russian secretary, studied the Russian language, and we may be sure every other accessory that he could find among so interesting and obscure a people.

One cannot imagine Mavor doing such a work on a country like Montenegro. He must have space. The vast unknowabilities of Russia in Europe and Asia attracted powerfully his roving, peripatetic brain. The

slow glacial movements of Russian civilisation suited well his indeterminate processes of thinking. Microscopic exactitude was not the main thing. Cosmic *in extenso* was the field in which, working year by year with the marvellous precautionary patience of the Scot and the charmed ingenuousness of the schoolboy, Mavor in his researches into Russian political economy seemed like the cosmic painters who, as described by Kipling, will "splash on a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

If any Canadian academic of our times might be afraid to live too long lest he should exhaust the sources of knowledge, that man is Mavor. Yet if Mavor should outlive Methuselah he would still be searching after something as near like the truth as possible. He does not wait for the slow processes of induction. He generalises in broad big sweeps. The fabric of his particular thinking may contain threads from seven more or less unrelated worlds. It is all plain as a pyramid on the desert to him. You wonder you had not thought of it long ago. While you were groping along a lane he has been careering out in a landscape of interesting and paradoxical fields. You may inquire sceptically how the fungus on a snake rail fence relates to the cubic contents of the silo behind the farmer's barn, and both to the æsthetic quality of the figurations in the housewife's home-made rag rug. Mavor shows you. And while the knowledge may never be of any direct practical use, it interests the inquirer, stimulates the brain, and gives Mavor another chance to spin one of his glorified webs of philosophic information.

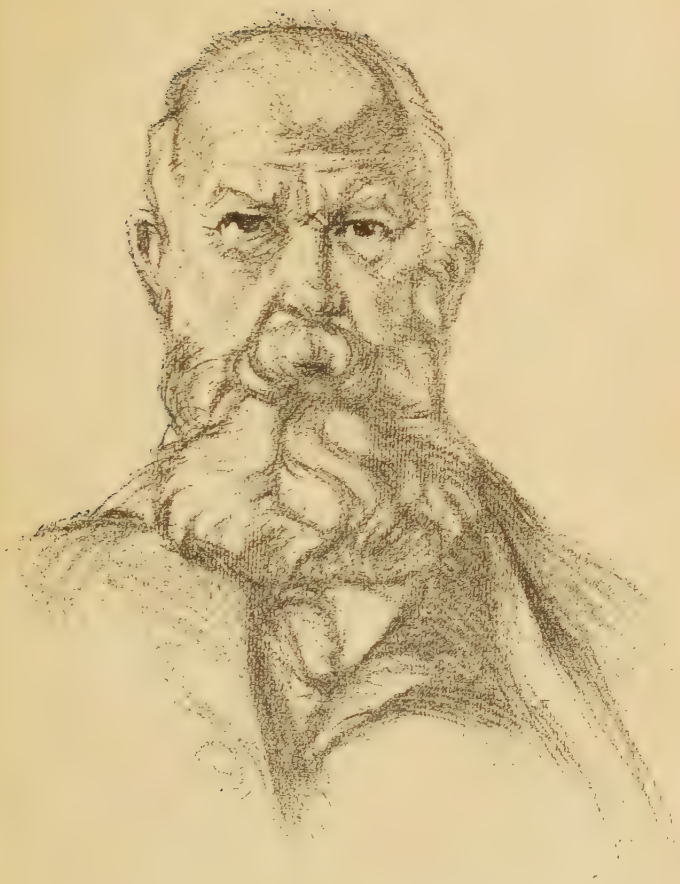
When any pert critic asks why this man did not choose archæology as his *métier* instead of political economy, the explanation is obvious. The past alone never would satisfy Mavor. The present alone would merely irritate him. The future would be inexplicable and monstrous without the light of both past and present. And political economy is the only sphere of knowledge which enables a man to correlate the activities of mankind in all ages into one scheme of thought. It involves the study of all

human works—industry, science, agriculture, painting, music, drama, applied art, literature, government, laws, manners, and customs, even religion. In Mavor's scope of the subject it is not more fundamentally concerned with Adam Smith and Ricardo than with Beethoven and Michelangelo. The science by which man correlates himself to the world of making a living is never old, never measurably nearer completion. It is the perennial, recreating subject. Men may come and men may go. Political economy remains. So for that matter does geology; but the story of that is pretty well all tabloided and ticketed by the geologists. So also does astronomy; but it is some while now since the astronomers surrendered the stage of celestial inquiry to the psychicist and the spiritist. But the epic of man working upon his environment from the first axe of the cave-man until the co-ordination of the explosives in a modern shell is forever in process of renewal.

Mavor never seems to have time to ask questions. If he wants to know some one thing he may stop in his walk to interrogate the navvy working with his shovel. Before the séance is over he may have told the navvy seven things in exchange for his one.

Mavor began to be an eclectic when he was a youth at the University of Glasgow, in which city he was still a young man when he became professor of political economy and statistics at St. Mungo's College. While he was still at St. Mungo's he wrote articles for technical journals, became a director of the Glasgow Workingmen's Dwelling Company, engaged in the university extension movement, and edited the *Art Review*. He also found time to grow vast varieties of shrubs and trees and flowers, which he still dabbles with a bit on his extensive grounds at No. 8, University Crescent, Toronto. While still under middle age he was engaged by the Associated Charities of Glasgow to study labour colonies in Germany. The British Board of Trade asked him to extend his investigations to Belgium, Holland, and France.

In 1892 Professor Mavor succeeded Professor Ashley



in the chair of political science at the University of Toronto. Ashley, first incumbent of the chair, had lured a large number of young men into the dazzling pursuit of a novelty. But Ashley was a brilliant crusader. When Mavor came, a middle-aged man with the look of old age and of erudition, careless of clothes and disdainful of average incompetence, he overwhelmed the students with correlations of facts. He delivered himself after the manner of a man who had no time to wait for mere mental preparation. He was never anxious to limit the subject to the appetite of his audience. Any student of political economy must be omnivorous.

In fact Mavor was never particular to apply his knowledge openly to conditions with which students might be more or less familiar in a new country. At that time he knew very little about Canada and the varying local conditions from which young men had emerged to attend college. The mere newspaper method of proceeding from the known to the unknown was too obvious. The thing that was remote must be the beginning; that which was near at hand explained by the remote. It was Mavor's historical method.

Yet he was never an unpractical man. On two occasions after he was appointed to Toronto he undertook large investigative contracts for the British and Canadian Governments. One came to him from the Hon. Clifford Sifton, then Minister of the Interior, who engaged him to inquire into the problem of importing Doukhobors to Canada. Mavor investigated the spirit-wrestlers and other forms of communities of similar character in Russia and advised that these people be immigrated into the north-west prairies. They came, they took up land. They colonised and built villages. And for years afterwards mounted police had trouble to keep them from going without clothes. It is years now since the fanatical Doukhobors gave any trouble to the authorities. Mavor's experiment has succeeded. But for some time, part of it was regarded as the worst joke in the history of Canadian immigration.

The other problem which Mavor was asked to investi-

gate was a corollary of the first. If immigration, then being carried out on a large scale, was to be kept up, it was important to know what was the capacity of Canadian Crown lands for growing wheat. Malthus, the economic clergyman, had once proclaimed the pessimistic doctrine of "population pressing upon subsistence," whereby he predicted that some day the earth would be too populous for its resources. The British Board of Trade wanted to know if such a doctrine might be true of the Canadian North-West, then being rapidly populated and railroaded under a progressive Liberal government.

Professor Mavor undertook the task as cheerfully as he had once investigated labour colonies in Europe. He came back with the Malthusian prediction that unrestricted immigration to the West for purposes of wheat-growing was inadvisable. The Western people, the railway promoters, the immigration department, and several newspaper editors were indignant. It had been fondly hoped that Canadian wheat-growing was practically illimitable on a profit basis between the American border and the north edge of the Peace River valley. For some time the Mavor estimate was scathingly unpopular. Not long after the agitation died away, farmers in the West began to discover that it cost on an average as much to raise an acre of wheat as it produced in revenue at the average price per bushel; that owing to climatic variations the yield fluctuated from year to year; and that more intensive farming was more economic. Even in 1915 with 140,000,000 bushels, more of a wheat crop than was ever before known in that country owing to the campaign for increased production, there is much sagacious talk as to the wisdom of the Western farmer going more extensively into mixed farming.

But it always took a Mavor doctrine considerable time to percolate through the average brain. If the people who a few years ago were victimised by real estate experts and subdivisionists into investing in unseen and intangible town lots could have asked his advice, they might now have been better in pocket.

But after all what has such a corporeal subject to do

with the collection of Japanese prints, the study of Oriental art, and the gathering of natural wood walking sticks? Down in the Isle of Orleans a couple of years ago Mavor was on a visit to Horatio Walker, artist, to whom he had written at one o'clock in the morning at an art club smoker to accept the presidency of the club. The habitant natives of the island saw the somewhat long-haired and ubiquitous Professor day by day cutting a new species of stick from the prodigal trees and lugging them home. They said he was crazy. And if they could have seen Mavor in Toronto laughing like a child at a Punch and Judy show, they might have had no doubt of it.

Such is the unresolvable character of the man who occupies the chair of political economy in the University of Toronto—but occupies himself with almost everything else.

HENRI BOURASSA

FAIR amidships of *Le Devoir* is the large, gloomy office of the chief editor; lighted I forget how, except by the eyes and the wit of the editor who sat at a long litterish table, as it seemed to me amid battlements of books and pamphlets. To the restless rumble of busy presses he had just finished an article which in a day or two would be causing some Ontario editor to publish an English translation with a maledictory comment. No doubt an attack on some part of the British Empire; some further proof that England was a spider in the midst of a very shaky web. But that never disturbs Mr. Bourassa's amiability. He was tempestuously glad to see the visitor. The instant impression was that anybody who got into his sanctum had a welcome to all the editor knew about anything.

At once the visitor intimated that many people considered Mr. Bourassa a strange man. He laughed—somewhat savagely—and accused a certain French-Canadian paper of being the Quebec mouthpiece of a Montreal newspaper magnate whose chief business it seemed was to head the wolf-pack of other Anglo-editors in excoriating Mr. Bourassa.

That was text enough for a drama; which the editor of *Le Devoir* enacted in less than an hour of most excitable conversation mainly conducted by himself. Feverish to convince another Anglophile that the whole world outside *Le Devoir* was upside down, he leaned over the table and glared into the visitor's eyes. His right index finger pointed at the visitor's nose. He half rose in his chair amid fervent gesticulations. His voice became a scream. He laughed for emphasis. Had the conversation begun about the sociology of Timbuctoo or the theory of the nebular hypothesis, it would have gravi-

tated back to the one theme that keeps Mr. Bourassa at full orchestra every waking moment.

That theme was the French-Canadian race in Quebec. In evolving his oration to the audience of one, Mr. Bourassa became a brilliant exposition of lucid thinking, a master of English, and an example of incandescent conviction. All the visitor was able to say clearly was that the night before he had been stranded in Nicolet, P.Q., where he found scarcely anybody who could speak English.

"Why," said Mr. Bourassa, "I can find you scores of people in Nicolet who speak English."

To him Quebec was dotted with Nicolets. It was not true that the French Canadians were isolated from English ideas. And in any case where was there a village the size of Nicolet in Ontario where three men were able to speak French?

Had the visitor asked the logical question, why the Ontario villager should speak French in an Anglo-Saxon country, the argument would have lasted all day. But Mr. Bourassa had an appointment up-town and would be glad to continue the conversation on the open street. Amid the swirling crowds along St. James, among the banks and the office buildings, he went on with his oration. In the jungle noises of the city his was the wild cat's voice audible above all else. Perfectly unconscious that he was a curiosity, he seemed oblivious to every other consideration. In a common man that might be intensity. In Bourassa it became a mania.

The man who edits the organ of the Nationalist movement in Canada has been in the wrong world ever since he was old enough to vote. He extracts a pessimistic ecstasy from the efforts he has made to reform the British Empire. He has spent a feverishly active life chasing up an ideal. What it is he has never succeeded in convincing anybody—even the readers of *Le Devoir*.

In 1908 on the heights of Quebec there was one of the greatest historical pageants ever seen in the world. It was the Champlain Tercentenary, celebrating 300 years of new Canada since Champlain discovered

Quebec. Grand *tableaux historiques*, marvellously beautiful processions, old French chansons blending with the poetic ding-dong of vesper bells from nine parishes at once, made English-speaking spectators thrill with nameless emotions. French Canadians were the actors, on a stage that had the sunlit St. Lawrence for footlights and the blue domes of the great Lauretian hills for a background curtain. The present King of England was the most notable spectator. His warships lay black and grim in the harbour below. When it was all over and the *Indomitable* steamed down to the gulf and away, even blasé visitors from Boston and New York realised that there had been another spectacle of Empire. It was the drama of a self-governing dual people on the very spot where a century and a half earlier brave Frenchmen and gallant Englishmen fought for the mastery of that part of the New World.

Was Henri Bourassa there? If so it was to make copy for *Le Devoir*. When he thought of that pageant did he smile? No, Bourassa never smiles. He probably laughed and jabbed down another vitriolic paragraph.

Henri Bourassa is an idealist who has become a fanatic; a reactionary who has developed into a radical. He has a vision; one of the few men in Canada who ever had one long enough to let it make him miserable. The vision of Bourassa is symbolised by a certain kind of community. It is the French-Canadian village or small town of anything from 500 to 5000 inhabitants; dormer-windowed little houses and fat, fertile gardens, beehives and tobacco plots, cob horses that scamper up the hills as though the devil himself were after them, simple villagers that go to the field, the factory, or the office with no yearning for either wealth or new ideas, and twinkling priests that lose themselves in the big church with a tin spire and a poetic bell on the roof that sings vespers down the valley in tones of perfect and perpetual peace.

To keep such a community one of hundreds of such little commonwealths from Montreal to Gaspé, Henri Bourassa is willing to be a man of war. He is the head

of the Nationalist movement in the Province of Quebec; and the Nationalist movement seems to have been born in order to give Bourassa a field for his peculiar and passionate genius.

Born in Montreal, educated there by private tuition, he afterwards studied law and learned English. As a student-at-law he necessarily interpreted both the common law of the Dominion of Canada, English in its origin and born of a bi-lingual Parliament, and the statutes of the Province of Quebec, which in spirit if not in form went back to the feudal days of old France. Here was a paradox. The very city in which Mr. Bourassa studied law was governed mainly by the French and dominated by Anglo-Saxons.

At the age of twenty he left Montreal and opened an office in a little town called Montebello, of which he afterwards became the mayor, and where he married the lady who has done much to keep Mr. Bourassa from being more violent than he is. The Nationalist leader's devotion to his wife is both an idyll and an ideal. At a huge Nationalist meeting in Montreal some years ago he turned on the platform and publicly kissed Madame Bourassa.

Long before he married, Henri Bourassa had become an intense student of history, as may be observed from reading his pamphlets and editorials. His understanding of history was largely political. He entered politics as a Liberal and a follower of Laurier. In 1896, when Laurier became Premier, Bourassa entered the House of Commons as member for Labelle.

Most of the French-Canadian members were Laurierites out-and-out. Bourassa followed Laurier with limitations. He was a critic. Had he obeyed his immediate impulses he might have become an Independent; but that game had been tried by English-speaking members without much success. Third parties have always come croppers at Ottawa. Mr. Bourassa was keen enough to see a bigger issue than merely being a personal dissenter under a powerful leader.

It will be remembered that in the argument over the

Kaiser title in Germany it was decided by Bismarck against the will of old William I. that the King of Prussia was not to be known as the Emperor of Germany but as the German Emperor; the old monarchies were to stand. Bourassa made a shrewd note of the fact that Laurier was the French-Canadian leader of the Liberal party, but not a leader of French Canada.

There was no such leader. French Canada outside of the old line of political parties had never been organised. The race unity of the habitant people had never been asserted since the days of Wolfe and Montcalm. An English-speaking majority in Parliament treated the French minority as either Liberals or Conservatives. Laurier himself spoke mainly in English, when *Hansard* was and is as much French as English. French reporters took down the debates which were printed in both languages. French correspondents in the press gallery sent French despatches to the offices of French newspapers in Montreal and Quebec. French editors of little weekly newspapers, under the thumb of the priesthood, purveyed the news of Parliament in simple French language to the habitant who read as little as he could and went out to hear political speeches every time an orator came into the parish.

This bi-lingual paradox became the besetting theme of Bourassa. By the British North America Act Quebec, the land of the large family in population, was made the pivot of representation in the Commons. The number of members from Quebec could never fall below sixty-five. Yet the Premiers in this bi-lingual, Quebec-pivoted Parliament had since Confederation been Anglo-Saxons, and the new Premier, a French Canadian, was the avowed protagonist of British institutions and democracy, and himself spoke to Parliament more in English than in French.

As an independent Liberal Bourassa aspired to leadership. He was himself an orator; a master of French in all its idioms, and of English in its forensic form. As a thoughtful foreigner often acquires only the classic outlines of the English tongue by reading it in translation

of masterpieces, so Bourassa learned to speak English for the sake of argument and paid no heed to the friendly idioms that express the plain humanity of any people.

In becoming a master of controversial English Bourassa had more method than madness. His obsessing vision of a united French Canada under the title of Nationalists with himself as Nationalist leader made it necessary that he should speak and write not only to French but to Anglo-Saxon people.

Writing and speaking he was perpetually a forensic. Of the two he prefers speech. Of the two languages he prefers the French; and when Bourassa gets up of a Sunday afternoon before a summer congress of habitants and villagers with long lines of horses tied on the outskirts of the campus he always becomes the flame of the French-Canadian fires. Long before he broke with the Liberal party he had learned to gauge his remarkable power in delivering great harangues to such assemblies. Johnnie Courteau loves a great speech, especially when he may not know what half of it means. He adores magniloquent gesticulations. Bourassa is not a mere rhetorician on the stage. He is a sort of Gabriel d'Annunzio as he yearns with blazing eyes and spiked-up, unpoetic hair over the great crowd to stir them to their depths, to play with them as the wind frolics with the forest trees, knowing that when he speaks to them he puts French Canada first in the imaginations of his hearers, without attempting to make plain to the people just what that French Canada may hope to become in a confederate, modern Canada.

In 1899 Bourassa directly opposed his leader Laurier on the question of sending Canadian troops to the South African War. That was a war of Empire. What had the habitant or the Anglo-Saxon Canadian to do with such a war at the bottom end of the world? What did it matter that English settlers in South Africa claimed the same rights in government and citizenship as French Canadians were freely granted in Canada? To Mr. Bourassa the Boer was the squatter who had the right of possession and of dictation. The Englishman was the

interloper as he had been on the St. Lawrence. Therefore, Canadians, and especially French Canadians, should take no hand in such a struggle.

Bourassa made his position clear to the Parliament and the people of Canada by resigning his seat in the House. The stage was sumptuously set for the occasion. Bourassa had dramatic genius enough to know it. His defection from the Liberals and from Laurier was not now a merely personal matter. It was not simply a French-Canadian move. It was an Imperial issue.

By that stroke of near-genius Bourassa became the accredited leader of the so-called Nationalist party in Quebec and in the House of Commons. The race unit that he had worked so feverishly to define in the popular imagination was welded into a more or less organic fusion. Laurier and the Liberals, Tupper and the Conservatives, still had their followings for political purposes. Bourassa only claimed the supreme right to speak as the leader of the French-Canadian race.

He was re-elected by acclamation for Labelle in 1900, and continued to sit as member in the Commons for seven years. In elections he now found himself able to swing his Nationalist party in support of either one side or the other. He was the dictator of the party. He saw its practical use in embarrassing governments and in winning elections.

In 1907 he left the Commons and entered the Quebec Legislature. The political atmosphere of Ottawa was not kind to him. The Nationalist party in the House gathered strength too slowly. He found a more congenial atmosphere in Quebec. In 1911 his Nationalist organisation helped to defeat the Liberals by sitting on the side of the Conservatives in the House. The party of Bourassa aimed to hold the balance of power and to increase it. As the member for St. Hyacinthe in the Quebec Legislature Mr. Bourassa continued to burn till he burned himself out in 1912 and retired from practical politics.

Le Devoir and the public platform are now his arena, and he has room and licence enough in both to be

the greatest mischief-maker in the Empire. The difference between a good egg and a rotten one is no greater than the contrast between what Bourassa's brilliant abilities might have done to work out the destiny of the French Canadians under the British flag and what he is doing now to hinder that programme. Now that the Empire is into its second great struggle since Bourassa became an irrational politician, he goes out with historical fire in his eyes and dares to say that British navalism is as bad as German Imperialism, and that true French Canadians should not recruit into the Canadian army.

Mr. Bourassa might be asked to consider: if the British Empire were not the most tolerant democracy under the sun—how would the editor of *Le Devoir* be permitted to attack it on the platform and in the press, not once, but again and again? The fact that Henri Bourassa is a free citizen, and that *Le Devoir* continues to circulate, is proof that the French Canadian has more rights under the British flag than he ever could have had under any flag of France.

Mr. Bourassa uses history to support his arguments. Does he remember that one William I. once went from Normandy and both conquered and Normanised England? The very language which Mr. Bourassa took so much trouble to learn is half Norman French. Yet in Quebec and in the Canadian Parliament the British conqueror of New France has established the dual language system whereby French is as much the vehicle of Parliamentary debate as English, and is taught in the schools of Quebec to the exclusion of English.

Mr. Bourassa asserts the right of the French Canadian to a national existence under the Crown of Britain; separate in language, religion, education, race ideals, and political unity. For what? Does modern France bear England any grudge for the capture of Quebec? If so, it is being expressed on the battlefields of France and Flanders where the bones of English and French once more lie side by side, this time in a common cause.

Mr. Bourassa cannot get from President Poincare or Premier Briand any endorsation of his dream. Then from whom? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the greatest living French Canadian, does not support him. Of the sixty—more or less—French-Canadian members of Parliament, a very small percentage care a cob horse for the Nationalist idea. Among the clergy—ah! that may be different. Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal is a Nationalist, and there may be scores of bishops and priests who, for the sake of an undisturbed Catholic régime and plenary Church dues, would stand up for the French-Canadian preserve. What of the Pope? No doubt he is in favour of the idea. Quebec is now the one part of the New World where Rome has a solidarity in a rich country. But even the Pope has no fear that the Church of Rome in Canada is being undermined by British rule or by Protestant missionaries in Quebec.

On the whole, we may conclude that it is Henri Bourassa, the creator of the separatist party, who really wants the Nationalist idea to prevail. Bourassa is weak enough to crave for power which he never could get as the French-Canadian leader in either of the old parties. With infinitely more brain-power and a higher personality, he somewhat reminds us of the pompous and fretful Louis Riel who in 1885 aimed to set up some sort of kingdom of the Metis backed up by the red men on the Saskatchewan. Riel was hanged as a traitor. Mr. Bourassa will never be hanged. He will be remembered as a man who was so much of a parochial patriot to his own conception of French Canada that he became disloyal to the Canada and the Empire of which it is a part; as a student of history who in the twentieth century made a strenuous but feeble effort to undo the work of history; as a brilliant foreign investigator who became bigoted by a fixed idea such as in lesser intellects makes people mad; as a man who, in order to justify an absurd and untenable attitude, cried out that he was always misunderstood.

It is the privilege of every ordinary man to be understood. If the majority of Canadians have failed to under-

stand Henri Bourassa—perhaps it is well to remember that the asylums of any country are full of people who imagine the world at large misunderstands them. Mr. Bourassa will probably say that the writer of this article misunderstands him. So also does the average habitant of Quebec.

Why, with such unmistakable power as an advocate, such scholarship, eloquence, and passionate self-immolation for an idea, has Bourassa failed to capture Quebec ? He has recently said that under certain conditions he might be hanged for his utterances. He seems to overlook the fact that French Canadians are not interested in hangings or particularly in martyrdoms; the habitant is psychologically many removes from a Sinn Feiner. The habitant is a practical, thrifty person who refuses to take his politics too seriously, loves Quebec because it is his fertile and picturesque mother, France only because three centuries ago it was his ancestral land, England as such very little, the Empire as such not at all. The habitant prefers to be let alone. In the defence of Quebec he would fight like a wild cat. But as Quebec has never been menaced since his great-grandfather was born he has no conception of what soldiering means in a world war. Practically, the habitant does not belong to the world. He lives, moves, and has his being in Quebec. And he would love Quebec perhaps a little more if men like Bourassa and his lieutenant Lavergne would leave him alone; in which case he might even be stimulated to become a recruit.

Bourassa understands no Nationalism except that of Quebec, which he has himself created. To him there is no possibility of a modern nation called Canada unless the important part of it is symbolised by Quebec and the French language; no such national possibility as a fusion of many races into one people. Therefore Mr. Bourassa goes on record as a radical who can never be anything but a superb reactionary, and who will have to his credit only the fact that he tried to perpetuate in French Canada a dream of old France, in a part of the world where modern progress must go on or the New

World fails in the world's work—as Henri Bourassa has done.

"At least we have ideas to interest the people—the old parties have none," is the buoyant assertion of the Nationalist leaders. The claim is worth a definition. Obstacles to Nationalistic evolution in other provinces than Quebec do not arise from a lack of vitalising and fructifying ideas. The real difficulty is in their flamboyant tragic presentation. Some of the best principles in Mr. Bourassa's programme, if given the broad application which he claims for them but seldom gets, thanks to his own hysterical expression of them, will yet be accepted by Canadians who never see Quebec. Canada for Canadians should be obvious enough for even a citizen of Tory and, in Bourassa's phrase, "Yankee" Toronto. That is not ultimately Canada for the Empire, nor for the United States, but a country owned by its people who give to it their lives, their allegiance, and their children from generation to generation. But Canada is not a nation such as France, Russia, or England. Canada is not a one-language but a multi-language people. The polyglottism of the present and the future is built upon a two-language basis historically English and French. To the Bourassa party every language and literature as an expression of race is a sacred thing. Canada must speak many languages. The melting-pot can never obliterate them. The strength of a congress nation like Canada and the United States depends upon the preservation of race-languages everywhere, with as many racial customs and characteristics as are consistent with practical citizenship in any part of the country. Therefore the French language and French customs must be preserved to the French in Canada.

The religion goes with the language, though in the Nationalist view less essential. "Our people are not priest-ridden," say the Nationalists. Racial customs, industries, and traditions must be perpetuated.

The Nationalist programme takes much account of native folk-industries in Quebec, of folk-lore and folk-songs and fireside customs. The longer these are pre-

served in Canada the more essentially they become part of the national life. French traditions are three centuries old in Canada. Therefore they are historically Canadian even more than they are French. So with English traditions. Logically so with the race-idioms of any of the people in Canada. The melting-pot is not a nationalising institution. People do not fuse. They merely live together in harmony, obeying the laws of the country made by a Parliament that represents all the peoples. By the B.N.A., French was given equal parliamentary status with English. Therefore as a race-expression, the French language has a priority over any other non-English tongues in the country. The law has made it so. The genius of a loyal people is to obey the law and to defend the country. Canadian law says, that in case of necessity for defence, all male inhabitants of military age shall bear arms. The Nationalist says—

"Enforce the law that exists and we will become soldiers in this war, but if you leave it to voluntary enlistment we will not enlist because, as a people and a free nation, Canada was not consulted about the declaration of war. Do not expect us to fight unless we have a voice in declaring war, neither out of respect for Great Britain as the centre of an Empire in which we do not believe, nor for the sake of France to whom we owe just the same degree of allegiance that the United States owes to England—no more. Expect us to fight in the defence of Canada as a free people and Quebec will stand second to no other Province, because when we fight for Canada we fight for a country that to us means all that *patria* can mean, nor in Quebec only, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Such is the substance of the Nationalist creed as Mr. Bourassa aims to express it. That he fails to make himself understood outside of Quebec is the fault of his own irreconcilable and disturbing genius.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI

STAND on Mount Royal, looking down towards the heart of the city where the C.P.R. tower and the dome of St. James' come almost into the same focus of the camera —and if you could fancy the blue St. Lawrence were the tawny Tiber, and St. Helen's Island one of seven hills, you might be pardoned for imagining the picture to be Rome. Look further eastward at the two great towers of Notre Dame among threescore and more cross-tipped spires, and it might seem to resemble Paris.

But, of course, Montreal resembles Rome about as closely as it does Athens or Port Said. Yet the dome and nave of St. James', even the transepts, are the exact replica of St. Peter's in Rome seen through the wrong end of a field-glass. Built in Archbishop Fabre's time, not so very long ago, St. James' was calculated to be a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. miniature of St. Peter's; as though it were foreseen that the very next Archbishop would have an Italian name—Bruchesi.

There the intentional illusion vanishes. To Orangemen in Canada, of course, St. James' is as good as St. Peter's. Otherwise the picture is more like Paris. Priests—barefoot, tonsured, gaberdined; nuns and sisters—black, grey, and dun; Palm Sunday and the Easter market; parish bells jargoning out ceremonious ideals over a ponderously pretentious city of noise, of great railway terminals and many ships; siege-built stone walls as thick as forts, monastic retreats, and college cadets from Laval—it is as near a huge patch of Paris, yet as much unlike Paris as may be, as could be found in America.

It is the archbishopric of Bruchesi.

Down in the old market, where the gilded angels of

old Bonsecours Church lean out over the docks to welcome the sailors, homespun habitants jabber among their red beeves, honey-pots, and twists of French-Canadian *tabac*. To them this Montreal of the seventy parishes and the hundreds of priests is all of the Eternal City they will ever see. If they drive their rickety carts so far west as the towers of Notre Dame and the dome of the Bank of Montreal across the Place d'Armes Square, they may hip along until presently they come into view of St. James' with the twelve tawdry apostles over the façade and the ugly red-brick palace of the Archbishop abutting on the south wall.

Nowhere else in the world is there an archbishopric like this. And Archbishop Bruchesi knows every cranny of it, whether the symbol be shamrock, spaghetti, or the *fleur-de-lis*. French, Irish, Italian, all are here in the midst of an Anglo-Saxon scheme of economy; a threefold community in a little world of big problems.

Years ago this Archbishop with an Italian name was visiting the Archbishop of Dublin. While there he paid a visit to the tomb of Daniel O'Connell. From the grave or near it he plucked a bunch of shamrock which he sent to the palace of St. James', with instructions that a sprig of it should be sent with his greetings to every Irish priest in Montreal the Sunday before St. Patrick's Day. A simple thing; but it showed a fine complexity of tact in this Archbishop with three nationalities cohering in one spiritual community.

This voltaic little man, Paul Bruchesi, might be diplomatic enough to wink the other eye and, like good Friar Tuck, have a fine time with the Sheriff of Nottingham. But he is the wrong man to escape troubles.

A few years ago there was a capricious opera in Montreal with a Canadian prima donna in the title rôle that gave Canadian opera-goers a taste of "Paree." But there went out an edict from the dome of St. James' to censor this capering French opera of Charpentier with its spicy dialogues between Louise and the shop-girls. The capricious opera was withdrawn and the

management substituted another more pleasing to the Archbishop.

Shortly afterwards one Godfroy Langlois, genial editor, in his own paper *Le Pays*, came hard at the Church in Quebec because of the backward state of education. It was proclaimed from the pulpits of Montreal that unless *Le Pays* should cease its diatribes the paper should be placed under the ban. Quebec was no place for "compulsory free education" according to the ideas of Langlois. *Ipse dixit* Bruchesi.

Some time ago there was talk of a Cardinal's red hat for Bruchesi. Just a little while before there had been the enormous Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. Delegates and dignitaries from all over America represented the papal nations. And there was no man of them all better entitled to cosmopolitan regard than the Archbishop whose father was an Italian, mother a French Canadian, and whose secretary is an Irish priest.

But the red hat went to Archbishop Begin of the Basilica in Quebec. Anti-Bruchesians may explain that by calling His Eminence of Montreal a reactionary. But it may be asked—what bishop on the St. Lawrence is so well suited by birth, temperament, and experience for the many-headed business of presiding at St. James'? Bruchesi with all his limitations has mapped out a big restless programme in Montreal. Part of the programme is a dream. Bruchesi has a vision. Since he came to St. James' in 1897 he has seen Montreal feverishly rebuilding itself with commercial swank all about the mediæval reliques of the old Franco-Indian campground and the seventy churches under that central dome. Montreal politicians are divided among Liberals, Conservatives, and Nationalists, just as Montreal Catholicism is divided by the Masonic element. Education is attacked by Langlois and his friends. Temperance has to fight against Sunday bars. French people delight in spicy operas. Charities must be kept up. Municipal corruption must be kept down. The Jews number 40,000 and are a big factor behind Langlois. The Irish have their own churches, their own religious paper, their turn at the

mayoralty, and their St. Patrick's parades. And even French editors disagree like so many Kilkenny cats upon the status of the French Canadian in the British Empire.

That kind of archbishopric is not governed by pageants, paternosters, and pipe-organs. To be both comfortable and aggressive the Archbishop must have at least one deep-rooted, passionate idea with the dimensions of a dream.

Bruchesi has that dominating idea. What is it? We shall see.

Meanwhile remember that Bruchesi was born in this city of change. He was educated in Montreal, in France, and in Rome; in 1897 he became Archbishop and began to be a practical politician. When the longshoremen in Montreal struck for better conditions and higher wages the Archbishop was made Chairman of the Board of Conciliation. It was an odd post for an Archbishop; to Bruchesi quite obvious.

In the province of Quebec there is one industrial doctrine which must never so far as possible be abrogated. If that doctrine can be maintained in Montreal it is safe anywhere in French Canada. It is the practical theory that as far as possible French Canadians should not go on strike. A strike ties up industry and interferes with wages. The Church needs the wages. A prominent Montreal manufacturer somewhat cynically remarked to the writer, "The Roman Catholic bishop is the best strike-preventer in Canada."

But strikes are as much a part of advancing civilisation as bar-rooms and operas and contending editors. The Archbishop of Montreal knows it. Therefore he hates the American Federation of Labour. Bruchesi would nationalise all labour problems. But the leaders of thought down at the Labour Temple behind the little Jacques Cartier Market are very scornful of the national movement in labour. They are a branch of the A.F. of L. They are friends of Langlois, the agitator who would have free education made compulsory, and Quebec, with all its needful chaos of labour grievances, strikes, and struggle

with capital, take its place in competition with all other provinces of the Dominion.

I must confess to a slight disillusionment the morning I had the pleasure of an interview with the Archbishop. From seeing pictures of him wearing such stately gold-braided stuff at the Eucharist Congress he seemed to be quite terribly ceremonious. He would probably come downstairs heralded by a pair of acolytes. The Irish priest-secretary fussed about His Grace and that raised my awesome expectations; until almost suddenly the Archbishop himself was in the long red reception room, his purple-broidered robe culminating in a swish and a smile as he cordially greeted the stranger, not knowing what upon earth he had come to talk about. He drew up a chair very close to mine, and if he had been anybody but an archbishop he might have called his man to fetch cigars or a glass of French wine. In two moments we were on terms of affability.

"No wonder he is popular," was the silent comment.

He talked with headlong cordiality and soon plunged into a subject that always makes Bruchesi palpitate with enthusiasm.

It was the Church; the parish, the priest, the community of souls under one steeple—and he drew a picture of it that would have done credit to the Abbé Samson depicted in Carlyle's *Past and Present*. No matter how small this spiritual community, so long as there was a priest, there was the genius of the whole vast system of the Church; no matter how huge, there was the family idea incorporate. So the idea of—father. The priest was not merely an incumbent or a parish overseer. He was the head of a family.

The Archbishop drew a picture of spiritual Montreal; vividly describing the scores upon scores of church communities that still marked the ascendency of two to one French Catholics in the greatest city of Canada.

Now and again the Archbishop's huge carbuncle ring came very close to the visitor's knee as he talked of politics and strikes, education and temperance, progress

and poverty, faith and Church unity. His time was brief; but he was forgetting that. How did he know that I was not a mere Protestant spy?

Those 40,000 Jews in the heart of Montreal—with their synagogues and sweatshops, their political meetings—and their clamour for racial schools—I must remember them. Langlois was using those Semitics against the true Church; against French Canadians. Those Jews were learning English faster than even the French in Montreal, ninety per cent. of whom speak some English.

Perhaps some rabbi had quarrelled with the Archbishop who spoke almost with animosity against these pushful, modern people, to him far more of a menace than the Chinamen whose chop suey cafés were dotted red by night all over the part of Montreal threaded by St. Lawrence Main.

"But all they want is national existence," suggested the visitor. "Would you grant that to French Canadians and——"

He interrupted with a peremptory but quite genial gesture.

"There is a fundamental difference," he said. "The French were the forerunners here. The Jews are innovations."

Somewhat less hostile was his criticism of the American Federation of Labour. Years ago he had begun to oppose that, when a delegation from the American Federation of Labour waited on the then Bishop to ask why in his pulpits there had been preached a sermon against the international brotherhood. Bruchesi told them plainly that labour and wages in Montreal had nothing to do with New York or Chicago. Labour to him was a national matter. He still believed that. I had a great desire to ask him—why Samuel Gompers had not as much human right to be the elected pope of labour in America as Leo had to be Pope of Rome. But I remembered that he was the Archbishop. Also, if the Jews in their sweatshops went against the labour unions, why was he so hostile to the Jews? But here

again he was the head of the Church and should not be accused of inconsistency.

No doubt an Archbishop with a passionate *motif* has a way of looking at public questions not granted to secular optics. But it seemed a trifle illogical that he should have gone out against municipal inefficiency and corruption among the French aldermen of Montreal, while he opposed the free secular education that would have compelled Frenchmen to compete on even terms with Anglo-Saxons.

The French Canadians in Quebec are to Archbishop Bruchesi a separate people. Cities and railways, schools and politics, great industries and wicked operas, strikes and labour unions, may, if they must, seduce these people into modern ways. But it is the business of the clergy to keep them intact. The real parish of St. James' is the Nationalist party in Quebec. Of course, somewhat awkwardly, heaven planted a large number of Irish and several thousand Italians in Montreal, and these have nothing to do with the Promised Land. The Archbishop is not such a visionary as to lose his hold upon these. One might imagine that he would be a supporter of John Redmond as well as of—Henri Bourassa.

Ask him what French-Canadian Nationalism means and he knows as clearly as anybody. But never expect him to utter a word of disloyalty to the British Empire. He is too adroit, too benevolent. Bruchesi does not believe in violence. He would persuade, entice, allure the secular mind; never argue it into hostility. In fact, he is a Nationalist who might appear on any Imperialising platform and a papist who could almost preach in a Salvation Army temple. Bruchesi is never carried away by his doctrine. He is the master of it, not the slave. Casuist and apparent reactionary he may be, an infatuated bigot—never.

Yet he is the nationalising friend of that brilliant derelict Henri Bourassa. How he manages it nobody knows. It is so fantastic that one may be excused for letting the imagination run riot a bit and conceive a dialogue between Bruchesi and Bourassa. Time, even-

ing of January 8, 1916. Place, the red reception room at the palace. Enter Mr. Bourassa; greets the Archbishop—in French.

"Ah, delighted. Pray be seated. What news?"

"A recruiting assembly has been broken up. I have just spoken to the ringleaders at my office."

"Sh! You should not have received them. You are too bold. You will harm the cause. Laurier has been speaking against you."

"Psh! Lavergne speaks louder than Laurier. My lieutenant has refused to head a Nationalist regiment to help France and England. In the Quebec Legislature he has dared the authorities to arrest him for treason in denouncing Canada's part in the war."

"He also—is not a true Nationalist. You are neither of you the French Canadian that you should be."

Bourassa shifts behind a table which for the moment he uses as a rostrum. He is the bolder because to him Nationalism is a political dream, while to the Archbishop it is but a phase of the holy programme of the Church. With his index finger pointing at Bruchesi he says:

"You are too adroit. You waste time with methods."

"But in the Church methods are necessary. In the sanctum"—the Archbishop comes close to the table and leans over it—"you are much too personal. You do not wait for occasions; you try to create them."

Bourassa rises; one arm aloft.

"Listen! There was once an occasion which you did not create—but on which you became so enthusiastic that you did the cause of Nationalism more harm than any of my boldness."

The Archbishop steps back.

"Your Grace—that mandement in 1910."

"I do not remember—which?"

Bourassa repeats from memory the words of that mandement given out by the Archbishop at the death of King Edward the Seventh:

"We recognise in England the generous and power-

ful nation under whose flag Providence has placed us to protect our religion and our sacred liberties; we oppose a formal denial to the foreigner who boldly asserts that England oppresses us; we joyfully proclaim ourselves her subjects and pray that she may keep her glorious place among the nations of the world, because we believe that God has great designs upon her, and that we, the French-Canadian race, have all to suffer if her prestige is lessened."

"Ah! And what of that?" asks the Archbishop. "Do you accuse me of inconsistency?"

"Of nothing!" screams Bourassa. "But I would ask you—what if the Recruiting League should have that piece of Anglo-Saxon amenity placarded all over Montreal in illuminated signs with the signature 'Paul Bruchesi'?"

The Archbishop smiles and rings a bell.

"Bring me the evening paper," he says to the secretary.

The paper brought to His Grace is an issue of January 8, 1916. With a shrewd glimmer in his eyes he reads as follows:

"An explanation of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec in regard to the war was made by Archbishop Bruchesi at Laval University last evening at a meeting in aid of the military hospital of that institution.

"The Archbishop said: 'Canada being a part of the British Empire, it is the sacred duty of the Canadian people to assist Great Britain in her heroic defence of liberty. This was the position taken by the Episcopacy of French Canada at the outbreak of the war, and this is the attitude bishops still maintain and will continue to maintain to the very end. The obligations we owe the British Crown are sacred obligations.

"'It is the solemn duty of every Canadian citizen, to the utmost limit of his force, to stand side by side with the motherland in her heroic effort to crush the tyrant who wishes to trample small nations and States beneath his iron heel. What fate would be ours if the Germans

obtained a foothold here? Were we defeated, Germany would secure domination on the St. Lawrence.'

"Raising himself to his full height, Mgr. Bruchesi said: 'French-Canadian countrymen, I for one do not want to be a German citizen.'"

By the time he has finished reading, the place where his visitor had stood — is vacant. Mr. Bourassa has gone; a wiser editor than when he came.

SIR WILLIAM PETERSON

PRINCIPAL SIR WILLIAM PETERSON, C.M.G., reminds a casual visitor of some rare old tribal ornament from a museum which when rubbed diligently on the coat-sleeve sparkles into the memories of other years. The Principal of McGill, though considerable of a prophet and much of a shrewdly, practical man, specialises a good deal on the past tense. He is perpetually moving on the edge of some philosophy, or some memorabilia in the shape of suitable stories and personal reminiscences. One suspects that much of the Principal's interest in life is his genial hobnobbings with these distinguished men.

An aggressive managing editor of a Canadian newspaper once said of a brother editor—

"If I had that man on my staff I would send him to interview all the crowned heads of Europe."

Such an assignment would congenially suit Dr. Peterson, who is a repository of personalia gleaned from eminent people. One of his customary human hobbies was the late Goldwin Smith, concerning whom he could tell many a story. Once upon a time Dr. Peterson travelled with Goldwin Smith to a Princeton reunion where for the first time the Oxford Professor met Grover Cleveland.

"That was a very amusing episode," said the Principal. "Cleveland shook hands with Goldwin Smith and said, 'I have wanted to see you for a long time, sir, out of curiosity.'

"I saw Goldwin Smith wince. He turned to me and said, 'Tell me, did he say curiosity?'

"Afterwards Goldwin Smith wrote something about Cleveland in the *Farmer's Sun;* alluding to him as a genial but quite vulgar sort of person—though he hugely admired Cleveland, who, of course, did not understand Goldwin Smith as I did."

Sir William Peterson

Principal Peterson is a benign crank on the humanities. It is a wise Professor in McGill who does not depreciate poetry and the classics, of both which Dr. Peterson, C.M.G., is a protagonist.

For a man from Dundee this is hopeful. Very few of our imported Scotchmen inconvenience themselves over Milton, Horace, and Homer. When they do we must suspect the Elizabethan influence of Edinburgh.

If there is one man in Canada capable of impressing upon a suitable youth the ethical reasons for committing to memory *Paradise Lost* or the *Odes* of Horace, that man is Sir William Peterson. It is the ascent of man to the top spheres that absorbs the Principal of McGill. Now and then he may get his mathematical professors to compute the compound interest for the rest of McGill's lifetime on the eleven millions already invested by Sir William MacDonald in McGill University; but for information only.

No university president in the British or any other empire ever found himself the *via media* of such colossal benefactions from one man to mankind. That subject seizes the visitor the moment he enters the sylvan precincts of McGill under the mountain of Montreal. It is impressed upon him by pile after pile of great grey buildings, put up by modern engineers of architecture and crammed with the latest equipments of science to match with a mechanical and dynamic age. And it is only when at length one reaches the chastely archaic range of low roofs constituting old McGill of the Dawson era in geology that the financial fact resolves itself into a mere temporising illusion. Here behind a classic and modest obstruction of collegiate doors, vestibules, and ante-rooms one finds himself at last into a stratum of academic atmosphere in which the moving spirit is Principal Sir William Peterson.

McGill is the only Canadian university with a knight on its faculty. This one—after a leisurely interval of waiting—emerges from his sacrosanct vestry at the rear and with the informality of a brown tweed suit, grizzled grey hair, and a pleasantly cynical drawl

invites you to entertain yourself by asking him questions.

No man in Canada has better mastered the art of atmospheric conversation with a genially oracular turn. We understand at once that there are many questions which an average wayfaring man, though fool, might ask the Principal and be sure of getting a high percentage of humanised wisdom in the answers. But you do not begin by discussing the eleven millions. That is a mere episodic epilogue. McGill is the real play, and the play's the thing. McGill of to-day is Principal Peterson's Opus I., the work of twenty-one years of his life since 1895 when, as the choice of Lord Strathcona, Chancellor of McGill, he came from Dundee to succeed the lamented Sir William Dawson who correlated religion and rocks. In that rear room I suppose Dawson delved much into the Laurentian system that bulges up over the college roof. The day I was admitted to the ante-room for conversation with Dr. Peterson, a railway mining corps were blasting a two-mile tunnel through the sacred mountain of Montreal.

That cloisterish little rear room unites the old Dawsonian McGill with the modern university. Incidentally that involves the Empire, which without Dr. Peterson would be minus one of its most ardent vindicators. Culture, engineering, autonomy all become a sort of academic triangle with the Principal as the intersecting point of three straight lines drawn from each bisected side to another.

There is no embargo on culturising speech. Dr. Peterson prefers not to become colloquial. He turns sidling to the visitor, props his head upon one hand, gazes abstractedly at some invisible point, and proceeds to expound. He intends to be formal and academic. He becomes talkative. The decadence of linguistics was the burden of a genial lament.

" Language study is basic," he insisted. " Things first, signs second, may be very well in elementary schools. But the languages are the great conservatories. America —I know it—poohpoohs linguistics. Well, we needn't

restrict it to Latin—though to be sure without that it's hard to define a student's progress. But let us have men about us able to use their own tongue efficiently and as far as possible elegantly. Too many college graduates are—no, I won't say illiterate—but unlettered. They don't study language enough."

"What—of English poetry?"

"Ah!" He was touched. This is almost a fighting point with the Principal. "I have been trying to foster the study of English poetry in the schools of Canada. It is a treasure-house of culture."

There was a bit of an over-brow about this. But it was by no means cynical. It was Edinburgh that was speaking.

"Oh, we have something yet in academics to learn from the old land," he went on. "For instance, Scotland began to abolish the college freshman, the first-year man, twenty years ago. I see Ontario is trying to do it now. I suppose that in some departments of college work America has set us the pace. But not in the humanities. No! The age is too materialistic. Young men leave college imbued with mergerism, desire for consolidations, sudden wealth—all partial development."

With amazing ease the Principal cognated himself and the University to the rest of the English-speaking world. As he talked a fructifying idea was born. It was the psychology of *imperium et collegium*. What is a modern university but the concretion of science, thought, culture, languages—civilisation? And what else in the name of analogy is the British Empire? McGill, under a powerful psychic magnifier, would have been the Empire—as Oxford, Cambridge—did one hear him suggest also Toronto? Perhaps not. There is, one gathers, some rather rabbinical tolerance at McGill for the status and function of the University in Queen's Park. We dismiss the registrar's lists or the bursar's ledger as being mere accessories. Students gravitate to both by thousands per annum somewhat magnificently regardless of geography. In both there is the same problem of juvenile philistinism contrary to traditional

culture ; in each the hopeful mustering of "hoi polloi" into ultimate intellectual democracy. None but a cynical materialist could make odious comparisons yet more odious between these two great colleges—particularly in the matter of either revenues or rugby. Only a superficial thinker could trace any variation in degrees of culture. Learning has equitably adorned and illuminated both, and each has accumulated its comforting store of dignified traditions—with hats off profoundly to Oxford and a bit of a tilt of the monocle to Chicago. The spirit and active intention of each of these colleges, as of Queen's or even the new colleges in the far West, is all the most ardent Harold Begbie would have wished with respect to spending a college to carry on the war. In neither is there traceable the feeblest symptom of schism or sedition towards the Crown and Imperium of England. No, if all of Canada were as full of empire-enthusiasm as its great colleges—not altogether excepting Laval—we should have fewer misgivings about the problems that await this country in the settlement after the war. The intellect-communities headed by Principals Peterson and Falconer are a unit in the business of Empire. The story of each could be enthusiastically told by the partisans of the other.

What one gathers from a talk in the ante-room of McGill is rather a matter of humour and temperamental expression. Sir William Peterson enunciates the relation between *collegium et imperium*. Years before the war he was agitated about the German menace without respect to German culture. He could, in imagination, see German warships up the St. Lawrence, unless——

In fact he spoke of this. He said nothing about "kultur." That had not yet been defined. The professors of Germany had not yet spoken. I doubt if the Principal had any disquieting apprehensions about this. He was not pained over the intellectual diagnosis of Germany as he is now. He was politically interested. He was on the platform. At any given moment—unless the wizened imperative figure of Sir William Macdonald had been coming up the walk—he could have launched

into an oration on the Empire. The faculty and the students might go on a picnic if they wished while the Principal cogitated in continents. There was an abandon about the Principal. He was cumulatively roused. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* was no longer a motto over the door. He welcomed the crowd. He felt bigger than the cloister. He translated his enthusiasm into words.

Which one fancies would seldom or never be noted at the head offices of the University of Toronto, or Queen's. McGill's relation to the Empire was capable of formal expression. In Toronto—a shrug might have done as well.

Yet Principal Peterson somewhat chuckled that he implicity understood the late Goldwin Smith, with whom he had junketed considerably, not least among university gatherings in the United States. Any University Principal who can make room in his cognisance for the British Empire and the Sage of the Grange who used to be the enigma of Toronto, is broad enough in his outlook to correlate anything.

WALTER ALLWARD

Cape Diamond is a mountain of national sarcasm. In all America there is no such a site for a great poetic symbolism in sculpture. That bold promontory thrusting out in front of the old citadel and the historic Plains of Abraham is the one place in Canada designed by nature in collusion with history for a national monument greater than the Statue of Liberty.

But the field where Wolfe and Montcalm fought for the mastery of a new world is not in our day, at least, to become a memorial of struggle and conquest. The National Battlefields Commission may pass resolutions and ask Parliaments for money—which they will not easily get, for there is an impediment; and it is the suspicion that French-Canadian Nationalists would object on behalf of the French-Canadian people to see any lasting reminder of 1759, when the flag of the three crosses triumphed over the fleur-de-lis.

And what has that to do with Walter Allward, R.C.A.? No more perhaps than it might have to do with Philippe Hebert, R.C.A. But suppose the Battlefields Commission had decided to erect a bi-racial, national memorial on Cape Diamond, what a delicate diplomatic task they must have had to award the contract for its erection. To whom would it naturally be given; to the representative of the British Conqueror or to the embodiment of the French-Canadian delegate in art? To Walter Allward of Toronto or to Philippe Hebert of Montreal? Would there have been a compromise and a collaboration—Allward doing the shaft and the winged figure on the apex, and Hebert working out the figures at the base? Or would the Commission have dodged the issue by asking for sketch models from the United States?

Walter Allward

Sculpture is the only form of art in Canada that radically represents the cleavage between the two root races of the country. The two languages are equally official in Parliament. It was an Irish-Canadian who made famous Johnnie Courteau and Leetle Bateese. French-Canadian musicians fraternise to some extent with the music-makers of British Ontario and they both work together for some degree of common welfare in Montreal. Ontario artists paint freely in Quebec—though it must be admitted that the compliment is not so habitually returned. But nobody ever heard of Walter Allward getting a commission to do a French-Canadian monument; and Hebert would need to subdue his somewhat hyperdramatic style if he were asked to do such a monument as that to John Sandfield Macdonald in Queen's Park, Toronto.

Lately, however, both these originating sculptors have been engaged in doing memorials to King Edward VII. One will stand in Ottawa, the other in Montreal. And they will probably be as different, even on this peace-making subject, as Allward's South African memorial in Toronto differs from Hebert's dramatic monument to the same event in Windsor Square, Montreal.

Walter Allward began to learn his art in a Toronto brickyard. Later, when a student in an architect's office, he was first permitted to realise what it meant to get architectural proportions into a monument. There was a time when he might have gone into painting, for which he has still a lingering passion—yet never paints. He will never paint. Habit has made this undemonstrative man prefer the modelled figure and the wax, the plaster-cast and the bronze figure on a pedestal. Though he is still a young man he has to his credit a large number of British-Canadian subjects in various parts of Canada, mainly in Toronto. Who else would have laboured to execute such a frock-coated conventionality as the Sandfield Macdonald monument in Queen's Park, or the Queen Victoria even more prosaic? Who else in a contrary style could so splendidly have compressed the warlike and imperial conceptions of Canadian life into

so fine a piece of work as the South African Memorial? Up in a little old graveyard on a hill north of Toronto there is a shaft, Grecian in contour, subtle in line, a simple, serene piece of modesty that might never be noticed by the average browser among rustic tombstones. It is the shaft designed by Allward to commemorate, in a quiet personal way, the life of his friend Boultbee; and he did it with consummate subtlety that has no need of a crowd.

Whether in the simple shaft, the fussy, frock-coated Victorian politician, or the superb, sweeping lineaments of the great South African Memorial, Allward is inexorably himself; the patient, intellectually imaginative workman, evolving his subject with almost unscrupulous regard for historic accuracy. He catches the spirit of the age—not of his own but of whatever age he sets out to depict. He would do a statue of a king cave-man brandishing a stone axe with as much punctilious care for the atmosphere of that period as he is now doing the mammoth Bell Memorial intended to commemorate the evolution of the telephonic age.

Was he ever tempted by the passion of youth to transfix some blazing emotion in a figure or a face? If so he has powerfully resisted. There is to him no winged Pegasus.

Allward has a sculptural conscience. The ethical side of his art is a perpetual restraint. He will not overexpress himself by exaggerating any quality in his subject. Flamboyancy he abhors. If he were asked to do a thing suitable for an Arc de Triomphe his design might pass the committee but would probably not be accepted by a Paris crowd. Yet it would contain every essential of a fine historic memorial—except the flamboyancy. The idea of the flag never attracts him. He revels in details—that he may leave most of them out. He had rather suggest than express, or express by suggestion.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, working with wax in that top-lighted lofty studio of his, Allward asks himself what is the mission of a sculptor in a commercial age, and himself furnishes the answer. From

sketch to sketch model, from that to half size with something of detail; on again to life size and the use of living models, and then to the huge skeleton of wood and chicken-netting for monument size, he creates his critical, inspiring verity which after several more moons will be a plaster-cast ready for the bronze founders.

Patience. There are many things to consider as the assistant works away with the pointing machine invented by Allward for indicating on the skeleton the details of the life-size figure. This life size is the sculptor's approximate last word. The rest is replication on a larger scale, investing that cadaver of crude wood and chicken netting with wax lineaments. And to a sculptor with a great craft and easy conscience that would be all. This man with the comprehensive name—All-ward—realises a *tout ensemble* of a various kind. There is the committee of award—oh, the committee! usually composed of politicians, town councillors, and howling patriots. There is the general conception supposed to please that committee and must therefore be a compromise. There is the price which takes no account of love's labour lost in endless details produced and afterwards suppressed for the sake of suggestive simplicity. There is the difficulty of models in a young commercial country. There is the architectural design—and Allward spent part of his apprenticeship to an architect. There is the site and the environment, involving the outlook of the landscape artist. There is the general setting of walks, flower plots, lawns, and driveways—usually botched by the civic gardener. There is the unveiling and the speechmaking nightmare and the crowd. Afterwards the crowd may pass along and never notice the monument except when a regiment marches past or the base is occupied variously by a squad of signallers, stacks of khaki overcoats or a gallery of spectators to watch the procession.

Allward is not always patient. But he is always creatively constructive. His finest optimism is not in himself but in his work. Still a young man, he has a big and maybe an inspiring programme ahead of him

in this country. Some of the things he has done are as good as any he can ever do. He has done them in the fine flush of ecstasy, rigidly harnessed to a purpose; ecstasy that never breaks loose in one figure or one pose or any casual exaggeration, but works itself calmly and serenely into the general conception of the piece. Considering Allward and his best because most comprehensive work, one is reminded of a stanza in Keats' *Ode to a Grecian Urn :*

> " Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer, lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town by river or seashore,
> Or mountain built with peaceful citadel
> Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate will e'er return."

Those lines are somehow the invisible motto on the walls of Allward's workshop. They are the sweetly sad sentiment that pervades the work of him whose business is to perpetuate the past thing, or the event, or the man that is regretfully gone to point it hopefully to the future. In a country of tremendous geography, sparse population, and foot-frontage crazes, this is sometimes a much more pensive business than even its own character creates.

Allward's greatest completed work up to the present was finished and unveiled in the national hubbub of expansion when the average man was more screamingly enthusiastic over a new skyscraper—so-called—and had no eyes for a monument a hundred feet high dominating the foot of a fine avenue on the edge of a populous and somewhat dingy retail shop street. The South African Memorial was unveiled to a large crowd among whom the sculptor sat head-bent as nearly out of sight as possible wishing the fanfare were over. One Canadian city, whose eminent characteristics are Orange walks

and village enthusiasm, had that day a new landmark; a work of art that for architectural design, impressive proportions, inspiring figures, masterly balance of detail and of mass, and a national significance based upon Canada's part in what was then a great Empire war, was to stand as an inspiration to posterity.

After a long while the civic gardener got a lawn and flower-pots and walks laid out in front of it. The passing crowd might sit for a moment at the base and gaze at the modelled figures of fine Canadian manhood. The sidewalk cynic might get a glimpse of the winged peace figure at the apex, superbly modelled in woman's lines that the flowing draperies did not conceal, and balancing the splendid national Madonna at the base flanked by the young soldiers—on to victory.

Then came the Great War; when the great monument was the rendezvous of drilling and marching troops, day by day, month by month, and year by year, the shouts of drill sergeants and the shuffle of boots. No spot in all Canada was the centre of so much warlike and national activity as this Allward monument. Presently the recruiting league conceived the happy idea of erecting a sign-painter's hoarding fair in front of the monument, blocking out most of the base figures and substituting a bad big hand on a huge ugly sword.

The memorial was now complete. The sculptor had missed the point. Those who formerly had passed the monument by and might never have noticed that it was not there—if such a thing might be—were now compelled to observe it because of the recruiting sign. The crowds sat on the steps of the monument to watch the soldiers and the Duke. The soldiers stacked their great-coats on the base. The signalling officer stood on the top step to flick out the Morse code to his squad up the avenue.

The memorial had found a practical use. In becoming a commonplace utility it had become also a recognised fact. The author of that memorial need never repent its misuse. It can never be overlooked. Its mission can never be perverted. There are great pictures blinking

away in the monastic gloom of art galleries that would be glad of any such public common gallery as the place of this monument. And the man who created it may be sure that a country which is coming through the crucible of the Great War will have greater need of him when the war is done than it ever had in its heyday of commercial expansion whose monuments were sky-scrapers and railway offices.

SIR JOHN EATON

EVEN in Canada it is sometimes necessary for a man to be recognised as the son of his father. After that fact is duly acknowledged, he may be allowed to speak for himself.

Sir John Eaton has never permitted the public to forget that he is the son of Timothy Eaton, an Irishman and a Methodist who about thirty years ago began to keep a general store in Toronto. His own son will not be likely to make light of his grandfather. The organising Methodist hand of that Irish commercial genius will be felt in the Eaton business until department stores come under government ownership. Nobody will ever be able to say how much of the Eaton success is due to the Methodist Church of which the Eaton family have always been conspicuous pillars. John Eaton was brought up under the wing of Trinity Methodist Church on Bloor Street, the pastor of which always had a careful eye to the Eaton pew. Afterwards the family shifted its allegiance to St. Paul's on Avenue Road. It is now impeccably domiciled in a church built in memory of Timothy Eaton, as such deeded to the Methodist Church in Canada, with a pulpit not entirely subject to the whims of stationing committees.

To the youthful imagination there is enough of the fabulous about the business headed by Sir John Eaton to make a fascinating volume about equally compounded of a Henty book for boys, a fantasy of Jules Verne, and Alice in Wonderland. For instance, in this greatest of all Canadian department stores and perhaps the third greatest in the world, in order to get two buildings under the same roof part of two Toronto streets was used for the purpose. To get from the main store to the furniture building, you make a detour from the basement

out past the boiler-room into a long and illuminated tunnel. If the same tunnel system were extended another direction, it would lead up into the mail order building north of the store; in a mean average of the two directions one block further into the great factory that looks down upon the tower of Holy Trinity Church with as much nonchalance as the sky-scrapers of Wall Street regard the old spire of old Trinity in New York. Owing to the fact that municipal government is one of the few things that cannot be bought at Eaton's, it has not yet been found necessary to tunnel under the City Hall which occupies the adjacent block. And if the tunnel idea were to be carried out to completion in order to get the Eaton system all under one roof, we should need a sap eastward 333 miles long to connect with the factory in Montreal, and the head factory in the town of Oshawa west of Toronto. Another would have to be excavated westward a thousand miles to join up with the great store in Winnipeg, which a few years ago changed the current of retail traffic from Main Street to Portage Avenue.

It is some years now since the first wireless station in Toronto was placed on top of the Eaton store; and so far as can be learned, the chief purpose of that was to keep Sir John Eaton, wherever he might happen to be on his yacht *Florence*, in communication with his business, as James Gordon Bennett, wherever he may happen to be in the world, keeps in touch with the *New York Herald*. At any moment of any common day, Sir John Eaton may step from his office into the midst of more people than are carried daily by all the passenger trains on all the railways of Canada. These people are constantly travelling up the elevators, the staircases, and the escalades of the Eaton store, from that into the street cars, of which seven lines stop at the doors of Eaton's along two main streets. They are more or less in the grip of a system of distribution that by means of hundreds of horses and scores of motor-rigs every day weaves a web of traffic with that ugly great store as a centre. All Canadian railways and ocean steamship lines converge at that store, bringing in argosies of goods

from all quarters of the earth, sending them out again in mail packets. In one day of Christmas week more people go through the Eaton building, of which the nerve centre is the office of Sir John Eaton, than the population of any city in Canada outside of Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg. Every soul of that restless consuming population knows that so long as he is inside the Eaton store and has the sufficiency of cash, he can get almost anything he needs for earthly use from the Eaton company—except tobacco, automobiles, and tombstones.

Most of the people who go there know that all the year round in normal times the Eaton system employs from 20,000 to 25,000 people. Any lad with a mathematical head may figure out how much money is paid by fair wages every year to this army of employees; the yearly cost of operating the Eaton business by adding the upkeep of so many horses, boilers, and elevators, trucks and delivery rigs; the price of stationery and office supplies and wear and tear on store furniture; the amount paid for interest or the value of rent charges; the total cost of all raw materials used in Eaton manufacturing; the price of railway and steamship tickets for Eaton buyers; the amount spent on advertising in a large number of newspapers—and as many more things as his youthful imagination might suggest. Having done this, he might add the amount that Sir John Eaton gives away to philanthropies in an average year, what he spends on his house and his various means of living, what it cost originally to build and annually to maintain the palace-like Eaton Memorial Church, and other public enterprises bearing the name of Eaton.

If by this time the said boy does not begin to feel like Alice in Wonderland with a headache, he may exercise his mathematical genius in deducing from all this Jules Verne mass of aggregates and averages, by a fair percentage of profits, what must be the number of million dollars represented by the annual turnover of the Eaton business. And when he has plunged himself into a bewildering mass of millions, he will probably wake up and discover that it is all a dream. The capitalisation

and the annual turnover of the greatest merchandise system in Canada have never been made known. The public do not care to know, more than they hanker for the details of the life of Shakespeare or the family conversations in the Garden of Eden. All that the people care to know is that they can buy most of the necessaries and luxuries of life—from a package of nasturtium seeds to the complete outfitting and furnishing of a modern house—at Eaton's, and that the mean average cost of such things is not exhibiting as much temperament as the stock market or the grocery store around the corner. They desire to maintain the old belief, whose foundations were laid years ago, that the Eaton buying machine is one of the most perfect in the world, that the selling and distributing mechanism is as consummate as human invention can make it, and that the personal emoluments of members of the firm are not a subject for royal commissions or the courts. Being eternally satisfied on these cardinal points, the public asks no idle questions regarding millions in stock or in turnover; because in the growth of the Eaton business, the welfare and the psychology of the people who buy have always been the first considerations.

In the days of Timothy Eaton, the founder, there used to be much talk about the head of the business. The life of that man has never been written. As the story of a great merchant gifted with a genius for organisation, the study of men, and the knack of a great politician in finding out the whims and the caprices of people in general, it should be worth telling. And it will probably never be printed, because it is being told day by day in the development of the business of which Sir John Eaton is the head. The Eaton firm is the book of Timothy Eaton—and of those he left to come after him. Among these, publicly, the most important is Sir John, who knows better than any one else the value of the men who are not in the public eye but who sit with him at board meetings; the value of men who are at the heads of departments and never see the board room; the value of employees who with a proverbial

loyalty to the whole interest of the Eaton Company are constantly evolving new ways and means of bettering the great service machine that has become almost as much common property as the C.P.R.

Concerning the popular, well-set-up figure whom people are accustomed to seeing either in khaki or mufti, often in company with a cigar, in the cabin of his yacht *Florence*, now at the service of the Admiralty, in his private car whizzing out to Winnipeg, at the wheel of one of his many automobiles, there is a deal of animated democratic interest. Since he became head of the system, Sir John Eaton's name has been much in the newspapers. Most of the publicity has to do with donations of money by hundreds of thousands to hospitals, colleges, the Y.M.C.A., machine-gun batteries, and other concerns of both peace and war. Detached from his business, Sir John is as genially pleasing to people in church, in society, in music, in moral movements, in sport, as his father was mysteriously aloof. Few people ever caught sight of Timothy Eaton except at church. Most people in Toronto know the face of Sir John.

When at the age of thirty-three J. C. Eaton found himself squirming into a large pair of boots as successor to his father, he felt himself saddled with a curious psychological responsibility. He has never escaped it; and he never will. The paradox of it is, that the father, who had so many profoundly interesting peculiarities, concealed most of them from the public that he might fuse them in the business. Sir John, who inherited much from both his father and a temperamental mother, has found it necessary to make his own personality more of a public property. In his day there is a sentimental side to the business such as the people at large did not observe in the days of his father. When he became president he knew that the people were speculating on how he would measure up to the responsibility. He undertook to let them know. In that nine years, marked by a tremendous evolution of the system, not least of which is the Winnipeg establishment and the

increase of business to gigantic proportions, perhaps undreamed of in so short a period even by his father, the social and sentimental side of the Eaton corporation has become one of its most obvious assets.

This development must be credited in large measure to Sir John, who does not credit himself with the genius necessary to organise such a business, and has much of his father's astute faith in the brains of other men. There are those who look on Sir John as the guiding star of the system; others who will prophetically allege that he is a palpable mediocrity whose chief value to the business and the community of which it has become so tremendous a factor is that he is the son of his father and to all intents and purposes a fine sociable type of democratic bonhomie.

The truth lies somewhere between these extremes. If Sir John were to the genius of the Eaton system what his father was, he would probably have become a failure. The personality of his father is invested in the business. Sir John was wise enough to let it work. If he were a mere amiable mediocrity, the personal forces left in the business by his autocratic father would have made him more troubles by this time than fall to the lot of most political leaders.

It must be granted that Sir John has the qualities of a leader as his father had those of a great organiser. In the modern way of business, leadership is sometimes more important than the organisation of an autocrat. Sir John knows how important it is. He has all the *savoir faire* of a man who makes it a business to understand other people. He has the popular, if somewhat obvious, interest in charities, hospitals, music, art, soldiering, and sport that makes it easy for most of the people to understand him. And Sir John Eaton is both willing and anxious to be understood. If he spends much of his time and energy in things outside of the business, it must be remembered that he first of all knew the business in which he grew up practically as an operator. Having learned that, without the advantages or disadvantages of a university education, he was

shrewd enough to know that there were other men who knew parts of it better than he ever could. He had too much respect for the system to meddle with it for the purpose of showing his authority. He has too apt an appreciation of the value of sentiment to neglect the obviously public side.

As the personal link between public interest and business system Sir John is invaluable. He has developed public interest itself into a system. Under his leadership the business, more of a system even than it was in the days of his father, has become a vast public concern whose whims and caprices are as popularly interesting as those of a President or a Premier. Whenever gossip mysteriously surmises that the Eaton store will one day move half a mile north and leave the mid-city block with its tunnels and machinery of business for a great public square, the people do not believe it, but they say, "Oh, well, if Eaton's move, the whole retail traffic must move with them."

At present Eaton's are in no danger of moving. Once a year Santa Claus, a month before Christmas, makes his advent to Canada by way of Eaton's. He is officially received by Sir John, and until Christmas Eve is supposed to take up his quarters in the store. This is one of the fictions that have done so much to make the Eaton business what it is. The whole story of the business is a series of fictions based upon rigid, uncompromising facts. So it must remain. And of all men in Canada there is no man who believes more profoundly in a fiction based upon unalterable facts than Sir John Eaton, Irish-Canadian, Methodist, student of public affairs, master of practical bonhomie—and the possessor of enough secrets to make a book of business romance as interesting to the lad thumbing an Eaton text-book at school as to the grandmother sitting in an Eaton chair on an Eaton carpet by a fireside probably built by Eaton's.

DR. A. S. VOGT

Most American cities of 500,000 population work out their ideas of civilisation without reference to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the Deutsche Requiem of Brahms, or Bach's Mass in B Minor. So long as the tax rate falls conveniently near twenty mills on the dollar, most cities of this class take no interest in any such work as the Verdi Requiem, the Children's Crusade, by Gabriel Pierne, or the music of the Church Russian by Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, and Gretchaninoff. Prosperous cities can be built up without such musical luxuries. And when any city of 200,000 or more evolves any permanent musical organisation that gives the ratepayers the music of the great masters, the accepted medium of expression is the symphony orchestra. Very few communities under the half-million population ever dream of building up a great choral organism that undertakes to be to choral music of all nationalities what a great symphony orchestra is to music for many instruments.

Toronto, the uncosmopolitan capital of the Protestant Province of Ontario, has the distinction of being the only city in the world under a million inhabitants that has developed a great choral society instead of a symphony orchestra. The people of that city, who, until twenty years ago, were brought up on sacred music and pipe organs with now and then a stray opera or a visiting orchestra, have established a clientele who take a keen personal interest in the choral works of the great masters outside of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. Visitors regularly come to that city from New York, Boston, Chicago, and other American centres to hear these works performed by what is conceded by many American critics to be the finest choral body in the world.

The man who evolved this musical fact is a Canadian

by birth, British-Canadian in sentiment, and of German descent. He is a quiet, persistent, inexorable chorus-master, who developed a remarkable instrument of dramatic and emotional expression out of a church choir. For years a church organist, he made a vitalising hobby of choral music. After a dozen years of uncompromising artistry in various forms of that kind of work, he took his choir to New York, Chicago, and Boston. The critics of these culturising centres unanimously joined in a chorus of enthusiasm. In 1912 Vogt took his family on a pilgrimage over all Europe. On that remarkable tour he pried into the musical secrets of every country and capital from the Thames to the Neva, the Danube, and the Tiber. He came back knowing more about European orchestras, choruses, bands, organs, and *masmergesang-vereinen* than any other musician in America—even to the fringes of Finland, the country of Sibelius. A year before the outbreak of war Canadian financiers had agreed to send Vogt's choir to Europe—England, France, Germany—for a choral pilgrimage. This was to have been in June 1915 ; at which time choral societies were not travelling to Paris and Berlin, and London was more concerned over Zeppelins than over visiting choirs.

Two of the works arranged for these itinerant programmes were Beethoven's Choral Symphony and the Brahms Deutsche Requiem. Berlin would have got a sensation. The Kaiser himself might have been present. He had previously quarrelled with an opera conductor, who for several seasons conducted the Pittsburgh Orchestra with the Mendelssohn Choir. There was talk of giving a concert in Essen. Herr Krupp von Buelow might have escorted the choristers—blindfold—through the Krupp works. The Kaiser might have written a letter to Siegfried Ochs, the chief chorus-master of Germany, to ask, " Why can't we get that Canadian Vogt to organise a choral society in Berlin? " And the chroniclers would have remembered that when Augustus Stephen Vogt was a young student in Germany just after Wilhelm II. became German Emperor, he got the

root idea of his choral art from listening to the Dom Choir of Berlin and the choir of the St. Thomas Kirche in Leipsic.

It is worth while to discover how Vogt built up this famous choir in a country that on an average is less musical than any of the great countries of Europe. Canada spends more money on music *per capita* than most countries. Foreign artists are taken in exchange for Canadian artists sent abroad. The country has just got over its parochial measles in music and is ready for the cosmopolitan mumps. At the current rate of expenditure on teaching, solo artists, choral music, orchestra and chamber music, church choirs, pipe organs, pianos, musical literature, and the rest, the country will some day emerge from the commercial stage, when music is judged by what it costs, into the art stage, when no matter if it costs nothing people must have it because it is as natural as breathing.

Vogt was born in a place too obscure to be marked on any but a township map; Washington, near Elmira, county of Oxford, right on the far end of the German settlement of Waterloo county, Ontario. His father was a builder of under-sized pipe organs. As a boy he played in a Lutheran church; as a youth of seventeen he found himself in Boston studying music. At that time there were no musical conservatories in Canada. While he was about voting age he came back to his native province, a trifle Americanised in point of view. His first post was the organ and choir of a Methodist church in St. Thomas, Ontario, a railway town without a decent choir. His salary was about $300 a year and he took pupils; as a side line teaching any sort of music called for in a ladies' college.

With what money he thriftily eked out in St. Thomas he went to Germany. There he was among the first Canadian colony in Leipsic, then the musical hub of Germany. Vogt was an open-eyed traveller with a newspaperman's faculty for co-ordinating his impressions. Saturday afternoons, in the cold air of the St. Thomas Kirche, found him a regular listener to the beautiful

unaccompanied singing of the choir. His critical faculty made him conscious of the subtle colourings of this style of music. When he left Leipsic to return to Canada he had formed one clear ambition—to reproduce some such music with a Canadian church choir.

It was while he was on board ship that the music committee of the leading Baptist church in Canada engaged him as organist and choir master. A few Sundays after he began his duties he gave the congregation a foretaste of the choral discipline that would be the vogue in that church by startling them out of a slipshod habit of omitting the last beat on the end bar of each line of the hymn "Abide with Me." The innovation was simple. But it was radical. That congregation and choir must not be permitted to sing according to habit or humour.

Vogt soon introduced a new form of music, the unaccompanied hymns and anthems by the choir such as he had heard in the St. Thomas Kirche in Leipsic. This form of devotional art reached a high pitch of expressional beauty in that church. It became a kind of interpretation, and it was the cause of many a fascinating, gruelling rehearsal for the sake of satisfying the acute tone-sensibility of the disciplinarian on the organ bench. Many a young worshipper endured the stately but tedious sermons of that church in order to hear the exquisite unaccompanied anthem that followed them. Many a chorister tried to get into the choir who was forced to wait for a vacancy.

It was this famous *a cappella* music that became the basis and inspiration of the Mendelssohn Choir which Vogt, cautiously and modestly, organised in the autumn of 1894, the year of the Massey Hall inauguration. The chorus thus assembled contained but 75 voices, in sharp contrast to the Philharmonic Society of that period, which numbered always at least 300.

In this chorus were all the members of his church choir, ex-members of the Haslam Vocal Society, and a few others. The name Mendelssohn was adopted without foresight, because it was the intention to produce

every year one work of that composer whose psalm settings were particularly obvious for unaccompanied singing. The first programme contained a Mendelssohn psalm and a number of madrigals, glees, and other conventional things. There was an assisting artist at the piano. The critics decided that here was something new, not only in the choral effects, but in the style of Vogt's conducting, which in those days was somewhat of the Swedish gymnastic variety.

For three seasons, two concerts a year, always with some solo artist, with programmes on all sorts of coloured paper, with growing crowds and cheap seats, and a somewhat enlarged chorus that performed as rigidly as a regiment drills, the Mendelssohn Choir, organised as a democracy, grew in public favour. Then suddenly it stopped. The public heaved a sigh. The Mendelssohn Choir was apparently defunct. And the reason was that Vogt discovered the limitations of a choral democracy.

In 1899 the choir was reorganised on a personal Vogt basis and entered a second stage of novelty. As yet no choral society in Canada had imported a foreign orchestra. Torrington had frequently engaged Gilmore's Band to assist his Philharmonic, for which he had a regular local orchestra. Vogt decided to engage the Pittsburgh Orchestra, then under the baton of Victor Herbert.

Unaccompanied singing was no longer the whole choral programme. Vogt knew that he had a chorus capable of bigger things; and the musical literature of Europe was full of master works which he desired to produce. Other choral societies had kept to the old lines of oratorio, English glees, madrigals, motets, and part songs. Vogt had a hunger to ransack the music literature of continental Europe; and the assisting symphony orchestra was one way to do it.

From studying shrewdly the works and the ways of other men, Vogt came to the point where he studied his own choir. In that chorus, drilled to regimental precision of technique, he discovered things new and strange. Some day he might get that technicised organ-

ism to do something really dramatic in expression. He had been criticised for too much mere technique. Diligently he kept his ears open for opinions—some of which he used. More vigilantly he observed the dynamics of his choir. There were times when he found fault with the chorus and had them repeat a passage for the sheer pleasure it gave him to have it repeated. He polished the pianissimos till they became mere ghosts of tone that shuddered up from nowhere. He buttressed up his climaxes till they became like the blows of the hammer of Thor. He began to take liberties with *dim.*, and *cresc.*, and *decresc.* He perceived the colour of tone, varying in the eight sections of his choir. He learned to apply the vagabond device of *tempo rubato*, to play with the rhythms, and to get the rigid lines of his choral work loosened up into something like free temperamental expression.

Thus the tonal quality of the Mendelssohn Choir evolved itself as a dream of colour and a dynamo of realism in musical sound. Those who have become most familiar with its great characteristics recognise in that tone the art-quality of something different from any other choir in the world. Just what that quality is might be hard to describe; but it is a characteristic of tremendous beauty, virility, and power, and it relates constantly to the singular art-sense of a man who, never carried away by a superficial temperament, is always under the patient sway of an almost limitless love of choral tone and colour.

With such an expressional instrument Vogt was able to undertake any choral work ever written, and to do the most difficult modern work without any of the customary elisions of the most hazardous passages practised by some of the choral societies abroad. The choir was capable of big uplifting episodes. These used to occur most habitually in the unaccompanied works; for some years most especially with two pieces, "Scots Wha Hae" and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave." These two classics thrilled many an audience who never paused to reflect that it was not the wild abandon of the

choir, not obviously temperamental qualities, nothing in the least operatic, but simply the overwhelming emotional effect of tone-masses in contrast, built up in the colossal fortissimos to " the last ounce " as he called it in rehearsal, polished down as rigidly in the pianissimos, and abounding in the colour of a tremendous choral technique.

Vogt now recognised in his choir the expressional potentialities of a great symphony orchestra. And that came to him only as the result of slavish, unremitting hard work—twice, thrice a week in rehearsals, sparing nobody, excusing none, every singer ticketed and numbered and kept on tab. When Emil Paur took the baton of the Pittsburgh Symphony, Vogt saw in Paur a revelation of conductorship. He studied Paur, who after the death of Theodore Thomas was the greatest expressional conductor in America.

But in connoting the emotional effects produced by other conductors Vogt was always too astute to be led away into mere superficial tricks of expression. He had spent too many hard years perfecting the technical side of a great choral instrument to be seduced into the obvious glamour of mere emotionalism. He pinned his musical faith to the dramatic value of a tremendously perfected complexity of tonal effects. In the remarkable clarity of every one of the eight sections of his choir he seemed to build upon the sure foundation of one Sebastian Bach who to Vogt has always been a great modern. Did any choir ever sing the sublime chorales of the B Minor Mass with greater power of brilliant definition in every one of the parts? Here and in all great polyphonic works, even those of ultra-modern complexity, Vogt has demonstrated that tone and rhythm can be built up in themselves into a marvellous vehicle of dramatic expression which makes mere emotionalism a cheap thing by comparison. Great tone and perfect rhythm are themselves dramatic. Vogt has always believed it. In the practice of that belief he has produced choral results that surprised both himself and his choir and at times literally dazzled the public.

With Paur and his band Vogt put on several great works, including the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, the Deutsche Requiem of Brahms, the larger works of Elgar, the Olaf Trygvason of Grieg, and one thing of Humperdinck; besides unaccompanied works from all the countries of Europe in all epochs, from Russia, Germany, England, France, back to the middle ages of old Lotti and Palestrina in Italy.

The choir became almost famous in its own city and, accompanied by Paur and his orchestra, went on a choral trip to Buffalo and New York. The critics and the cliques of Gotham broke into pæans of praise. The choir from Canada seemed to them like the fresh vigour of the Goths breaking into the jaded precincts of Rome.

From that time on Vogt and his choir became more popular in the United States than in Canada. The connection with Paur and his orchestra was changed to that of the Chicago Symphony, with whom the choir undertook such works as Elgar's Caractacus, the Verdi Requiem, the Children's Crusade by modern French Pierne, and the Vita Nuova by the modern Italian Wolf-Ferrari.

Such works as these had never been contemplated in the scheme of the small choir that gave glees, psalms, and madrigals without an orchestra in 1894. Vogt had grown along with his choir. After the trip to Chicago in 1908, all the great orchestras of America clamoured to co-operate with him. He stuck to the Chicago Symphony conducted by Frederick Stock, who is still waiting for the end of the war that he may again bring his band of many Teutons to play God Save the King, Caractacus, and Rule, Britannia to Canadians.

If it is true that from the student days in the St. Thomas Kirche of Leipsic until the second decade of the twentieth century Vogt had bettered the instructions of his masters, it is also true that he learned much of the greatest he has ever done from the choir itself. If he has been, on one hand, a growing expressional artist playing upon his choir as an organist upon an

organ, he has been, on the other hand, a diligent and shrewd organiser of business management methods and the astute manipulator of other men. Vogt learned the necessity of being a choral diplomat. When enthusiasts hinted that perhaps he now had the greatest choir in the world, he only admitted that he would like the opportunity of showing Europe what his Canadian Choir could do. He is still waiting for the opportunity.

REV. ALBERT CARMAN

He is the last of the old prophets. The word of the Lord is as plain to him now as it was in the day of the camp-meeting and the circuit-preacher's saddle-bags. The sermon he first preached as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1874—he was then forty-one years of age—would come as naturally word for word from the General Superintendent, Emeritus, of the Methodist Church in Canada in 1916.

This Nestor of Methodism is eighty-two years of age. Up till the forty-first year of his life he was an educator. For the past forty-one years he has been a good deal of the time wrestling with modern tendencies in education.

Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., the constitutional autocrat of the Methodist Church in Canada, until a year ago visiting, as far as he might, every Conference in Canada, and presiding every quadrennium at the General Conference, was set aside as rigidly as any Levite for the clear business of keeping heterodoxies down to a minimum. In his itinerancy the bottom of the sermon barrel is as good as the top. He has thundered out thousands of great sermons from hundreds of texts. To the unpractised modern ear in the opera-chair pews of the millionaire Methodist church they may sound like much the same sermon. It takes a logging-bee sense to get the piping Homeric rhythms of those covenanting discourses. No man can hear one of them and whizz serenely home in a Limousine to a palace in the park. Yonder coming along behind is the whack of the old Bishop's stick on the pavement—and you see him swinging along there, little Anglican round hat and crizzled-up face, arching stedfastly along as though in his boots he felt the stern lilt of the revival hymn:

> "Arise, my soul, arise,
> Shake off thy guilty fears."

Rev. Albert Carman

The silk hats glisten in the sun, the morning gowns shimmer into the bouquetted Limousines, and the $30,000 organ pipes out the music drama march; but the once Bishop, always a bishop—Rev. Albert Carman—would as lief tramp home to the measure of Antioch or the solemn sonority of a psalm.

In all Canada there is no such clerical figure left as Carman. Since Canadian life grew away from the bush road and the prairie trail, there has never been a man who could so have clung to the inviolable creeds that kept bushmen from going to the devil. One by one the preacher brethren of his age have gone either to the great majority or have become quavering veterans just able to mumble fireside memories of marvellous old Methodism. Carman still goes the road. Until he was the age of eighty-two he held the gavel at the quadrennial assemblies.

Said a prominent Methodist layman a year or so ago to the writer:

"The hand of Dr. Carman has been a deadly, withering influence on the vitality of Canadian Methodism for twenty-five years. Until it is removed, we shall not expect to take our place among modern church movements."

The statement seemed like sacrilegious audacity; as though the secular mind were daring to denounce the prophet who might call down upon him the wrath of God. The dead hand of Dr. Carman at that time had not lost its grip. The puckery eyes of the old mentor had not faded from their inspirational gleam. And the harsh wintry voice of the preacher, sounding like the century-old call of the crow from the pine-tree, has never learned to remit the stern trumpet teachings of the day when a literal hell waited to burn inconsumably all those who resisted God at camp-meetings.

Carman was born in a clearing down in eastern Ontario. The sombre bush with its loud loggers and clanking teams was close to the door. His father was township reeve and afterwards warden of the country. The son seemed to have a shrewd head for figures. He might

have become a great engineer. First educated at Dundas Co. grammar school, then at Victoria University in Cobourg, Ontario, he graduated in 1855 and became headmaster of the same grammar school. In 1856 he was appointed professor of mathematics in Belleville Seminary—afterwards named in honour of him Albert College. Within a year he was Principal, with mathematics and physics as his unemotional subjects. Here was no scope for heterodoxies. $x+y$ need not equal z; but grant that it did, then must x until the end of the world equal $z-y$. The momentum of the terrestrial ball must always equal the mass multiplied by the velocity no matter to what common centre of the universe it was tending. Absolute, ultimate finalities these, about which to speak with unqualified dogma was the only way to state the truth.

Deacon he was in his twenties, in that good old M.E. Church with its ranks, titles, and preferments different from the exhorting, democratic Wesleyans. Yet Albert Carman was ever as much Wesleyan as Episcopal in temperament. He became elder at the age of thirty.

Eleven years more he spent bringing Albert College into the rank of the full-fledged university, until in 1868 he became its first Chancellor and took rank among the scholars of that pioneer age as a man to whom exact literal truth was better than truth compounded with error or hearsay. During his six years of chancellorship he became by force of character and habit much of a preacher. His learning and his dogmatic piety made him at that time the greatest expounder of truth in Canadian Methodism. His attachment to the form of the M.E. Church made him almost a ritualist. His astounding fervour made him a flaming evangel.

In 1874 the brethren made Carman Bishop of the M.E. Church. And Bishop Carman at the age of forty-one was the lean, uncompromising divine, with a scientist's appetite for exact, unwavering truth. Buoyant as an athlete, he went about among the pulpits preaching unconditional righteousness. If there was the shadow of the suspicion of a heresy he trailed it to its lair. He kept

the pulpits up to full concert pitch of orthodoxy as a shrewd inspector regulates his schools.

Then came the Methodist confederation and the birth of Canadian Methodism as such. In place of two bishops and two camps, Carman became the General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada.

So far as a Methodist could be, Carman was the Primate of all Canada in that particular creed. He was still the Bishop in temperament. He believed in the autocracy of truth and the delegation of authority. He was a power in the pulpit; in a high moral oration the equal of any church dignitary in America. His perpetual message whatever his text seemed to be, "Come ye out from among them and be ye clean." Science was advancing. The mid-Victorian age was coming to a close. The old tenets of chemical and geological truth were being revised in the light of Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer. Divinity was challenged by Darwin. But with triumphal almost vindictive joy the Primate of all Methodism in a country 4000 miles long riddled the theory of protoplasm and the soul. The once professor of physics was the swift uprooter of all materialistic doctrines, all destructive criticisms, all merely rational arguments. There was small place in his anthology for the agnostic, less for the infidel, and none for the atheist or the deist.

Here and there some freethinking pastor in the great field travelled and administered by Dr. Carman enjoyed a quiet smoke—but never in the presence of the General Superintendent. No preacher in any of the conferences or district meetings of which he was the head was ever supposed to have a bottle of wine in his cellar, even for his stomach's sake. A parson that swapped horses too often, or bought stocks, or put his money into houses and lands, could never have been pleasing to Dr. Carman. Small salaries were no hindrance to big righteousness. To go forth without scrip in his purse was the privilege of every preacher. There was no parsonage so scant in its appointments that the head of the church could not feel at home there. He never overawed the brethren

by any show of wealth—of which he had little—or of aught but dignity and austere living, of which he had more than his share.

Urbanity—had he ever any? He could enjoy a joke or a good discerning story, such as were often told him by certain wags of pastors, some of whom never could keep such things out of their sermons. In the General Conference he could turn an occasion by a homely, drastic piece of withering wit—but there was always a tinge of scorn in it, never any overplus of geniality. Carman was no figure for a social function. Lingerie and flutter never fascinated him. He was never impressed by the size of a man's house, the number of his servants, his horse and carriage, his political preferments, or his pedigree. But he had a wholesome respect for big-minded men, and on one occasion at least quite astounded the orthodoxy by welcoming to the platform of the great Methodist Conference the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier and Romanist.

All honest, old-fashioned virtues were pleasing to Dr. Carman. Frivolity, extravagance, and extreme fashion made him weary. The church of John Wesley must remain simple. The Methodist Discipline contained the interpretation of how to live in harmony with the tenets of Methodism. Where they were less explicit than seemed advisable, they must be edited. Hence the celebrated foot-note prohibiting cards and dancing. Individual latitude must not be tolerated. Modern brethren might have wealthy and fashionable parishioners—and in the Methodist Church of Canada there were never wanting plenty such—who believed that cards and dancing at home were better than ball-rooms and gambling parties elsewhere. But Dr. Carman never believed in Methodist euchre or family dances. The value of these things was in their avoidance.

Neither in exegesis was there any latitude for the brethren. The Word was thus and so. It must be taken as read. If geology and zoology and ethnology were all hopelessly nebulised in the book of Genesis, so let it remain. The six days of creation were literal

days. Geologists might romance about aeons, each thousands of years in evolution. The Word said succinctly—days. The centrifugal doctrine that worlds were flung from the sun in molten masses, and that the earth took ages to cool before plants and animals and man came upon it, was all very well so long as the obvious hand of God was recognised in the process. The theory that the Garden of Eden might have been at the North Pole; that Adam might have been a product of mixed evolution, a soul infused into a highly organised ape; that the Flood was a figure of speech and Noah's Ark a mere symbol—all these were mischievous examples of the Biblical saying, "God made man upright but he sought out many inventions."

How rigorously Dr. Carman clung to literalism and plenary inspiration in his reading of Scripture was forcibly illustrated by his treatment of Rev. Mr. Jackson, pastor of a fashionable Methodist congregation in Toronto, a few years ago. The Jackson-Carman controversy, illuminated by letters to the press from laymen tinged with higher criticism, made one of the unhappiest episodes in the history of Canadian Methodism. When it was over Carman remained; Jackson went out of the pulpit, afterwards out of Victoria College, the old alma mater of Carman, who years before had gone out against Dr. Workman, exegetist in Victoria College, because he taught that the book of Isaiah contained no specific references to the Messiah.

Civilisation might discard child slavery, ignorance, and slums. Social reform and economic revolution might transform the fabric of the State. A new Canada might be in the making with the march of events and the shuffling of migrant peoples. All these were the hand of God working upon humanity. The form of truth and the authority of the spiritual autocrat must remain. The General Superintendent had his hand on the grand quadrennial Conference and upon all the lesser conferences. The Parliament of Methodism under the gavel of Carman was sometimes what the English Parliament was to the Stuarts. Critics of Carmanism

in belief pointed with pride to the marvellous old administrator who followed the debates as keenly as a great judge the arguments of counsel. They watched the storms rise and break about his head, and admired him because he was not merely unmoved but was mighty in decision, swift to eliminate truth from error, almost infallible in his judgments. Editors admitted that Carman would have made a powerful leader of men in civil life. Politicians confessed that in Parliament he might have been the equal of most.

Big men came and went in the life of Carman. Rev. Dr. Douglas of Montreal strode Macready-like across the stage and vanished in a cloud of oratory. Rev. Dr. Potts, the Irish organiser, Ezra Stafford, the Dickens-like wizard of the pulpit, Dr. Burwash, the placid Dean of thoughtful Methodism—all came and went while Carman was still in his prime. Henry Ward Beecher, Talmage, Spurgeon, Moody, all did their greatest work in the heyday of Carman's career. In the exposition and embodiment of a single unrelenting idea that led up to the horns of the altar of God, none of them was greater than Carman, who still remains a battered little giant of old Methodism in Canada.

And as we behold him marching prophet-like down the city street he seems to travel in a mist; some strange, stern old man who never knew the world would outgrow his doctrines even while it continued to venerate the man. And behind him somewhere stands the little old country church of the circuit preacher and the cordwood pile, the horses in the shed and the quarterly meeting, the brethren of the calfskin leg boots under their trousers testifying to what the Lord had done for them—since last they heard the voice of this man.

SIR SAM HUGHES

Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., always seems to suggest hobnailed boots. Whether he stands on a platform to speak, which he does as a rule quite badly, or trudges about a military camp, which he does very well, or bestrides a horse of which he is very fond, or goes to bed with his boots on if he has to—the boots of the Minister of Militia are always respectfully to be considered.

Be sure no one else in Canada at time of writing is able to occupy those boots, of which the General is very glad. So with more than 350,000 Canadians under arms and over 100,000 more to come, Sir Sam boots his blustering way over Parliament Hill, quite entitled to regard himself as the Kitchener of Canada.

General Hughes is no man to be merely elected to an honourable position, head of a committee, with soft speeches and the illuminated addresses of appreciation. He is no figure to sit upon a throne of democracy with all manner of formal personages in the foreground and on the wings, presiding and giving judgment. No, he must be setting his hobnailed boots down hard upon the floor or wrestling the joints of a chair till they creak, knowing that all the while the pressure is going up and up in the national gauge, that more armies are mustering, more millions being heaped up for him to spend, more ships gliding out of Montreal, Quebec, and St. John loaded with troops, and more wounded soldiers coming back to tell their civilian comrades they also should be off on the King's business.

No doubt enthusiastic London writers, unaccustomed to Sam Hughes and his faults, have said things about him in print that were somewhat flattering. He seemed to some people over there like a new species of borean

virility. At that time the Canadian army in France and England was only five times the number of British troops under Wellington at Waterloo, and the total number of Canadian soldiers under arms at home and abroad was only a third larger than the British troops in the Crimean War. But Langemarck and St. Julien were still the talk of the Empire, as Paardeberg was fifteen years earlier when Colonel Hughes was enacting useful military melodrama rôles in South Africa. On his third visit to England since the war began Sir Sam was alluded to by more than one responsible newspaper as Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Forces. Which he is—precisely as much as Lloyd George is Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. We understand in Canada that the Governor-General alone has that rank. But to Sam Hughes even Governors are sometimes superfluous.

Sir Sam Hughes' whole life has been a protest against common authority. Few men's actions more candidly bespeak their characters. In some men actions speak louder than words. In Sam Hughes—they are a grand opera duet. What he is, he wants as many people as possible to know, on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Since ever he was a fourteen-year-old lad, volunteering in the Fenian Raid of 1866, he has been in the business of obstreperous self-advertisement.

Parental belief in the young man who was to become the organiser of the greatest army that ever went overseas to any war under any flag, may be judged from the fact that he was not christened Samuel, but Sam. A boy with the name Sam Hughes never could become a conventional gentility, especially when born, baptised, and bred in the logging-bee, bull-driving county of Durham, Ontario.

The father was a farmer. Sam might have spent most of his youth on the father's farm but for his elder brother James, who became a pedagogue in his teens and persuaded Sam to do likewise. In Toronto Sam attended Model and Normal School, got a first-class certificate, and went teaching in rural schools near his old homestead. He played lacrosse, worked at soldier-

ing, taught English literature in a Toronto Collegiate Institute, and crammed up an honour course at the University without lectures.

But Sam had no deep-rooted passion for book knowledge. He was much more practically interested in soldiering. He became a junior officer in the old 45th Regiment in Durham county when his elder brother John was a senior. When John took the colonelcy of the 46th, Sam took command of the 45th. These were rural regiments whose only prospect of real war seemed to be some recurrence of Fenian Raids. The idea of such regiments going abroad to serve in Europe or anywhere in the world under the British flag outside of Canada never dawned on the average officer, and very probably did not much concern Colonel Sam Hughes.

Some time afterwards Hughes became owner and editor of a small weekly newspaper, the *Lindsay Warder*. The newspaper gave him an opportunity to show what he thought about Liberals and anti-Orangemen. It was by no means a gentle publication. And from episodes said to have happened in that sanctum, quite obviously Hughes was never intended to be a very urbane editor.

What he liked about the newspaper was its self-assertion. The *Lindsay Warder* expressed Hughes. It also did a good deal to get the editor into Parliament and to keep him there, when he had but one political ambition; first to keep the Liberals out, next to get them out—which proved so long a task that the Colonel turned eagerly to the Boer War which in 1899 gave him a stage for ambition of an earlier sort.

It was the Boer War that made Sam Hughes first feel like a world figure. Up to that time he had been out of patience with mere politics, and quite disgusted with military matters in Canada. There never had been soldiers enough in Canada to please him. The country was too peaceable. Where now were the blessed old rebellions of 1837 and of 1885; and the Fenian Raid of 1866? Done. Smokestacks were taking the place of drill-sheds. There never had been a real soldier in the Militia Department; so it seemed. Parliament seemed

to have no expectation of wars to come. But there must be war. Man is born to fight. Nations had always fought. How could Canada become a nation merely by elections and trade returns, and garrison parades of busbies, pipeclayed helmets, and glittering bands?

However, the parades were encouraging. But they were not—war. A picturesque militia was not an army. Drill-sheds might do something; but they sometimes seemed to have as much to do with the social column in the newspapers as with the *Military Gazette*. Men were not drilling enough. Two weeks a year at summer camp was mere child's play with tin soldiers. There should be universal training. Every Canadian youth should learn to drill and handle a gun. Self-defence was a first principle. Against whom? Hughes never paused to answer. The world was bound to have wars. Canada itself had been established by long wars. But these were only the overture to wars which some day might make Ottawa forget that a hostile tariff was small use without a belligerent army to back it up.

So the war in South Africa really seemed like a nation-making godsend to Colonel Hughes. The melodrama which he enacted down there was one which only he could have carried out. The story of it is a mixture of fact and apocrypha. Hughes himself was responsible for both. For the first time since he became a man he was engaged in real war. Lord Milner sent him as assistant to Colonel Wynter on transports to the Modder River. Hughes revolutionised the transports, because they needed it. He afterwards went as right-hand man to Sir Henry Settle on lines of communication; one result of which was that years afterwards Sir Henry kept a portrait of Colonel Hughes on the most conspicuous part of his drawing-room walls in England.

No doubt many things were going awry in South Africa. At any rate Colonel Hughes said so in private letters to some Canadian friends who indiscreetly published them and gave the Colonel a reputation as a military egoist that he scarcely expected to deserve.

But the legends—what of them? Legends are but

the true stories of impossible people. Colonel Hughes was always more or less impossible. How else, for instance, could he have galloped up with a corporal's guard to a band of Boers, making them believe that he was the advance guard to 2000 Britishers in the rear, forcing the natives to disarm, and holding the position? There is no other soldier in Canada of whom such a story could have been characteristically told. That it does not appear in any of the correspondence of L. C. Amery to the London *Times* concerning the Hughes programme in South Africa, or in the many allusions to Colonel Hughes in the seven-volume history of that war, is because there were so many facts to narrate about Hughes that it was needless to exploit a possible legend.

That war took all the theory out of Colonel Hughes' soldiering. Henceforth he looked forward to war, WAR, WAR! In Parliament and out of it, in season and out of season, he talked war. When Lord Dundonald, the reliever of Ladysmith, took command of the Canadian forces, it looked to Colonel Hughes as though war would become part of the national programme of Canada. But Dundonald ran foul of the Militia Department and was forced to resign. General Hutton had no better luck. Canada was a hard country to militarise. There were too many railways to build, new areas of settlement to conquer, immigrants to bring in, towns to fling on the map, trade returns to bulge the blue-books, and election battles to fight.

If those trade-booming Liberals ever could be got out of office—something might be done with the Militia Department to make it resemble a war office. Colonel Hughes was biding his time. Some of his friends predicted that he would become the next Minister of Militia. He probably believed them.

In October 1911, not far from the anniversary of General Brock's great death at Queenston Heights, Colonel Hughes found himself on the government side of Parliament. By November he was Minister of Militia. By Christmas he had begun to make the country under-

stand that there was to be something like a war office on Parliament Hill. And the new Cabinet had scarcely begun to decide which of its members would be responsible for spending most of the people's money before it became quite clear that over the door of the Militia Department there was always the invisible sign, "Soldiers Wanted."

There was indeed a feverish, pompous insistence about the Militia works that made many of the Colonel's critics smile as they used to smile when they read his letters from South Africa. Whenever he went into any part of Canada—even in peace-loving, parochial Quebec—it was always expected that the visit would be memorialised by a new armouries, a fresh squad of school cadets, or a new regiment. Colonel Hughes was determined to get money for war purposes in peace time and to spend it. He never got half as much as he wanted. Perennially he talked war. He dotted the Dominion with redcoats. He remembered the South African days and preached up the value of khaki. He turned the summer camps into imitations of real war. He established the dry canteen and kept ladies out of the camp. Hughes was always bothering somebody; always more or less of an irritation. He blustered and booted about as though there was to be a battle tomorrow. He shouted for universal training and held up the shining examples of Australia and New Zealand, and even Switzerland, much to the disgust of the pacifists. He was derided by Liberal editors as a martial maniac who, always an egotist, had become insufferable with the swank of the sword.

When the famous deadlock came over the Naval Aid Bill, and the Conservative Government was said to have knowledge of the German menace incommunicable to Parliament, Colonel Hughes looked even more prescient than his colleagues and warned the critics to watch out.

In their brief visits to Canada both Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton agreed that we could send abroad perhaps half an army corps in case of an Empire war. Colonel Hughes may have known better.

But all that he knew multiplied by itself was a circumstance compared to what Colonel Hughes and the country found themselves suddenly forced to do after the war actually broke out. Almost overnight, the Colonel came to himself in a real war office on Parliament Hill. Before all the ambassadors had been recalled, our Minister of Militia with the bellicose forefront of Mars became the human focus of a disorganisation that for a time looked as though it would disrupt the Department. Chaos was the law. Out of it must come order; mustering regiments, concentration camps, so-called mobilisation, fresh battalions recruited, Colonel Hughes suddenly made a Brigadier-General—the moving, untamable genius of Valcartier with its 33,000 men, and the autocrat who clapped, at least, one editor into jail for daring to criticise him.

How General Hughes dominated Valcartier and for a time did his best to be despot to half the regiments in the country is now a matter of almost obscure history. Indiscretion was always the better part of Hughes' valour. Inefficiency was never a Hughes' fault. Nobody but General Hughes ever would have dared to browbeat Canadian officers as he is said to have done at Valcartier. Nobody but Sir Sam ever could have been the original of so many humanly apocryphal stories. He is said to have played Napoleon on the mound with a white charger; to have sent strange cable messages to Sir John French telling him how to dig himself in on the French front or words to that effect; to have made himself the Kitchener of Parliament Hill, issuing instructions to officers of regiments and ignoring the C.O.'s; and in the first few months of organisation to have done and said enough unconventional things to have made anybody else but Sam Hughes ridiculous.

Chuckling critics predicted that when the full story of the absurd despotism of General Hughes came out in Parliament there would be a vacancy in the head offices of the Minister of Militia. General Hughes quite expected them to say that. But he had so many things to do that he gave himself no time either to be worried

about it or to stop talking. Somebody must talk while he worked. Nobody was working so hard as General Hughes. Nobody, therefore, had such a right to talk. The critics said that " Sham Shoes " as a slogan would be the undoing of Sam Hughes. But the bad boots of the first Canadian contingent were only a fleabite. The General was headlong into the organisation of the shell industry in Canada before the bad boots were ventilated in committee. Before the shell industry was well under way the Ross rifle—endorsed by General Hughes—came on the stage. Then it was the lack of uniforms and general equipment. Always there was something wrong. And at every turn the General was able to say—

" Of course there is. Didn't I always tell you this country was unprepared for war? "

Then he rolled up his sleeves a tuck higher and got deeper into the labours of Hercules. The war machine creaked under its load. Mustering battalions came up everywhere from ocean to ocean behind the original 33,000 men sent to Valcartier, who as they swung out to the Gulf with General Hughes on board one of the ships had his parting message to " My soldiers " fresh in every man's memory. They said that if he could be made commander of those troops in France he would have given up his office on Parliament Hill. But the country at home needed the man who could snap his fingers at all rules, regulations, and precedents. General Hughes went back to his war office to raise the greatest army that ever went overseas from any shore; to stand up in mass meetings and make triumphal speeches, pointing with pride to the work done at the front by seasoned officers who, a few months before, were men of business at their desks.

When the King made him a K.C.B. did the General refuse it because he believed in shirtsleeves democracy? No, he took it as a sample of the King's discriminating kindness and went to work all the harder, to get as many more distinctions as the King saw fit to bestow. A wit, coining a phrase to explain why the King had so honoured Sam Hughes, said adroitly, " Le roi s'amuse."

When the General saw this epigram he may have said to himself: "Well, if the King must be amused, Sam Hughes doesn't mind being the original of one more joke."

And he went on rolling up his sleeves along with his army. When certain irregularities in munitions contracts were cited in the Kyte charges in Parliament, Sir Sam was again in England—where he liked to be. He was cabled to come home and answer the charges. Before sailing he decided to have an audience with the King and applied to the War Office for an arrangement. Red-tape officialdom blandly assured him that such an audience would take six days to eventuate.

"Six days, nothing!" blurted Sir Sam. "I've got to see the King right away before I go back to Canada."

He ordered his chauffeur to drive direct to Buckingham Palace, where he sent in his card, and in half an hour—so runs the legend—he was granted an audience with the King.

Was it likely that a man of whom such a story could be told as truth would be nonplussed by any Royal Commission investigating fuse contracts? Sir Sam was never for a moment taken aback. He treated cross-examining counsel as though they were *ultra vires*, if not downright impertinent. In spite of evidence that might have disconcerted an ordinary man the Minister of Militia was practically exonerated by the verdict of the Commission, charged only with not knowing certain things which were somewhat irregular—under circumstances which were themselves unprecedented in this country. Shortly after the verdict was reached Sir Sam ordered a triumphal review of 33,000 troops newly arrived at Camp Borden under conditions that created a small mutiny. The name of Camp Servell in Manitoba was changed to Camp Hughes. The General went back to England and reviewed the Canadian troops at Bramshott.

The hobnailed boots were hammering again.

The Ross rifle, the pet of Sir Sam Hughes, proved to be a different kind of weapon from that used in the

trenches. Pending the day when the world's armies would be using the Ross rifle, the factory of that name at Quebec went into the making of Lee-Enfields.

Water on a duck's back is creosote compared to the effect of criticism on Sir Sam Hughes. We have never before produced the like of his psychology in Canada. He knows it. By ordinary canons he will not be condemned. While politicians study occasions, Sam Hughes creates them. And if one kind of occasion will not suit he promptly evolves another. He plays poker with a loaded pistol on the table.

And he is always efficient, which in a time of war means much. When the war is over what of Sir Sam Hughes? Time will tell. But of course Sam Hughes may have something to say about Time.

COLONEL GEORGE DENISON

FORTY years now the most eminent authority in America on cavalry tactics has gone afoot two and a half miles almost every morning down to the Toronto City Hall. Sharp at 9.15 he sets out, legs wide like a cavalryman, chin up, eyes as clear as icicles, stick on the grand swing. Scrunching along on the hard snow one morning of 1916, Derby hat, frock overcoat, and the fresh pink of the morning on his face, he was waylaid by a recruiting sergeant.

"You're a fine straight-up chap, my man," said the sergeant. "Why don't you enlist? Come with us."

The Colonel laughed like a bird. As he walked with the recruiting officer down to the City Hall he told the man the simple soldiering outline of his career, up to the age of seventy-seven. His great-grandfather, Captain John Denison of H.M. 2nd York Regiment, bearing arms in Canada, began the Denison line in this country in 1792. His grandfather, Colonel Denison, was a volunteer in the border war of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837. His father, Colonel Denison, originated the garrison of Toronto. And the present Colonel George Denison is the youngest man of seventy-seven in the British Empire.

Five minutes of ten by the clock in the tower, the Colonel strides through a line of bluecoats, chucks down hat, stick, and overcoat in his ante-room, brushes back a wisp of hair, and bursts like a fine winter dawn into a high, somewhat gloomy chamber. Some time before he arrives the police court is crowded. Clerks, policemen, lawyers, prisoners in the dock, eight or ten reporters on the side sharpening pencils, and outside the dock a restless crowd on the gallery all waiting for Toronto's regular morning opera to begin.

"Take off your hat," snaps a burly policeman door-

keeper to an unoffending citizen who has it half off already.

"Silence!" bawls the big grandiose Chief Inspector who has been as long on the police as Denison has been on the bench.

The Colonel is on stage, seated high on his throne of summary justice administered by common sense, looking over a huge book at actors and audience. The newspapermen are ready for the first word. Denison has always been good copy. Any moment he may shout an epigram that starts human nature as a fresh breeze stirs the leaves of a jungle.

"John Jones, stand up!"

It is the voice of a Colonel commanding.

If Jones were a regiment he could not come to attention sooner. Whatever he may be — wife-beater, common drunk and disorderly, burglar, footpad, or bank absconder—you infer from the tone of the Colonel that he will be either hanged or sent to penitentiary for life.

"John Jones, you are charged that you did on the blank day of blank at the City of Toronto assault and beat—etc., etc., contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. What do you say—guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honour."

Counsel for the defence at once begins to jockey. The Colonel knows what is coming. John Jones might be strung out for half an hour. Denison gets rid of him in less than two minutes. The late B. B. Osler, the most eminent jury lawyer every known in Canada, used to twit Denison with disposing of sixty cases in sixty minutes. The Colonel comes as near to that schedule as he may.

Before most of those lawyers were born Denison was handing out drumhead decisions on crime in Toronto. Human nature has changed very little in that time. There is only more of it. The man that got drunk on good whisky and beat his hoop-skirted wife in 1877 is not much different from the man who gets crazy on "doped" whisky and abuses the woman who wants a

vote and a divorce in 1916. Statutes have been prinked up and elaborated since 1877; but the essential principles of law as it relates to human nature are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Lawyers have multiplied and subdivided into all manner of expert sub-species in modern times; but the pettifogger and the master of chicanery are always with us.

"I will allow no lawyer to influence my decisions in law," says the Colonel over and over, in as many ways as a juggler ties a knot. He practised law himself between the first year of the American Civil War and 1877. But in the first five years of his legal career he rose from captain to lieutenant-colonel in the Governor-General's bodyguard. A publisher once sent Denison a treatise on criminal law suggesting, somewhat sarcastically perhaps, that it might be a good book for the Colonel to read.

"I never read law," replied the Colonel.

His police court, one of the most remarkable in the world, is a proof of it. Denison knows his police court law. Of all laws he best interprets those of human nature which usually have very little to do with statutes. He dispenses common-sense justice to as many people as possible in two hours. The legal hair-splitter, the casuist, the herring-trailer, the bulldozer, and above all the lawyer who smirks to himself that he will get Denison to discharge his client in spite of evidence—all these have short shrift with the Colonel. In giving decisions he seems to act on the advice of Lord Mansfield to a colonial governor: "Judge according to common sense and give no reasons. Your judgments will probably be right; but your reasons if you give them are almost sure to be wrong."

"Language or fighting?" is the key question to many a case that lets the Colonel brush away technicalities like cobwebs. He reads the face of a stranger in the dock as though he had known him half a lifetime. The old offender he knows by his first name—knew him years ago; the same old story—a drop too much.

"Well, go home and stop drinking. But remember I've got my eye on you. Call the next case."

The Colonel might have made a bad judge. He is the best of magistrates. Next case the policeman may have been at fault. He must be corrected. The military morals of the police must be kept up. Almost before the Colonel has made this point clear the next case is called. By the time the reporters have the names down,

"Dollar and costs or thirty days," shouts the Colonel. "Call the next case."

It is the formula of a man who was never known to be moved by connivance or collusion, never bent or prejudiced from his splendid path of wholesome bigotry based upon common sense, never learned in the law and never ignorant of human nature, never too close to a tragedy not to lighten it with plain good-humour and sympathy. Forty years he has been operating this summary mill of human justice. He has seen the number of cases in his court multiply itself by ten; the one original court become four courts—one in the morning to try out common drunks, one in the afternoon presided over by his chief assistant, the children's court instituted by himself, and his own memorable court between the hours of ten and twelve noon every legal day. But there is no court like Denison's; and newspapermen know it. Had he ever taken Coke and Blackstone to bed with him he might have been an eminent judge. But the police court would have lost a great magistrate and the newspapers years of good copy.

Forty or fifty cases between ten and twelve leave the Colonel as fresh as when he came down in the morning. On the curb he is met by a citizen who calls him George. With his sword-like stick he executes an imaginary sketch map on the pavement to show what the Allies should have done or left undone at the Dardanelles. Watching him, you may not realise that he has a son at Suvla Bay. In ten minutes he may be in an editor's office. The police-court reporter struggling with his crime copy to make it read as human as it sounded in the Colonel's court hears that trombone voice down the corridor. Ten minutes with the editor on what is the future of the Empire, or the matter with the army,

and he drops into the associate editor's office to bolt out a sermon in a pair of epigrams. Off he goes to the National Club for lunch, every day at the same table, identical set of cronies—but a fresh batch of stories.

In the seventy-seventh year of this man's cavalry clank in Canada the glory and the song of Empire rise to a grand height. To him the never-setting Imperial sun is more than a symbol; the red line on the map as significant as the thin red line of many a hard-won battle. The bugle is his instrument of culture; the cavalry horse his symbol of Empire. The outward trail over the prairie petering off into the foot-hills and the Rockies is to him not a mere waggon road to mill and to market, but a road leading ultimately to the heart of the Empire—which for the time being may be the boot-tracks of Colonel Denison.

The Colonel abominates subterfuge. He glories in the open road. In cavalry matters a strategist, in most other things he comes at you with the headlong sincerity of a sporran and a bayonet. In the teeth of such a healthy gale of opinion you never dream of spinning cobwebs. There are few ifs and not many buts. The thing is plain as a pikestaff. You wonder you had not seen it long ago.

We understand that Colonel Denison was present at the birth of most societies in this country that have anything to do with the Empire. He has made stimulating speeches almost anywhere in Canada, and has always left people with a bigger practical desire for citizenship. There is never any gloom on his face; never any impending disaster in his voice. He speaks better than any other soldier in Canada—and much better than the average member of Parliament. He exudes common sense, and does it with a fine ecstatic noise. At any moment in any speech you might fancy a hot-foot despatch rider rushing on to the platform and the Colonel in the midst of a fervent patriotic peroration—"Boots, saddle, to horse, and away!"

The war literature he wrote in the 'sixties and 'seventies occupied more space in printer's ink than all

the cases he ever won and lost in his sixteen years at law. In 1861 he wrote an article asking, "Canada, is she prepared for war?"—and, of course, answered it. What war—what did it matter? Here was a vast new country for which both regulars and volunteers had fought since the days of Champlain, imagining, so far as the governments and politicians were concerned, that there might some day be a nation instead of a crown colony north of parallel 49 without even the simulation of a standing army, without coast defences, without the beginnings of a navy.

These were questions only indirectly connected with the Colonel's tactical treatises on the art of war and his two works, *Modern Cavalry* and the *History of Cavalry*. The first of these was published in London in 1868. By 1881 it had been translated into German, Russian, and Hungarian. For aught we know, some of the Kaiser's Uhlans have studied that book. The *History of Cavalry* was a prize work done for a competition started by the Czar of Russia, who gave first prize to Colonel Denison and invited him to spend two months in St. Petersburg, where the Colonel was presented at Court. Altogether an audacious episode. How did he know that some day the Cossacks would not be thundering into British India with copies of his cavalry works in their saddle-bags? Yet if the Colonel had taken the trouble to write a book of Russian impressions—which he might easily have done—he would no doubt have pointed out that he could see very well where the real menace to the British Empire was arising; not on the Neva—but along the Rhine. What an ironic calamity it would have been if the German Kaiser had offered the prize won by Colonel Denison and the Colonel had spent two months at Berlin, presented to the Emperor at Potsdam and making a friend of Bernhardi!

Another bright little book of the Colonel's is *Soldiering in Canada*. A newspaperman who read it some years ago remarked to a teacher in Upper Canada College, of which the Colonel is one of the governors, that it contained an alarming percentage of first personal pronouns.

" Yes, but it isn't offensive," said the teacher. " It's too Denisonian for that. Why, I remember hearing him say that he was the very first to point out to Joseph Chamberlain the principle of the Imperial zollverein which became the Chamberlain slogan."

That was as near as the Colonel ever permitted himself to be corralled by any political party. An undoubted Tory by nature, a democrat in speech and action, no party has ever claimed the undivided allegiance of this believer in himself. He remains a critic of all parties—even a Third party; and what he thinks of the French-Canadian Nationalists is quite irreducible to common English.

Once upon a time he headed the Canada First party. If any of his critics fancied he would shriek for an independent Canada they were sadly mistaken. Canada First to the Colonel means Canada first in the Empire.

Presented to two British monarchs and to the Czar of Russia, the Colonel has never been knighted. He might have been Sir George long ago. He preferred to remain Colonel Denison. Nothing proves the man's aristocracy better. We have many knights in Canada. If the King's condescension keeps up no citizen, no matter how unoffending or democratic by nature, will escape the danger of knighthood. Colonel Denison declines the honour. He knows that the moment we begin to call him Sir George his real distinction is gone. We may yet have a regiment of Sir Georges. We can have but one Colonel Denison.

SIR EDMUND WALKER

CLEVER people are never so interesting as when they are uncomfortable. We must make Sir Edmund Walker uncomfortable.

So please imagine the President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce—and official head of as many other polite conventionalities as possible—denuded of all that makes him so comfortable a citizen of an established commonwealth. Transplant this master of amenities to the midst of a vast *terra incognita*, where as yet even the Bank of Commerce has not acquired corner lots, and where the only street is a casual trail that begins nowhere and ends everywhere, with nobody on the trail except a vagrant band of redskins who cross that part of the prairie once every full moon.

Suddenly as modern war Sir Edmund finds himself the sole genie of this vast terrain remote from even a furpost. His only accessories are a deerskin robe, skin sandals, an axe, a gun, and a box of matches. He has not even a shack. Civilisation does not exist. He must reconstruct it for himself. He is abruptly reminded that he is fundamentally a primal being. There is no money; not even beaverskin currency or military tokens; therefore no bank. And if there were currency there is no one to circulate it. As there are no people, there are consequently no institutions; therefore no interchanging ideas; not even a telephone or a telegraph wire, a steel rail or a watertank.

Now this is highly uncomfortable, and it will take a very clever man to make it anything else. But a man who has spent forty-seven years in the Bank of Commerce and as many years as Moses led the Israelites in the search for Canaan, working up to the Presidency of that federalised institution, is not likely to find himself baffled by such a dilemma. With his axe he cuts enough

poplars to make a rude shack which he roofs with sods. He shoots an unwary buck deer and proceeds to make himself a meal. He has at once begun a new community based upon the need for shelter and food. He is himself a demand. Supply must follow.

By the full of the moon he has accumulated a heap of dry deerskins. The Indians come trailing along. They are startled by the shack and the deerskin man, who at once offers to exchange all his deerskins for a pony.

By the end of three full moons this Crusoe of the prairie is recognised as a trading-post. More Indians go that way. This man creates wealth. He erects a little store. Camp-smokes rise every day now within a mile of him. His store is a rendezvous. He devises leather tokens which he calls money and teaches the red men their use in trade. Presently he has such a heap of these that he keeps them in a chest. The chest is housed in a small shack. The shack becomes a bank.

Traders and white folk are by this time settling on the hills about. They regard the man with the bank as the centre of a new commonwealth. He lends money, taking in security skins and other commodities. The place is called Edmundston after its founder. People who come to trade want to boom its corner lots and subdivide its environs. The banking *custos* opposes them. He picks the best corner in the town for a new bank with future Corinthian pillars and does his best to discourage other traders from inflating rents and land values. People who come to Edmundston must be rid of the bogey—wealth. Citizens must learn that a dollar is but a symbol of man's labour on raw material, creating wealth. They do not understand this. Sir Edmund teaches them. Like Socrates of old he takes a street corner in his modern Athens and expounds his practical theory of citizenship.

In the struggle to develop Edmundston the banker is naturally elected head of all committees of improvement. By being the general servant of the community which he studies in every detail, he becomes its master. To bank and store he adds a school; a reading circle which develops into a library with a small wing for pictures

painted by other clever folk. Some well-to-do citizen must put up a music hall; others must organise musical talent. The reading circle becomes a society of authors and an historical society both headed by burgomaster Edmund. But whenever the citizenry attempt to raid the bank for public improvement funds—the Latin sign goes up—*Nihilo faciente*. The public must learn to provide its own funds: moreover, the cost of utilities must be kept down.

Once a year the banker issues a pronunciamento in the town newspaper, showing people how they have done business for twelve moons; how some are becoming dangerously rich by speculation and some lamentably poor by laziness; how if bank balances are to be kept up there must be greater economy, consistent with progress. Nobody reads the whole document which is filed away for reference purposes along with the family Bible.

Edmundston has already become a model for other communities in which far and wide there are branches of the Edmundston bank and copies of its institutions, chief of which now is its college to which youths come from far and near. And the man who dominates the college is, of course, the financial overlord, because colleges are always in need of money.

If there are a few anachronisms in this picturesque legend they are excusable in the nature of the subject. Sir Edmund Walker is the clearing-house of civilisation in Canada. The mere catalogue of what he officially and unofficially is and has been is almost poetically significant:

PRESIDENT

Canadian Bank of Commerce.
Canadian Bankers' Association.
Champlain Society (and Founder).
Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto (honorary).

VICE-PRESIDENT

American Bankers' Association.

CHAIRMAN

Board of Governors, University of Toronto.
Guild of Civic Art, Toronto.
Commission to buy pictures for the National Gallery.
Committee to build the Art Museum of Toronto.
Bankers' Section, Toronto Board of Trade.

HOLDER OF TITLE, ETC.

Fellow, Royal Society of Canada.
Fellow, Geographical Society.
Companion, Victorian Order.
Member of International Congress Arts and Crafts.
Doctor of Civil Law.
Knight Bachelor.

MISCELLANIA

Trustee, Toronto General Hospital.
Director, Toronto General Trust Corporation.
Member, National Battlefields Commission.
Author of Works on Commerce and Banking.
Author of Annual Message from the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

At the same time Sir Edmund Walker is the economic advocate of the relatively simple life who never even got so high in school books as a respectable college. We con over this category of titular achievements based upon hard work and an active brain, thinking always of one series of books by Samuel Smiles—*Success*, *Thrift*, and *Self-Help*. Sir Edmund does not believe in financial sheep and academic goats. He drives them all in one fine flock. While the average financier in Canada is busy gathering his wealth that presently he may buy pictures, books, music, and places of honour on committees, Sir Edmund is far busier weaving into one many-sided personality all the forms of culture he can get. While most successful business men in a new country make it their ambition to have a string of financial and business directorships as long as the Ten Commandments, Sir Edmund sticks to his bank and his committees of culture. When the average self-made man

sets his heart upon a $100,000 castle in a fashionable annex to cram it with art furniture, paintings, and rugs, Sir Edmund gradually gathers unto himself here a picture, there a collection, now a new piece of furniture, and lives among them year by year in the same old-fashioned elegant home which for many years has been the social apex of St. George Street, Toronto. And though a great part of his active salaried life has been spent in wrestling with impecunious millionaires anxious to increase their overdrafts at the bank, the most habitual and lifelong banker in Canada has permitted himself the luxury of failing to become a millionaire even of the first degree.

The first time I met Sir Edmund Walker he had just come back from what was to him in 1904 a *terra nova* for new Canadian Bank of Commerce branch banks. Indians, furposters, and railwaymen had gone over the great Canadian West. The Bank of Commerce had helped to finance at least one railway into that country. Mr. Walker had now seen it. On the way back he had gathered samples of wheat, which in little sacks among his bank letters he dumped out on his general manager's desk, and with the consummate tenacity of a miser over his gold proceeded to unfold what these wheats meant to the economic future of the great West. The interesting feature of the newspaper interview was not the wheat, but the man who with visional emphasis seemed to have rummaged in a Pyramid and found this fecund cereal locked in some dead Pharaoh's fist and was now about to reveal the story of it to the world. When I came to write the story of the wheat the image of the peremptory prophet who told it crowded the wheat into the background.

In the world of economy Sir Edmund is not so much the financier as the professor of banking who expounds the moral law of stocks, change, and trade. Years ago this curious homiletic quality came out in the annual statement of the Bank of Commerce which, over the signature of Byron Walker, took on the character of a Presidential message to Congress. When that encyclo-

pædic document appeared in the newspapers, it was assumed that no other bank message would cover the ground with such a complete balance of the ethical qualities in trade, industry, agriculture, and finance. Those who had the moral endurance to read it through were carried back in imagination to the simple economics of the time when Cain killed Abel.

Almost any day at noon the original author of this message to mankind may be seen stepping into the bank Limousine that whisks the President and the general manager, and sometimes the assistant general manager, up to lunch at the York Club. In the depths of that closed car the figure of the President settles down until the long whiskers lose themselves in the lap robe.

Arrived at the York, the bank trio may be a good half the company at lunch. That never matters. Sir Edmund Walker is the patron saint of the York. He was one of the secessionists from the Toronto Club who banded together finance and culture—millionaires, magnates, and university professors—to form the new Athenæum. And it was Sir Edmund who, in one of his customarily neat speeches at an inaugural dinner, named the Club by quoting the lines from Shakespeare—whatever they are—that suited the occasion. Conversation there is usually discursive, from the latest gossip just over the wire about war stocks to the most up-to-the-minute information concerning the palæolithic age. But with the Bank of Commerce party at the York the topic is usually—banking; for that is all the time these busy men have to confer on matters which to the average depositor seem to have almost the significance of eternity.

Not long ago, among his plethoric and homely recipes for abiding good times in a new country, Sir Edmund said: "We should discuss less such issues as Imperial federation or better trade relations with the United States and give closer attention to the humbler but more important details of our business affairs at home." One might almost call this a platform of Canada First. When the Liberal party went mad over the Taft-Fielding

reciprocity agreement in 1911, Sir Edmund, in company with the present Minister of Finance and several other prominent Liberals, organised a party insurrection against this old familiar bogey and pitfall of parties.

Sir Edmund's objections to reciprocity are not merely personal. There are times when he speaks collectively, as the voice of the Canadian Bankers' Association, so often reviled by the democracy. The socialist wing of the ultra-democrats call the Canadian Bankers' Association a money trust, which from a few head offices in Toronto and Montreal controls the supply of money without reference to the actual demand. The average democrat says it is the hierarchy of the centralised banking system which is sometimes a bad thing for the progress of Canada, and should be replaced by provincial and local banks all over the country in touch with supply and demand anywhere between Charlottetown and Dawson City. The hierarch and his associates claim that the Canadian Bankers' Association is the backbone of Canadian finance which keeps the country economically a unit and prevents boom conditions from degenerating into financial panics. The genial cynic, with a very sincere admiration for the Bank of Commerce President, says that Sir Edmund Walker is the arch-ego of the hierarchy; the man who by a covenanting tenacity to one bank, now the second in Canada, has so personalised the banking system that he has become the archbishop of his own bank and the pope of the banking system. Why, he asks periodically, does this autocrat object to restricted reciprocity in goods when he has no objection to a measure of reciprocity in money? When that question is asked, Sir Edmund may be absorbed in some problem of art.

How Sir Edmund Walker began to be a more or less recognised authority on art, literature, archæology, history, and universities one must answer by refusing to imitate him and confess that one does not know. Ignorance to Sir Edmund Walker is never bliss. He has never been satisfied to get knowledge: he must always make knowledge useful. Artists, literary people, and

academic folk are poor business men. It is the business of the financial man who correlates business also to correlate art and learning. This Sir Edmund does with perfect naturalness. He never forced himself to take interest in art and its kindred subjects. He was born with a genealogical interest in these things. His grandfather in London was a goldsmith. Art technique came as naturally to the Walker family, if in a lesser degree, as it did to Benvenuto Cellini. The art-craft of his grandfather and his ancestors became an intellectual quality in Edmund Walker the Canadian. And in the cruder environment of Canada he has worked it out naturally into a valuable asset, both for himself and for other people.

Artists disagree about Sir Edmund. Some say he is the sure friend of the struggling painter; others that he is misled by a bigoted enthusiasm into bulling the stock of one artist—probably a dead one; some that he is a real connoisseur; others that he is not.

"My friend, Sir Edmund Walker, is a connoisseur," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, talking to a group of art workers when Sir Edmund was present. "He can tell you the fine points in a picture. I can only tell you when I like a picture without knowing why."

No picture exhibition in Canada is quite complete without the appreciation of Sir Edmund. His opinions are sometimes irritating; never ignorable. Art understands that the chief banker of Canada, as chief buyer for the National Gallery, is able to spend several thousands a year on new canvases—a small percentage of which in actual value may be Canadian. No one has ever heard of his bolting into the studio of some struggling artist to point him to the peak of Parnassus. Neither can any artist deny that he is willing to see merit—by whatever means he does it—in the work of some obscure painter at an exhibition.

Sir Edmund is also a patron of music. He believes in good as opposed to poor music, and in some cases may form his own independent opinions as to which is which. For several years he has been honorary president of the

finest choral body in America, and on two or three occasions went with the singers from Toronto to New York, Boston, and Chicago. He makes himself familiar with the works on the programmes in much the same way as he informs himself about literature, of which he has a considerable knowledge. In the Canadian Society of Authors he is quite as prominent as he is in music. He is leading member of peace associations, though not avowedly a pacifist. In historical studies again he is an expert amateur, and he has made himself familiar with archæology and geology to a degree that would give many a professor of those subjects pointers in co-ordinating enthusiasm.

Ambition in Sir Edmund has never bolted into a plate-glass window. He has never been led away by sheer brilliancy. No great consuming idea ever robbed him of sleep. His function is to hold the balance.

And he has temperament. He has a quick brain that sees and estimates and co-ordinates while most men are merely getting impressions. While an average man is lamenting his ignorance, Sir Edmund is shrewdly acquiring just the degree of ready knowledge which makes it possible to hold the ground he has got and presently enable him to get more. Those who, too intellectually indolent to think for themselves outside their own crafts, permit Sir Edmund to think for them, will some day discover that he has made himself an almost invaluable factor in the broad social development of a new country.

If he has been made into an autocrat, let those be blamed who have been either too lazy or too diffident to think out loud for themselves in his company. And if any H. G. Wells in search of a sociological novelty desires a new subject—let him examine what Sir Edmund Walker would do with his knowledge of art, finance, and political economy if cast away upon a desert island with nothing but an axe and a box of matches.

SIR ADAM BECK

His political progenitors were Sir James Whitney and Niagara Falls. Had there been no cataract at Niagara, not even the political dominie of Ontario could have produced Adam Beck. The product of Niagara, according to Beck, is Hydro-Electric—familiarly abbreviated to Hydro, tabloided to H.E., which is a somewhat extensive way of suggesting that there is a real masculine person at the back of the Hydro movement in Ontario. And there is: besides which Sir Adam Beck, having been somewhat the creature and considerably the conundrum of one premier, has now become the perennial problem of another.

He is the minister of power. What else could he do but exercise it? At New Year 1916, when the whole country was off its normal guard over the war, Sir Adam Beck pranced into the civic electoral arena with his scheme to build a network of hydro-radials and interurban lines ramifying over pretty much all of southwestern Ontario and costing ultimately $14,000,000. A large majority of the municipalities included in the scheme voted to have it. Suddenly the power minister, who had no legitimate portfolio, who had always been too adventurous and too iconoclastic to be cribbed circumspectly in a cabinet, became the real Premier of Ontario.

This man is the son of a Pennsylvanian, who, in 1855, settled in the part of the county of Waterloo which he himself baptised into the village of Baden, afterwards making the burg famous for his engines and boilers, as early as the year 1878; at which time the son Adam had just come to the age of voting. Jacob Beck's smokestacks and whistles marked the town where young Adam was born and got his early passion for the problems of power. Beck's boilers burned cordwood cut from the bush hard by, and young Adam watched the

engineers ramming in the logs that came out in steam, smoke, and power.

As a youth he attended the historic Rockwood Academy, famous as the college of James J. Hill. Afterwards he went to the grammar school at Galt, another power town on the Grand River, and when he had finished schooling, transplanted himself to the small city of London, in the county of Middlesex, where he became a manufacturer in woodware.

Beck was cradled in a little diligent world of manufactures. At every train-stop there was a mill or a factory or some place run by steam from cordwood, by the rushing mill-race and the dam. The cordwood era passed with the clearing of the bush. The coal era came in. Factories were now too big for water-wheels. Steam power was costly. The coal came creaking across the frontier up from Pennsylvania by the same route that in the early decades of the nineteenth century the Mennonite founders of Waterloo county came in their waggons to the country of no coal. Progressive men had burned down the forests. Nature, who used to store up vast reservoirs of water in deadwood, mosses, and humus, to send it steadily trickling down all summer long on the well-fed river, now sluiced down the melting snow and the spring rains in great hurling floods that in midsummer became a dreary trickle over the pebbles like a tide gone out to sea.

With nature's cheap power cut off in both cordwood and running water, it was a puzzle how to go on running the mills and factories of diligent western Ontario without increasing the cost of production beyond an economic margin. Pennsylvania coal was cheap—in Pennsylvania. When it crossed the bridge over the tumbling Niagara to become Canadian coal by consumption it was an expensive commodity to be cramming into furnaces where cordwood had once been so glut-cheap.

Coal strikes and the recurrent manœuvring of the coal barons down in Beck's ancestral state made it obvious that cheap coal never would happen again. And not all the Government's experts could locate coal in Ontario.

The world was then into the electric age. In the early and middle 'eighties London and all the other busy little towns in Ontario began to sputter with arc lights. The incandescent bulb came along. But this light was made by the use of Pennsylvania coal and therefore could not be much cheaper than the old gas it was driving out; and as yet it was far too expensive to use in operating factories. It was cheaper in most cases to burn the coal direct under steam boilers connected up with steam engines than to burn it for generating electricity for dynamos that cost money to instal.

It was just at the turn of the old century into the new when that part of Canada began to take into account the dynamics going to waste at Niagara Falls. Here, where the Mennonite Jacob Beck had crossed the border in 1855, was the site for a water-wheel which if set up might have made the famous Ferris Wheel of a decade earlier seem like a Christmas toy.

The problem of harnessing Niagara, as it has been called, would alone have marked the change of nineteen to twenty in the centuries. Brilliant word-scapists began to picture the fabulous cities of energy that must arise within the sound of that cataract. In Canada the fiction never came to pass. Adam Beck had no vision of established factories along old lines of railway with all the population they had developed making a trek to Niagara. Scores upon scores of little and middling-sized factory towns dotted all over that part of Ontario must stay where nature and the town-founders put them. Their industries must be kept up.

The man whose father had founded the village of Baden by his iron foundries knew considerable about both power and municipal rights. There was that curious Germanic strain in the Becks which made of the municipality or the burg a separate thing. Communities could not go to Niagara. The power of Niagara must come to the communities.

In 1903, when Niagara power first became a romance in the newspapers, Adam Beck, the M.P.P. for London, was asked by the Liberal Cabinet to be a commissioner

to investigate this new problem. He investigated. In 1904 there was a psychological Union of Municipalities of which Adam Beck became the chairman. This also, like Niagara Power, was somewhat nebulous; but it gave promise. It was a practical public hobby which Adam Beck might yet be able to ride as well as he and his English wife rode their prize horses at tournaments under two flags. In 1905 the Liberal Government of Ontario was itself swept over Niagara, and Adam Beck was taken into the new Cabinet of Premier Whitney as a member without portfolio. This man with the hobby of transmitted power and municipalities might be useful. Beck became a sort of auxiliary engine to be connected up to the Cabinet in case of need.

In his own unencumbered imagination Hon. Adam Beck was a sort of one-man cabinet all to himself. He seemed to have no direct personal ambition and not a symptom of ordinary political craft. He knew little or nothing about organising men or the psychology of an electorate. But he was getting to know Niagara power and the need of municipalities.

One year after his appointment without portfolio Hon. Adam Beck introduced the first power bill into the Legislature. The immediate upshot of this bill was to create the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. The first business of the commission was to make the creator of it chairman. The inevitable duty of the chairman was from that time forward to become as far possible the Power Boss of Ontario.

That was in 1906. It was the beginning of a new decade which in January 1916 was to see the Hydro-Radial policy of Sir Adam Beck, the Power Boss, triumph in a majority of Ontario municipalities, involving the ultimate expenditure of at least $14,000,000 on inter-urban railways from Niagara.

In that decade Hon. Adam Beck made himself the psychic problem of Ontario. That Piccadillian figure, dressed so often in a black cutaway, whisking circumstantially about the legislative buildings, became familiar to many people who as plain cabinet minister

would not have known him. At horse shows, in public gatherings, on train platforms, he was pointed out by people who knew him from his photographs in the newspapers.

"There goes Adam Beck" became a common saying. He knew it. The people who said it never would have known any of the old Cabinet except Sir James Whitney.

Sir Adam has the kind of egotism that is content with Sir Adam's own good opinion of himself as the apostle of a popular economic movement, and is largely indifferent to the feelings of other people towards him, unless they happen to hold authority which might interfere with his plans. In the early days of Hydro-Electric he courted public approval. Now that he is established in the economic affections of the people he has become a czar. Since the death of Sir James Whitney no one in the Ontario Cabinet dares to oppose Beck. His heavy jaw, aggressively pointed chin, discontented, rather sinister, mouth, querulous aquiline nose and impatient dark eyes are the features of a near-Prussian who, through the undisputed success of a public benefit system, may be in some danger of becoming more of an autocrat in one field than any private capitalist.

No portfolioed member of the Whitney Cabinet could tell the day or the hour when Beck would thrust this power problem under the Cabinet's nose. The autocratic Premier never could say when Queen's Park would be stampeded with municipal delegations in the name of Adam Beck wanting Niagara Power. How to make a great waterfall serve a province became under the Whitney régime a graver problem than how to substitute water for whisky had been to the Liberal Governments.

Niagara Power was no longer a mere dream or even an experiment. Towns adjacent to Niagara were taking a negligible fraction of Niagara Power. Toronto, 100 miles distant, was taking another fraction by means of the Electrical Development Company's line.

As yet these were but cobwebs tugging at the power of Niagara. Hon. Adam Beck was advertising manager for the great cataract. The first half of the decade 1906-16

was devoted to getting one hydro-electric transmission line to certain points within a commercial radius from Niagara. Adam Beck knew now that he had a bigger individual programme than any other Ontario minister. In his formula of kilowatts he had a specific which was capable of infecting industrial Ontario from Toronto to Windsor, and the best part of more than a million people.

By 1910 the first hydro-electric transmission line was complete. In October of that year the first transmitted hydro-electric energy was turned on at the town of Berlin, Ontario, when the Power Boss touched the button and in a triumphal speech uttered the following words to his German-Canadian compatriots, some of whose smokestacks would soon be superseded by transformers:

"It is fitting that power should be first turned on in the town of Berlin, the first to receive the finished product, the home of men of vision, men who peered into the future with confidence and called the first meeting of representative men together to consider means and ways of securing a supply of electric power for manufacturing and other purposes. I am proud to think that this is my native country. I am looking to-day into the faces of men and women who are of the same ancestry as I am, and grateful as we are of our ancestry and proud of our Fatherland, thankful we are, too, for this Canada of ours in all its greatness."

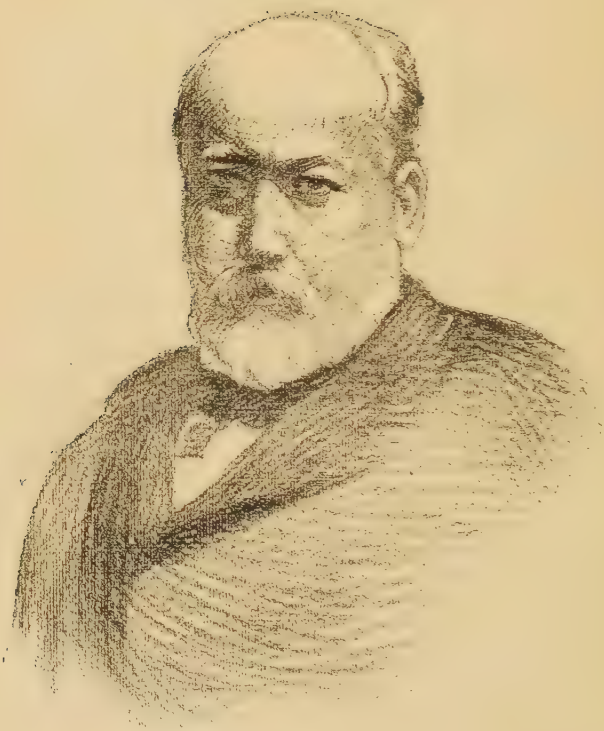
This rather clumsy speech was not the language of a man cut out for the public platform. It was the speech of a paternalist to whom these pioneers in hydro-electric energy were children.

The few years following were spent in working out the hydro-electric system in detail by extensions of lines and machinery, not only in western Ontario as far as the Detroit River, but also in the city of Toronto where the Power Boss undertook to cut into the field of his private corporation rival, the Electrical Development Company. A second transmission line was put through to the capital of Ontario. Toronto street lighting was

taken out of private corporation hands and placed in the hand of the hydro-electric whose thousands of low little lights were strung into all the dark crannies of the city in place of the sputtering arcs of the old system. The Beck public utility machine, however, was not allowed to supply power to the street railway, neither to more than a growing fraction of homes and factories. But public competition, whether good or bad, had entered the Toronto field, and the people of Toronto were enabled to play games with the two systems. Now a storm near Niagara put the street railway out of business and left no lights burning. Again a similar storm put out the street lights when all the cars were running. It was Beck *versus* Corporation.

And so it is still. The one-man public utility corporation is the competitor of all private lighting and power systems over the most of Ontario. It is the Beck propaganda that the consumers should get the profits in a reduced cost for light, heat, and power. Newspaper advertisements never agree as to whether this is true or false. Beck goes on with his scheme of power production, because he believes in it, and because he believes also in Adam Beck. When he foisted the hydro-radial scheme on the municipalities in January 1916, he had come to the point where he would make hydro-electric compete with all systems of radial and inter-urban lines in that part of Ontario. His power from Niagara should not only light people's homes and run factories, farmers' feed-choppers, and threshing machines, it should also carry the people and their produce from country to market and from town to town.

Beck has been accused by his critics of being a Socialist. Of such a visionary idea he probably does not accuse himself. He is a public utility apostle who works against corporations for the sake of municipalities. To him the Province of Ontario is a greater municipality. In that enlarged municipality he probably considers Sir Adam Beck as the burgomaster who, as the Power Boss, will never need to be Premier. He should call it the Province of Niagara, Capital Kilowatt, in the County of Beck.



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

We shall call him plain Van Horne. No title ever became him. He was too prodigious. He stood for the illimitable. Having flung one railway across Canada and a line of steamships half round the world, he put a highway of steel across the pineapple groves of Cuba; and he was just peering like a cosmic giant into the works of a new world that no railway ever could traverse—when he slipped off into it and is now wondering how to live without that Gargantuan great body that was everlastingly singing magnificats upon earth.

In plain words Van Horne died in Montreal, September 1915. An eight-line poem came out in the November *University Magazine*—published in Montreal—entitled "Sir William Van Horne." *Paradise Lost* in a nutshell. Van Horne's whole tremendous life since he was a quarry lad down in Illinois was a barbaric poem. He began to live in Illinois and did a life work there before he was forty. He came to Canada and in his forties began to build up the greatest transportation system in the world. Having seen that from "two streaks of rust" to something like a $200,000,000 corporation, he swung down to the South Seas when his blood had cooled a few degrees and began to modernise Cuba.

But the life Van Horne had worked out in steel rails, freight-cars, and steamships was to him only the overture to the real opera. The fragment was the C.P.R. Van Horne's *magnum opus* was his philosophy of life, which at the time of his death he had somewhat reduced to a mass of notes in the drawers of a big desk in Montreal, intending, as he told the writer, to make a book of it whenever he found time after his conquest of Cuba.

Van Horne was the magnified emblem of physical man working out a spiritual life. He himself gloried in all the

physical facts of living. He was a human locomotive eating up coal, belching forth smoke, chucking continents over his shoulders, and eternally trying to get to the end of something that he might begin it all over again. There was nothing gross about Van Horne. But if he had lived in the age of Rabelais, that feculent genius would have made of him another Gargantuan epic.

"The trouble with us here in Canada," he said to the writer, "is that we don't sweat enough. Down in Cuba I sweat my boots full."

Van Horne took a pagan delight in unusual sayings. He had a horror of the conventional. With less practical humour he would have been a first-rate humorist. There are many stories about Van Horne, some in print, others Homeric. One which has never been printed narrates how on a long journey from Vancouver to Montreal he could find no one on the train with whom to have a game of poker; so he commandeered the conductor and played with him most of the way from Winnipeg to Fort William. There was a rule on the C.P.R., which he had himself made, that no conductor was to engage in cards while running on a train, under penalty of dismissal. At Fort William the conductor was promptly dismissed and another taken aboard. When he got back to Montreal, Van Horne gave the discharged conductor, whom he had beaten at poker, a position in the head offices at a better salary.

If that was not humour—what was it?

Van Horne was a veteran pokerist. Joseph H. Gilder tells in the *Minneapolis Bellman* how the railway genius sat at poker with a number of prominent directors, all of whom he beat to the gross extent of a thousand dollars. Afterwards, following his custom to donate all his poker-earnings to public charities, he made out cheques for various amounts which he forwarded to a certain hospital in the names of the other gamesters, sent a list of the donors to the local newspapers, and marked copies of the printed list to each of the victims, none of whom had ever given to a hospital in his life and all of whom were very indignant, etc.

What is that but the pagan rollicking of a twentieth-century satyr?

Again, talking to Moberly Bell, publisher of the *London Times*, Van Horne, a connoisseur in mushrooms, observed solemnly that most victims of toadstools died on Wednesday—because they invariably picked the spurious mushrooms on Sunday walks, had them for supper, and died just in time to be decently interred by mid-week.

Balzac could scarcely have invented a grimmer fiction. This man, be it remembered, was one of those dynamos of achievement; and an average dynamo, whether human or electric, is usually not very humorous.

In his sixties this practical guile never deserted Van Horne. Mr. C. Lintern Sibley relates in *Maclean's Magazine* how Van Horne managed to build his railway across Cuba. As the island was at that time still under military occupation neither the Cubans nor the American governors could grant a permit; and by the Foraker amendment in Congress no public franchise could be granted under military occupation.

Van Horne quietly went ahead buying up private domains for a right of way, built the separate sections of the railway, and waited for a chance to link them up across the community roads. The governor refused the links. Van Horne went to the governor's confidential adviser, a personal friend of his own, and confessed his predicament.

"Advise him," said he with a Sphinxian gleam in his almost occultic eyes, "to grant me a revocable permit."

Thus the counsel advised the governor.

"I am pleased to grant you a revocable permit," said the governor to Van Horne.

"Impossible!" replied Van Horne. "Quite preposterous!"

The governor insisted. Van Horne expostulated. The governor reinsisted. Van Horne gave in. The links were built over the roads. When the railway was done public enthusiasm for the project made it a permanency.

Sir William Van Horne

It was three years before his death that I first met Van Horne in his huge Montreal home on Sherbrooke Street. He was then midway on his Cuban epic, but for which that day of pouring rain he might have been slopping about in rubber boots painting sketches at Minister's Island, St. Andrew's Bay, N.B., his summer home.

House-cleaners were busy about him. His art gallery, that loomed up in great vistas of colour the moment you entered the hallway, was all sheeted over like the counters of a department store at closing time. His customary home office was topsy-turvy. He was dictating to his secretary in a big room upstairs crammed with Japanese carven woods and all manner of Oriental curios.

He rose from behind his flat desk and somewhat clammily shook hands. Now that he was up I noticed how he was dressed; all in black—morning coat, black-striped trousers, prodigious waistcoat, and a nonchalant black bow. He defied tailors. From some remarks that he made during a four-hour conversation, I imagined he might even consider dispensing with clothes. He had a head that on an average man would have looked toppling. But his body seemed almost too huge for his head. Not a fat man; just big, hard as a hammer, driving himself about with the exuberant energy of a young Indian. He seemed the personification of anti-inertia. Merely being a gentleman would have failed even to amuse such a man. He was an overpowering physique and a restless brain among works of art that from cellar to garret cost him a couple of million dollars, and every item of which he knew better than the stations on the C.P.R. Those black carven woods from the Orient seemed to grin at him reverently as though he were some blustering genial god.

Noisily he yanked at a drawer in his desk and drew out a box of dusky Cuban cigars.

"I hope you smoke," he said. "I usually do."

He scratched a tiny match and held it out as though it were a blazing pin. And it seemed at once as though here was a being who, but for the accident of civilisa-

tion, might have togged himself in a goatskin, and with a pipe of Pan in his fingers proceed to discourse upon any subject under the heavens.

I began with an obvious, almost insulting commonplace.

"At your age, Sir William——"

He almost grunted in disdain.

"You don't seem to rest much," I ventured.

He prostrated himself plethorically upon the vast surface of a sofa.

"I always rest," he said—staccato. "I never worked in my life."

"Then whatever would you call it?"

"What interests a man can't be called work," he went on. "I have always been interested. I have railroaded most of my life—because I liked railroading. I don't call it work."

He puffed with colossal energy at the Cuban cigar which had the audacity to go out. It pointed upwards like a tiny toy funnel.

The talk which followed was the behemothian note upon the perfectibility of man; compounded of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Van Horne. It dealt with the seven—or whatever number it may be—ages of man.

"All men are born lazy," he said, lighting his cigar again.

He demonstrated this point in philosophy by showing in successive stages how by the spur of necessity a man works away from inertia to energy, from that to habits of exertion, on to strength and power, finally to the subconscious stage where his mechanical acts are almost instinctive, which according to him is the age when a man becomes the really effective head of any great system requiring vast co-ordination.

A few years before he told a visitor, who had gone to see him about some of his pictures for a loan exhibition, a few facts about his boyhood. One of the facts that illustrated Van Horne's gospel of inertia overcome by energy was his borrowing of a book descriptive of the geological and archæological history of Illinois. He had

but a week or two to keep the book. An omnivorous lad of fourteen, with a few coppers he had managed to scrape up he went to the little store and bought sheets of foolscap, on which till the paper was done he copied the book, drawings and all, and afterwards finished the copy on brown wrapping paper.

That was an example of how Van Horne never worked. That boy might have become—anything but a railwayman. But in choosing railways he got hold of a grand trunk programme in energy. The story of how he worked up through all the grades of railroading in his native State till he became the head of a great American system does not belong to this fragmentary appreciation. It was a mere prelude to his vast work in Canada after the age of forty, when he turned the broad of his back upon the land of his birth and sniffed like a giant at the cold continental stretches of a new nor'-western world.

Neither does the building and the equipping and the manning of the C.P.R. and the making of the C.P.R. into a world-famous corporation belong inherently to any casual glimpse of this man's personality. In Van Horne's own philosophy that was all summed up in a brief phrase.

"I am a Canadian," he said explosively.

The idea simply had to have room. From lying almost prone across the broad flat of the sofa he struggled up and peered like a tremendous gargoyle out of his own amplitude. He blew a huge puff of smoke and batted it aside because he could not see through.

"I am a Chinese-wall protectionist," he said. "I don't mean merely in trade. I mean—everything. I'd keep the American idea out of this country."

You could almost fancy this self-exiled American saying to himself—

"Now I wonder if this chap won't consider me a paradox?"

Suddenly an impulse seized him.

"Roach!" he shouted through the great house. "Roach!"

The voice was not a roar. It was a pantheistic scream. Quickly his secretary came in.

"Will you excuse me a moment?" he asked the visitor. "I want to dictate a few letters. Don't go. I want to talk to you after I have finished."

For the next half hour Van Horne wrote with a poor little pen on one sheet of paper while he dictated staccato sermonettes to his secretary about how a certain hotel interior at one of the railway termini in Cuba should be built, how to get the material, what to pay for it. And he left me silently to review the strange case of this man who, having got his main life impressions in the United States, had become such a thorough-paced Canadian.

Quite clearly the C.P.R. had done it. To have built that road would have made a Canadian out of the German Emperor. The foremost Liberal statesman of those days predicted that the road would "never pay for its axle-grease." No such railway had ever been built. No such man had ever risen up to build it. The C.P.R. picked Van Horne more wisely than anybody knew. Even the man himself had to fall back on a theory to do the work. He believed in achieving the practically impossible. Times were hard, money scarce, immigration nil, trade and manufactures in their childhood. The main obvious business of the C.P.R. was to keep British Columbia from seceding to the United States by flinging 2000 miles of steel highway across a prairie regarded as a second Siberia and mountains considered impassable. The whole of British Columbia could have been bought for less money than it took to build the C.P.R. Van Horne knew it. The situation interested him.

In 1882 what the east knew about the west was less than it cared—and that was next to nothing. The geography of the C.P.R. was almost sardonic. Hundreds of miles of the road must run through the rocky jack-pine desert north of Lake Superior. A thousand miles was surveyed through a prairie, much of whose fertility was somewhat a matter of conjecture. Hundreds of

miles lay over mountains thousands of feet above the sea. There was the choice between the Kicking Horse Pass and the Yellowhead, which lay beyond at the head of a land whose farming capabilities were known only to a few white settlers and numerous half-breeds.

By the fling of the dice the southerly pass was chosen; a shorter long cut through a better-known country. By a similar fling, much of the C.P.R. lands were chosen along the Saskatchewan valley—in hope.

Other men understood the difficulties of the C.P.R.: Strathcona, Mountstephen, Sir Sandford Fleming, and John A. Macdonald. None of them knew the titanic task of building it as Van Horne did. The great road was built by the grace of God, the pluck of a few people, the persistence of a politician Premier—and Van Horne. The man himself had told incidents of the huge opera bouffe in which he was the chief actor—when faith, hope, and sheer bluff were sometimes his chief assets. The day when Sir Donald Smith drove the last spike in the Rockies there was a photograph taken by some one with a novelty known as a portable camera. The second most significant figure in that photograph is a trim-bearded, burly-shouldered, top-hatted personage in the background with somewhat the smug satirical smile that afterwards appeared on cigar boxes labelled—Van Horne.

What happened to the C.P.R. after 1885 was mainly how Van Horne switched from being a genius of construction to an almost greater genius in operation; when C.P.R. crawled up year by year on the stock market; when its stocks were bought all over the world; and when C.P.R. posters became better known in the commercial centres of Europe than the literature of the Bank of England.

Van Horne finished his dictation about staircases and grilles in Havana and dismissed his secretary. He took up a fresh little pen and he began to drive furiously over fresh paper as he left me to smoke another cigar and gaze at the curios. Presently he pulled out a drawer and heaved up a bundle of notes.

"No," he said as he chucked them in again. "I won't talk about that to-day. Some day I shall write it in a book."

That was his philosophy, which had bothered him more of late than his Cuban railway—for fear he might finish the railway and perhaps not do the book.

He sprawled opulently on the sofa again and lighted another cigar that went out again and again as he talked; this time of men and events, particularly remembering his old adversary Goldwin Smith, whom he regarded as much too lean a man at the waist to be capable of great human concepts. The professor believed in railways running north and south for commercial union purposes; regarding Van Horne as a somewhat Barnum-like figure in the world of international politics. And it amused Van Horne to remember how Goldwin Smith's continental theory had gone to its grave when the C.P.R. was the chief pallbearer.

Another eminent personage about whom he talked in a far different strain was the German Emperor, whom he regarded as the greatest emperor of all time. He spent best of an hour eulogising the commercial and strategic qualities of the Kaiser, whom he hoped some day to meet; quite amused at how once the Kaiser had stolen a march on him by getting information about a pulp and paper company of which Van Horne was President—of which not even a copy was sent to Van Horne.

One hesitates to imagine what Rabelaisian epithets Van Horne must have applied to that kind of knowledge after the outbreak of the war.

"Mm," he said, trying to light his Havana again. "No, there will be no war with Germany. The great wars of the future will be in trade and commerce."

Looking back at this cocksure prediction by a man of almost uncanny prescience in most mundane affairs, one can only conjecture that Van Horne was forecasting what would be the fate of civilisation if he himself had been in place of the Kaiser. No wise man in any country was worse disillusioned by the war than Van Horne,

whose almost sudden death came just a year afterwards, and who, but for the war, might have been writing his philosophy now.

The Oriental emblems in the big room blurred into lumps of shadows as Van Horne's cigar glowed and palpitated to the swish of the rain on the window. Regardless of time he swung into discussions of art, about which he knew as much as he knew about railroading. Under that roof there were art treasures worth by his own estimate at least two million dollars. One room contained scores of paintings done by himself. He had learned painting from Nature, who had taught him his weird humanistic philosophy. Above all things in a picture he admired—passion. Intellect in art he disdained, saying that a great artist should be more or less of a fool.

In similar strain he spoke about music; of the symphonies of Beethoven and of Tchaikowsky—as though in a vagrant mood he might have strolled below stairs and played one on the piano.

Language did not escape him. He had read Spencer's *Philosophy of Style* and quoted from it to prove some point which I have forgotten. Spencer taught Van Horne a good deal—perhaps empirically, as an academic might say. Van Horne would have made a grand study for Spencer, as an example of co-ordination.

"The world is ruled largely by humbug," he yawned prodigiously as he got up to take a turn about the dark room. "We need a better word than 'humbug' to express what it means. I shall have to invent one in my book."

The visitor intimated that it was time to go.

"Time!" he repeated hugely. "What's time?"

He led the way downstairs, switching on the lights as he went. Down in his art gallery two rampant Scotch collies leaped upon him like wolves. He wrestled them like children. The man should have had young lions to play with. He talked to his dogs as though they were human. And as he stood at the door peering out into the wet darkness the rain came down with a sudden fury. Even the rain seemed to know—Van Horne.

E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

An early 1916 issue of the *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston contained a character sketch written in almost impeccable style and adorned by a line drawing portrait of the late Goldwin Smith. The legend under the drawing ran:

"From an oil portrait by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., in the possession of John Ross Robertson."

The article had no signature; but one naively surmises that the description of Goldwin Smith and his manor was the work of the man who made the portrait. For E. Wyly Grier is a suave compend of art qualities expressible in portraiture, occasional landscapes, criticisms, and public speeches. He does all these things about equally well, and with a positive finality of finish that leaves little to the imagination.

For twenty-five years Grier has been doing oil portraits of Canadians. In that time he has accumulated enough photo-prints of portraits to decorate a good-sized gallery and has casually gathered knowledge of men sufficient to write a good book of studio recollections. Grier is by no means the only good portrait painter in Canada. He is not always even the best. But there is no other man who, gifted with an early desire for landscapes, turned his brush into a far less imaginative but more profitable field and kept at it year by year until he had become recognised as a standard producer of public and private portraits.

Grier seems to have been born with a necessity of formal expression. If he ever had an uncouth episode he seems to have forgotten it. Born in Melbourne, he was educated at Bristol, studied painting at old St. Ives, went to Paris and to Rome, diligently acquired a facile technique along with a good general knowledge, and at

the age of thirty or thereabouts came back to Canada, which he had first seen as a youth.

Had Grier ever inscribed a motto on his studio walls it should have been "Quite So." He is a master at the art of gentlemanly agreement and of precise expression. No one seems to recollect the time when Grier ever lost his temper. To lose temper is to forfeit one's balance, and Grier has a rather exquisite balance to maintain. He is an artillery major, a master of amateur gardening, which he prosecutes with thrifty circumspection, a suffragist, an art critic, a dabbler in singing, and a cultivated Christian Scientist who used to be a not too orthodox Anglican.

Such a punctilious admixture of unapposite ingredients in some men would have acted like the fizz of a Seidlitz powder. In Grier it is a sort of unstable equilibrium which becomes a habit. He has never been a terrible protestant. A measure of amiable conformity has characterised most of his work. One suspects that his numerous expert dilettantisms have been a sort of safety valve that kept him from art violence. A man is after all a walking portrait of himself. Grier has even done his own portrait in crayon, by the aid of a looking-glass, and a good one. That kind of self-composure is only possible to one who has a vein of serious jocosity. Grier appeared at a restaurant luncheon among some friends one day a few years ago when there was a trifle of tight money in the studios and elsewhere. He was garbed for a wedding. To some of his friends' comments he naively asked, "Yes, and where do you think I got these trousers? At Thompson's for a dollar-fifty."

Nobody but a master of temperamental equipoise could have joked about a dollar-fifty pair of trousers at a fashionable wedding. With his neat sense of humour he might have developed into facile and decorous caricature. He has never done so. He has stuck to his agreeable transcriptions of other people, eminent and otherwise; to the frockcoat, the silk hat, and the gloves, the uniforms of the worshipful grand master, the banker's tweeds, and the gubernatorial regalia. He has become a sartorial

expert on the value of clothes which he depicts with a degree of comfortable and very ingenious ecstasy. One imagines that he sometimes treats a man's features as a sort of natural clothes which it is his business to make fit the man where nature seems to have been careless.

Grier is not an intense realist. He has too much native politeness and sense of the decorative. His habitual effort is to make a sitter pleased with himself, his clothes, the painter, and the world at large. With great deftness he has beguiled such men out of themselves into a more pleasing ensemble of expression. His own obvious enthusiasm—as though you were the first subject he had undertaken to portray for a month past—gives you a sense of pleased importance. You do not realise the effort of the artist. That is part of his art. Grier never permits himself to appear fagged or blasé. He often holds up the bird that the child may smile at the camera.

Any random selection of Grier portraits shows a high average of strength, fidelity, character, ease of expression, and as much native force of temperament in the picture as may be consistent with the kind of hyper-conventional portrait that seems to please the average man. But as a rule he is proscribed by the practical and polite rules of his craft from depicting any startling psychic realities. His portraits are fine gentlemanly conformities; seldom or never great realisms. They are first-rate likenesses; rarely revelations. Technically well handled they are not always sublimely simple in detail. Exaggerations, eccentricities, caricature, over-intensity, and profound egotism are interesting human defects that seldom creep into his work. His greatest defect is his lack of little imperfections.

Perhaps this is a real virtue in a portraiteur whose prime business it is to please individuals and run a risk of not satisfying the critics or the crowd. The wonder is that Grier keeps all these elements balanced so nicely. Now and then he seizes some fresh character that boots in from the north and in a fine fit of ecstasy transcribes that man with all his out-of-doors tang and virility. Thereafter he relapses into the effectively prosaic with

as much poetry as circumstances permit, touching up characters that have always puzzled the camera into as much as possible of a rediscovery.

And his characterisations are always good. He has few ups and downs. Illuminative accuracy is a virtue with Grier. What Morris did historically for the western Indians Grier has done and is doing for the average man in the east in the portrayal of both individuals and types. In so doing he betrays his fine practical sense; he admits that art is not a matter of fine frenzy so much as diligent and as far as practicable inspired rendering of every-day subjects; he suggests that it is not the business of the man of the world to gape at the adorabilities of art as for art to put itself at the service of other men whose interests are of the practical sort that make art possible.

When Grier wearies of paint he betakes himself to one of the numerous hobbies with which he has garnished the monotony of a portraiteur's life. He will give you a recipe for pickling cauliflower or making the best use of a summer camp; sing you a well-toned song or make you a circumspectly admirable and witty speech; take part in a play or discuss votes for women; talk about artillery in which he some time ago got his majority or write a critique for a newspaper. All these are necessary to Grier and for the most part easy. For many years he has been one of the pillars of the Ontario Society of Artists of which for several successive years he was a most effective President.

But if E. Wyly Grier ever permits himself the luxury of a great primitive sensation in art, he does it *in camera*—or by accident you may come across him in his studio when he is at the height of it. And at such times he is very likely to say to himself—" Oh confound the average portrait! "

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

Sir William Mulock once paid a thousand dollars for a street-car ticket, which he still keeps as a souvenir of a highly sentimental occasion. That was in the winter of 1915. Sir William was, as he still is, chairman of the Patriotic Fund for Toronto and the County York. When the returns were coming in this car ticket was one of the donations. Who sent it nobody knew. Sir William proposed an auction for the ticket and himself led off. His bid was briskly raised hundred by hundred until at the thousand mark his wealthier competitors observed by the gleam in the High Chief Justice's eye that he intended to have the ticket if he had to sell the family plate to get it.

Sir William is a middling old man in years, and he has behind him a big story of achievement in political business, in law, in learning, in the judiciary, and in common old-fashioned citizenship. But he has always found time and inclination for the straightforward, impulsive things of life that in some respects have made him a radical in temperament while he has remained a straight Liberal in politics.

One evening trudging up a dark snowy court in Toronto behind the gloomy police station to an arts club of which he is a member, he observed a horseshoe in the snow. He picked it up and carried it to the club where it still reposes without a legend, the token of good luck picked up and cast off by an ambulance horse and picked up by the High Chief Justice. You imagine that he still looks over his right shoulder at the new moon for good luck; still believes that if the new moon lies on its back so that the Indian could hang his powder horn on the tip it will be a wet moon; and that if salt is spilled at the table, mother must throw a pinch

of it over her left shoulder to ward off ill luck in the house.

Frequently the ex-Postmaster-General and the author of Penny Postage for Canada in the Empire pays a visit to the Arts and Letters Club of which he became a member in 1910. If there is a head table he takes some pains to avoid it. He seizes some friend and compels him to sit down before a plate of cold meat. In a very little while his own plate of meat is empty. Being an autocrat in practice, Sir William would as lief command the president of the club to get him a fresh helping, but he takes his plate and himself goes boldly to the kitchen.

Some would call this mere democratic bluntness. It is much deeper. Bluntness and brusquerie may be invented as a pose. Mulock's direct methods are the outgrowth of a primitive characteristic. The root idea in his character is getting at the facts; what is the matter and how can it be remedied, if need be reorganised. When he discovers from experience that one helping of meat is insufficient, he remedies the matter by going straight, not only to the root of the matter, but to the source of supply. Public affairs may be disorganised or unorganised; the community may be hungry: well then let some one lend a hand to adjust the matter. But waste no time; go direct to the point, get the remedy.

There are hundreds of people in Canada who can bear testimony to having been forced to contribute to Mulock's intellectual welfare. He is a plain highwayman; a bold Turpin on the heaths of experience. He is coming along the road. You stop to apologise for being hit.

"Not at all," he says cheerfully as a bush-axe. "What made you come this way? Where are you going? What do you understand by not being aware? Is that a state of mind or a trait of your character? You say it is a depressing day. Just what do you understand by that?"

On several occasions I have noticed Sir William work

his bland pistol game of getting knowledge. One of his chance victims was a clerk of the weather to whom he propounded a lingo of questions that made the weather man for the time being a witness on the stand. All his life Sir William had been reading weather reports; sometimes quite mystified by the erudite lingo of the newspaper scientist. As Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto for twenty years he had a perfect right time and again to march over to the observatory on the edge of the college campus and cross-examine the entire staff. But he had never found it convenient, so he had stored up a grist of questions against the time when by chance he might encounter some weather man —and here was the occasion.

Introduced to a young explorer from Eskimoland he at once heckled him for positive, reliable, and strictly ethnological information concerning the Eskimos; details of how igloos are built, what form of religion is inherent in an Eskimo, and what were the women like? And this is no habit of mind superinduced by the Bench, which claimed Sir William only a decade ago and got him too old to change him. He brought with him to the High Chief Justiceship all the inquisitorial qualities he has; and many a witness and counsel know it. Once he adjourned a case peremptorily; some railway case, information of witness somewhat vague—hales him and counsel down to the railway to demonstrate by ocular proof how such and so took place. Having got which he reassembled the Court and proceeded with the case.

Impatient with counsel, impetuous and severe with witnesses, and heavy with admonishment to the depraved prisoner, it is doubtful if a more humane judge has ever occupied the Bench in Canada, one who would be less swayable by social position or made more lenient by wealth in the dock. Mulock is far too old-fashioned a morality to be warped in his intentions regarding justice, however impulsively on the Bench he may occasionally go wide of the mark in mere sentiment. Brusque as a

March wind, he is apt to tread upon the corns of money-bags conventionalists, academic bigwigs, judicial dignitaries, and even consequential statesmen. He asserts himself with the trenchant emphasis of a bushwhacker splitting rails.

And to get to the keynote of his character we must go back to the pine stump fences and the plough-handles among which he was born; son of a widow mother, hired out to the neighbours in York County, up at daybreak choring among the cattle, loading hay, grading turnpikes with a wheelbarrow and shovel—the roads he now drives over with his automobile.

A raw youth he went to Toronto University, with eked-out savings; back to the farm after he had graduated with honours in modern languages; down to Toronto again to study law—cooking his own meals over a lonesome fire in bachelor's rooms on Melinda Street; tutoring by night, afterwards made a night master in Upper Canada College; finally graduating in law with a first-hand knowledge of what it felt like to carry the brain-hunger of the farm into the world of books.

He founded a law firm which still bears the name Mulock—that of his eldest son. By and by he realised one youthful ambition when he bought a farm for the sake of the quiet life. Many of his clients had the ingrained muck of York County on their boots when they came to the office. That was all in their favour. Where Mulock's pile-driving energy and brusque examination awed a client his simple geniality won him. Besides he was a farmer among farmers; planting orchards and raising cattle, offering prizes to farmers—a yeoman of the yeomanry to whom the city was one thing and the land a better.

Senator of Toronto University, he became Vice-Chancellor, regularly taking his $400 a year fees for cab-hire and the like; but because he had a carriage of his own or could walk if he chose, remitting the money to charity. He was always peremptory about those fees.

In 1882 he became an M.P. elected by the bootleg farmers whose first names he knew as well as those of their fathers. One of his first remedial bills was an act to protect farmers from being swindled by patent-holders. That was the time when the farmer was a simple person; alas! no longer. Another of his pro-agrarian measures was an act to prevent trains belonging to rich corporations from blocking the public roads, holding farm waggons from market by the hour. Always an autocratic bootleg democrat, in 1894 he radically moved in the House to prohibit members of Parliament from travelling on railway passes. In that he was defeated.

The year 1896 saw him a Cabinet Minister; one of Laurier's college of Premiers and experts. The reconstructive task that was handed to this vigorous, reforming energiser was to reorganise the postal department. Here began his labours of Hercules; mountains of abuse and of privilege, of waste and inefficiency, of overmanning and underworking—and he moved them because he had faith in himself, in the Laurier Government, and the country. He set out to convert a million-dollar deficit into a surplus. He did it. He became the despot of a system reaching out gradually by dog-train to Dawson City just beginning to go on the map. How he administered this chaotic system is a matter of economic history. But he was as thorough as a farmer's flail. Privilege, nepotism, needless machinery, and absurd expenses were brushed off the table. The farmer was in the Postmaster-General's department. He was there to create a surplus and to reduce the cost of both production and consumption. When he took office a letter to any part of Canada or the United States cost three cents, and a letter to England five cents. He said it was too much. He would create a surplus with less cost to the consumer. With half a continent to cover, the idea seemed worthy of Don Quixote. But on Christmas Day 1898, two years and some months after Mulock had worked on the postal deficit, the cost of a letter anywhere in Canada and the United States became two cents,

and a week later Imperial penny postage became a fact. It is admitted that the Imperial penny rate was due as much to Mulock as to any other member of the postal conference. With the penny postage the revenue first dropped, then rose; the surplus increased; the country was marching ahead and the stars in their courses fought for Mulock with his penny rates. The Pacific Cable was another pet of his. Then came the Labour question.

One thing that struck Mulock soon after he began to operate the postal department caused him to invent strong language. The post office uniforms in use all over Canada were the products of sweatshop labour that turned over fat profits to contractors. He abolished the government sweatshop as it applied to the post office—though it is not on record that with increasing seamstress wages he raised postal salaries. He became *ipso facto* the first Minister that ever made labour an active issue in his department. Out of this personal pertinent investigation came the Labour Department conducted by Mulock himself as the first Labour Minister.

Labor Omnia Vincit—he has always believed it. Soon after he became Postmaster-General, when at least one big-brained member of the Cabinet was taking dance lessons in Ottawa, Mulock hired a professor of French conversation to come to his home at 6.30 every morning. He furbished up his old knowledge of book French into an instrument of expression, able to talk in French to French postmasters and deputations and to French presidents whenever he went abroad.

For nine years he czared the post-office department. In 1905 he retired from the Cabinet and from the House and was made a Judge. He had travelled much in Australia and considerably in Europe. He had made a postal deficit into a surplus and created penny postage, taken a big hand at the Pacific Cable, organised a new portfolio, retired from the vice-chancellorship of Toronto University, and had made his 200-acre farm in the township of King produce great apples, remarkable prize short-horns, and beautiful ponies.

Since that time Sir William has been a judge, a student of real estate, and a manager of public benevolences. As a plain citizen he has become more conspicuous than ever. In politics he is reminiscent. The defeat of restricted reciprocity in 1911 jolted him only less than it did Sir Wilfrid Laurier, his eminent friend, whom he claims as his guest whenever Sir Wilfrid goes to Toronto. His plain practical citizenship, however, is a bigger fact than his political principles. His personality is of greater interest than his decisions on the bench. When he goes on the patriotic platform there is nobody who can make a better—even if more eloquent—patriotic speech. For when he speaks there is behind the speech a big, warm-hearted, brainy man, who has been and still is a doer of things.

At his country home in North York Sir William is at the height of fine, simple hospitality. His farm thirty years ago was a plain, poor but picturesque tract of land in the hills. He has made part of it a great park of groves and gardens. The trees were planted by himself. He has a large grove of walnut trees descended by the third generation from walnuts planted by himself. He has apple-trees that years ago, through the amiable offices of a German trade agent, came direct from the Kaiser's garden. He has vegetable gardens where he sometimes goes abroad to munch raw peas out of the pod.

His house is the rendezvous for scores of people who have nothing to do with what was once his constituency of North York. There he dispenses the best of hospitality in a simple style that might have been in vogue centuries ago, with a cordial dignity that permits no artificial restraint. He glories in recalling the old days of the farmer when he picked small gourds from the garden to mould the heels of socks his mother was knitting for the family. He delights to stand under the trees and explain scientifically how a tree keeps the air under it cool. He is just as fond of good-humoured stories that throw light on the parliamentary foibles of his day in politics.

More than all, he expresses an unending interest in plain people, public practical problems, and the ethics of simple unaffected living.

With all his genial faults we shall find it a matter of great national regret to dispense with Sir William Mulock. And we hope that the next time he engineers a patriotic auction sale, he will invest his thousand dollars in a two-cent stamp instead of a street-car ticket.

C. A. MAGRATH

A SASKATCHEWAN half-breed—call him John Thunder —once discovered that he could burn wood in the mud fireplace of his shack without chopping the wood. How he did it makes the burden of a story told by C. A. Magrath who has met a large number of half-breeds in his day. And as Magrath sat before one of the biggest fireplaces in America a year or two ago and told the writer about John Thunder, he spun the story out with slow circumspect emphasis, not missing an item of luxurious detail, yet telling it with the simplicity of a man to whom primitive western life is as familiar as a square meal.

"How do you suppose that half-breed got over the difficulty of chopping wood for his fireplace?" he said in a cloud of smoke over the teacups.

"Give it up," said the company.

"Well, being a philosopher," went on Magrath with a cavernous but genial drone of a voice, "he knew the logs were too long to go into the fireplace and allow for shutting the shack door. He was like most other half-breeds I ever knew. He would have walked two miles to catch a cayuse in order to ride the pony half a mile and save himself the trouble of walking. So he heaved up a long pole, hauled it up the roof, and rammed it down the flue. The fire burned off as much from the bottom as it wanted to; and as the fire burned, the pole kept coming on down till by and by it was all burned. And that's the way the half-breed solved the problem of *vis inertia*."

The once member for Medicine Hat could tell stories like this enough to make more than a book. He has spent most of his life in the land of the half-breeds. In his business of land surveyor he has travelled most of

that vast country. He knows all its moods and its mediævalisms. That he knows most about the dry belt is a mere accident. He spent a number of years irrigating the arid lands east of Calgary; the land that creeps down close to Medicine Hat, away from the foot-hills of the Bow. He had the educated brain of an engineer and the hand of a man who desired to see civilisation grow by increasing production. For just about forty years this giant of the prairies with the slow voice and the odd good-humour in his point of view has been solving problems for the West. In so doing he has become as true a westerner as the half-breed who rammed the firewood down the flue.

Magrath is a genuine westerner of the later Victorian period before bell-boys and cow-boys became millionaires. He chain-ganged a million acres of the prairie before he dabbled in the price of a corner lot. He roamed the prairie trails when buffaloes were on them. He was in the land of the bunchgrass almost as soon as the mounted police went in. He saw the moving caravans of red men and studied them up close; costume, colour, and language, Piegans, Sarcees, Bloods, Stoneys, Blackfoots, and Crees, knowing them all apart and observing them with the shrewd, kindly eyes of the man who might have been an ethnologist.

But Magrath was never anything that could be ended with an " ist." His father was an eminent mathematician in Ireland. Magrath never allowed that to be reckoned against him. He knew that whatever his father had known of the integral calculus never would keep him from becoming a poor citizen if he kept the mediæval philosophy of ramming firewood down the flue.

Civilisation was all in the making. There was no railway. He could wait. While waiting he worked. He had no particular pet ambition. The country was large. He wanted to know it all, or as much of it as possible. What he might manage to possess in fee simple was of far less importance. The day had not come for the land-grabber. Magrath trailed all over the prairie with-

out being able to discover more than the log-shack nuclei for towns and cities yet to be. Medicine Hat was not even named when he went there. Lethbridge was yet to be born. The foot-hills billowed up out of the dun levels of the clean prairie, up the smoky ribbons of the rivers into the far blue haze that thickened into the marvellous colour of the Rockies, whose peaks from the birthplace of Lethbridge or old Fort MacLeod he could count by the dozen.

It was a wonderful land. Magrath loved it with the passion of a crude, practical poet.

The buffaloes vanished and the C.P.R. came—in the first decade of Magrath. He deplored the passing of the "moostoos," but so far as we know never tried to hold up the "Oogamous" Donald A. Smith and Van Horne with their conquering transcontinental that cut clean through the dry belt where Magrath had intended to build great dams and reservoirs whenever it was worth while so to do. The railway clanked on up into the hills and the hoary mountains on down to the blue sea beyond. Chief Magrath, irrigator of dry belts, man of problems to solve with the tripod and the scale of inches, less confounded than the red men over the spectacle, as good as praised God for the good time coming.

Magrath always had a long-seeing eye for the future, because he had a sympathetic outlook upon the past. The great land he had trailed so hopefully ahead of the railway and in line with the redcoat mounted police was to him then as it still is the greatest land in the world. He could see in it more than Cecil Rhodes saw in Africa, or Girouard, the French-Canadian engineer and builder of dams, saw in Egypt. The north-west was a greater land than either. It was an empire of Indians, half-breeds, cowboys, furposters, mounted policemen, cart-freighters, dog-drivers, whisky-smugglers, and missionaries. But the other side was coming.

When law and government were established after the flare-up of the tribes in the Saskatchewan valley Magrath

was in politics. He was much needed. In those days many of the old-timers had Noah's Ark ideas about the West. They conceived themselves to be Israelites to whom the Lord had given a new land. In many a growing town on or near a new railway these Rip Van Winkles croaked over the menace of immigrants and colonist cars and down-easters hanging out business signs on the streets of the furpost and cowboy towns. Magrath was never one of them. As inveterate an old-timer as most, knowing the whole country better than most, he believed in making the most out of the inevitable and working to bring it about. If the half-breed burning his poles down the chimney must go, the men of machinery and ploughs and stoves and electric lights must occupy their room. The old epic was done. A new one must begin. So Magrath sat in the old non-party Parliament of the Territories at Regina, hobnobbing with Frank Oliver and Flood Davin and Haultain, helping to govern an empire much the same as five villagers rule a township in the East. It was an old way, but there was as yet no other. Problems such as the old north-west councillors had only dreamed in vague outline were to come blustering in; new railways, more parliaments, fresh towns, old trails turned into turnpike roads with ditches alongside, little school-houses and rude churches among the shacks of the half-breeds, keen-eyed business men beating up new trade instead of the old furposter and the freight-cart trader, real estate experts such as had once nearly demoralised Winnipeg: all the bewildering complexity of a rampart juggernauting civilisation seizing the buffalo lands with the tentacles of colonist trains. Magrath was part of it all. But he saw it all with the placid eye of experience. He was in all the great movements of men and money and machinery that transformed the prairie from what it had been in 1878 when he first went there to what it became in the twentieth century when he took rank among the old-timers.

How things did move! No country had ever been

transformed at such a pace. More things happened in the first seven years of the new century in the land of Magrath than he had seen in the twenty-two years before 1900. But even the evolution of party politics and the real estate craze failed to carry this big-footed giant of the old days off his feet. He was no man to be deliriumised by the grand illusion of wealth for all men without labour. He knew the West better than the twentieth-century experts of Wallingford calibre. He believed in its future more sanely than the trailsters who camped on the survey lines of new railways, along trails he had buckboarded and cayused in the 'eighties.

No doubt Magrath, like many other idealising characters, has been mistaken more than once in his co-ordination of events in the West. No doubt the movements of which he dreamed and for which in his own patient way he worked were taken hold of with greater energy by railroading and colonising geniuses who had not even seen the West when he was one of its pioneer citizens. But there was no man of mark on the prairies in the grand decade of development between 1901 and 1911 who had a clearer vision of what the West really was, what it used to be, and what it might or should become as a part of Canada and the Empire.

So we follow Magrath on down to 1908 when he was first elected to the House of Commons, member for Medicine Hat in Ottawa; which was just about the time that Kipling scudded through these engineering damlands of Magrath and said of Medicine Hat with its gas-wells that it had "all hell for a basement." Three years only he sat for Medicine Hat. He carried to Ottawa the colour and swing of the free West as singularly as did Flood Davin or Frank Oliver; but he was never hypnotised by the experts on Parliament Hill. Chairman of Conservative caucus though he was, he was no blind-eyed partisan, and never permitted himself to become converted to the blasé machinery of Parliament. Ottawa was full of devices which he only half understood. Parliament and administration were a jumble of

ingenious mechanisms that to him seemed clumsy, ineffective, and inept. He turned over in his brain many a scheme to reorganise government in actual administration. He dreamed while other men worked the machinery.

In 1911 he found himself bereft of Medicine Hat as a constituency. Then he began to work on his administrative epic of reform. So, one day he sat by the fireside, filled his pipe, and schemed out the new business clearing-house way to run a country without bedevilment by too much politics and red tape. When he got weary trying to convince his company what it all amounted to, he changed the subject and talked with slow poetry about the old furposts, the vanishing forts, the precious historic landmarks all over the West that in heaven's name people should labour to preserve for the sake of what the country had been, and to keep it what it might be in the new time coming.

And he told the yarn about the half-breed ramming the pole down the fireplace flue, tucked his manuscripts about administrative reform into a huge pocket, and got up to go. Somewhere in his luggage he had the typewritten MSS. of a book on Canada; probably also a lecture or two. He was going to Ottawa. He would see somebody; do something; go back to the West—and one of these days time might show that he was no mean prophet of the older days.

SIR GEORGE FOSTER

For nearly forty years now Sir George Foster has been holding the lantern while Mr. Average Canadian chops down the elm tree with the fat coon in the top. He knows the exact height and angle to hold the lantern so that the chopper can see; but his own face is quite in the dark.

This is not to accuse our Minister of Trade and Commerce of obliquity. Sir George Foster is a big citizen of Canada. He has been a cabinet minister under five premiers, Finance Minister under four, member of Parliament since 1882, a higher critic since 1879, and a chronic objector since he was old enough to teach Latin and Greek in the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton Junction, N.B., not far from where he was born. He has scolded in public more than any other living Canadian. He has pointed out with the acumen of an expert diagnostician just what was, has been, and now is the matter with the body politic in Canada. And he has never ceased to remain the most unmagnetic big-brained man in Canadian public life. He has turned the lantern of higher criticism on Canadian public affairs ever since he began to be our chief national lecturer on prohibition of the liquor traffic. And he has himself had more critics among both his political friends and foes than any other man who has a sanely constructive view of our affairs.

The persistent pedagogue is not usually popular, unless he is occasionally blind in one eye to the human infirmities of his flock. Sir George Foster has always been a dominie. What a tremendous Baptist preacher he would have made! The pulpit lost in him a great expounder. Parliament gained a superb critic. Sometimes one fancies him a cynic who long ago despaired of enlightening Canadian people—including other parlia-

mentarians. Again he seems to be an intellectual enthusiast who, having mastered some doctrine, is determined to propagate it in the teeth of all opposition. Now and then he has loomed up as a plainly disgruntled expert, who in order to spite the rest of mankind would withdraw into his political laboratory and let the world do without him. But because he somehow has a hankering for the business of pedagogy, Foster stays in the public eye and brilliantly continues to tell us with cold physiognomy and impassioned logic what is the matter with our citizenship.

Did any one ever see George E. Foster smile when he is talking in public? Did any camera ever quite catch his fine ferocious frenzy when he is roused to the climax of some moral argument by analysis? No, Foster is always inexorably and fervently serious; and when he is aeronauting to the height of a grand synoptical argument he never cares what cameras, reporters, or common critics may choose to say about him. He is the only man in Canada who with a searchlight knowledge of events has never closely studied other men; the only political moraliser we ever had who himself habitually became the object of moral compassion; and the only eminent if not great political speaker who remained without the slightest capacity for political leadership—except Hon. Edward Blake.

Five years ago a Liberal politician from one of the mining districts of Nova Scotia sat in the palm-room of the Toronto Club and commented upon a forlorn picture he had seen during the parliamentary session just closed. There had been a public investigation into the status and statistics of certain trust companies in Canada. Hon. George E. Foster was president of a company whose affairs seemed to be in some sort of predicament peculiarly interesting to those of the Liberal faith.

"When the investigation was over," said the Liberal politician with impressive pathos, "I watched George E. Foster leave the House. It was a dark, drizzling night. The melancholy figure glided down the steps into

the fog. His head was almost buried in his shoulders. His hat seemed to droop over his ears as he hoisted his umbrella. The fog and the blur of the lights swallowed him. And I said to myself, 'That's the exit of Foster from the public life of this country. He will never be heard of again in Parliament.'"

For a man so dramatically dead and buried the Hon. Minister of Trade and Commerce is an exceedingly buoyant personage. This Cassius of the Cabinet seems to be possessed of a sort of unphysical vitality. As a mere corporeal fact he somewhat resembles a concertina. He may sit for an hour on a platform, compressed into the lackadaisical folds of his clothes, thin spidery legs crossed, lean spindly arms folded, a scant-bearded tableau of despondent inertia.

But wait. It is Foster's turn to speak. The loose clothes come out of their crumples and hang in sad lines about the cadaverous, stoop-shouldered figure. He begins—just talking in a thin pallid voice, thumbs hooked into his vest pockets, looking dejectedly at the crowd as though he wished they had all remained at home.

Looks—like many other things—are very deceiving in George E. Foster. If you should come back to the hall in five minutes, the yawners would be all alert, watching and listening to the spare figure on the stage who may be pulling invisible bell-ropes of oratory or whacking one hand with the other in process of driving home spike nails of passionate logic and didactic appeal. There is never a floral offering in any of Foster's eloquences; scarcely even a figure of speech; no ceremonious gesturing. He is a man without form—but not void. No, Foster is a very full man; full to overbrimming with whatever subject he chooses to expound after the manner of a Roman trumpeter. Every syllable, winged, tailed, or finned with argument, goes on its way into the intelligence of the crowd much like one of those curious hemi-sexual protozoa seen through the scientist's microscope. And he is never lost in mere bardic language.

"Speak to the audience!" shouted an impatient admirer who was losing some of Foster's argument in a public hall.

Foster was expounding gospel truth about the war to the people on the platform and those behind him in the choir gallery, turning his back on the audience. He had forgotten where he was; fancying himself back in the House of Commons with his own party at his back —the party he has always tried to enlighten.

Foster was the first man whose voice I ever heard in Parliament. That was some years ago, when he was still the man who led all great debates on the Conservative side, snapped his fingers at the young orators whom he bossed like page boys, rather ignored the Opposition leader, and held the party at his back in a mass of thundering applause. He was talking about Liberal patronage-mongers, corrupt politics, and the low ebb of national life—all the commonplace ailments that mere diagnosis fails to cure.

No man ever took a hand in our politics who with a powerful brain and a copious tongue was quite so well able to twang the dismal lyre. Foster got the reputation years ago of being a confirmed pessimist; largely because of his manner of speaking, which is entirely without plausible graces, studio poses, or genial struts. Foster must have an antagonist. He must convince, beat down opposition, scarify, repudiate, point the finger of mockery with a sort of cold creepy laughter. Then he is happy. Thirty years ago and more this man was admitted to have exceptional ability. There was no Grit in the House who had not a casual wholesome dread of him. Sometimes the Tories criticised him. Some of my earliest impressions of public men were visions of this lean didactic prophet ripping up some financial illusion of the Liberal party. He always seemed to be mixed up with budgets, fisheries disputes, squabbles over reciprocity, and the more or less economic affairs of a country which during his early career in politics was spoonfed on treaties. Whenever Richard Cartwright

brought down a Liberal budget, Foster was ready with a pack of poisoned arrows. And in the days after John A. Macdonald, the chief interest in Parliament was the annual bull-fight between these two masters of political irony.

Pertinaciously moral people used to predict that with all his great ability Foster never would rise to real eminence. He seemed to pay no heed. He believed in himself. He took a lugubrious joy in chastising other sinners. When John A. Macdonald passed out Foster might have been expected to lead the Conservatives. But he has never led them—except in the House. Nobody ever wanted to follow Foster. He had no obvious ability as a leader. For one thing he had no comfortable tricks, illusions, or pleasant vices. He seldom cared to be genial. His company was chilling. He had no atmosphere. The party was useful to him mainly as a background. During two Premierships after the death of Macdonald he stayed at his post as Finance Minister. In the third he headed a rebellion. During the golden age of commercial expansion after the inauguration of the Laurier régime, this master of sad-eyed invective rose to the height of his genius. There was little in the mere prosperity of Canada under a Liberal régime to delight Mr. Foster who would have preferred to see the National Policy get the credit. Sometimes it seemed to him as if even Conservatives were stupid. Mr. Borden he welcomed as leader of the party without embrace. And for years Mr. Borden let Mr. Foster lead the party in the House while he led it in the country.

The arrangement suited Mr. Foster who took a gloomy joy in succeeding without popularity. Not for him the handshaking, baby-kissing *éclat* of the country schoolhouse. Foster kissing a baby on the platform would be a caricature. Low-browed politicians might line up their friends at the bar. Foster preferred a cold jug of water or a cup of weak tea. He has often seemed to be a sort of pinnacular morality built upon complaint. If there were no political sins to scarify what was the use

of being in politics? Somebody must be the perennial Jeremiah. Nobody in party or Parliament was so congenially disposed to such a comfortless rôle as George E. Foster. "My honourable friend opposite" was always in need of a corrective.

When even his friends grew weary of the tireless didactic vivisection, Foster sometimes surprised them by hatching up a tremendous interest in some cause that gave him a chance for action on a bigger stage. His pro-Chamberlain itinerary in Great Britain in 1903 was an outburst of a new synthetising Foster. For weeks he went about spreading the doctrines of Chamberlain among the English, when nobody identified with that cause was better able to inspire enthusiasm. When he came back to Canada he expounded his views on that subject. He delivered a masterly exposition at a noonday luncheon in Toronto, at the close of which an admirer said—

"Well, George, if I had a head big enough to make a speech like that I'd need a different sized hat from yours."

Foster smiled coldly. He would as lief his friend had objected to something so that he might convince him of error.

He has the faculty of universalising his interests in a particular way. Foster would as soon speak about the evolution of the baking-powder era in China and Japan as about the manifold sins of Liberals or the shortcomings of little Canada-ites. He can, if he chooses, talk as easily to miners up in the crags of the Rockies as to the comfortable citizenry of his own foggy St. John down on the level of the Atlantic. He can stand up in New York or Washington and build up a cumulative discourse on the importance of Canada among civilised nations, quite as well as he can talk to the people of Great Britain about the undeniable future of Canada in the Empire.

It is not on record that Sir George Foster ever made a poor speech anywhere on any subject. In fact he

speaks rather too well. He can make a blue-book by exposition as fascinating as a poem or a play. He takes a consuming delight in humanising our statistics. Even Cartwright, the master of commercial irony, was never so able to illumine dry facts and figures into visualised realities. He has elevated the secondary department of Trade and Commerce into a position of importance challengeable by none except those of Militia and Finance. Had he been a really disgruntled expert he might have resented the appointment of a political novice like Sir Thomas White to the portfolio of Finance because he was a financial business man. Foster took the second-rate department of Trade and Commerce with the intention of making it into a great clearing-house of national expansion and energy—which he is now engaged in doing.

And the war has taken hold of Foster. He goes to bed with the war and gets up with it. No Canadian has uttered more sensible and rousing things about the war than the Minister of Trade and Commerce who is far too much obsessed with the cost of the conflict to get a clear vision of what it will mean to Canada when it is over and the second expansion of Canada begins. George E. Foster has lived through two distinct periods of Canadian development and has taken an active part in both. The third will probably outlive his public career. When he retires there will be a gap in the party ranks that can never be filled by a mere party man. Foster has always been an individualist; aloof, repellent, unassimilable. There is no man in the party or in the House with his intellectual grip on public affairs and the ability to express it—except those older men who were trained in the same periods of Canadian development. And he is in some respects much the strongest man in the present Cabinet.

AUREOLE SUZOR COTE

WHOEVER glibly talks about a Canadian school of painting may as well expound the typical music school of Europe—which contains nine-tenths of all the good music in the world. There never has been a Canadian school of painters, and there never can be.

What, after all, is a Canadian painter? That question has never been successfully answered. It works out to the following grades of complexity:—

CLASS I	CLASS II
Born in Canada.	Born anywhere.
Living in Canada.	Living in Canada.
Interpreting Canada.	Interpreting Canada.
CLASS III	**CLASS IV**
Born in Canada.	Born in Canada
Living anywhere.	Living in Canada.
Interpreting Canada.	Interpreting anything.

You may repermutate these as you like. But the determination of what is a Canadian painter must take into account, at least, these four groups. And when you have specified the group you must subdivide again into—

Anglo-Canadian; French-Canadian.

To the casual connoisseur who gets a glimpse of some Canadian canvas abroad this latter division may seem superfluous. Canadian painters and people find it quite fundamental. There is a race-expression in paint even more remarkable than in literature, music, or politics—except in so far as literature implies language. There

are painting idioms as subtle as the difference between " charmant " and " charming," " très bien " and " very well," a shrug and a sentence.

Aureole Suzor Cote comes into Class I of the French-Canadian variant. He was born in Arthabaska; lives in Quebec province; interprets the country of the St. Lawrence—and is both lineally, natively, and temperamentally a French Canadian. What he is as a creative artist involves a consideration of his own individual personality and his work.

Broadly he belongs to that temperamental group who seize eagerly upon what is next, nearest, or indigenous and convert it into as much as possible of the universal. But, of course, one may find painters of that type in Ontario. With a difference. The painters of Quebec live for the most part either in Montreal or in some smaller place further north. They are always next door to the northland. The painters of Ontario—more than half of them in Toronto—when they go further afield than the county of York for landscape effects, usually trek two hundred miles north into the rock lands of north Ontario, or up to Ste Agathe, P.Q., north of Montreal, down the St. Lawrence, or out to the prairies and the Rocky Mountains. The Quebec painter steps out of his studio on to the bank of the St. Lawrence, which contains half the art of Quebec, takes a train a couple of hours into the north country, or if he chooses he goes no further than some little village chockful of archaic simplicity, quaint dormered houses, and picturesque people with a maple sugar bush on the outskirts.

More Quebec pictures of surpassing merit are caught just across the way or down the river, and are, therefore, a more obvious mixture of familiar images and big subjects than the work of the same class of painters equipped with as good temperament and technique in Ontario. No doubt here and there one finds in Ontario painters who get similar intimate effects in their big-subject canvases to the best painters of the St. Lawrence. But these again are the exception. Ontario artists

approximate more to the English, Dutch, and Belgian schools whose influence they frequently have to obliterate before they strike their true *métier* of expression. The modern French-Canadian painter who goes abroad, goes, as a rule, to Paris, and there he finds the same racial atmosphere in a higher degree into which he was born and in which he got the inspiration and the material for his earlier instinctive work. So it is that Ontario painters produce a greater variety of modes, moods, and atmospheres, and in general a more complicated set of motifs: Quebec painters approximate more each to the work of the others and inject more intimacy into the same epically bold and big subjects.

Since he was a bounding genial lad in the village of Arthabaska, Suzor Cote has exhibited the average French-Canadian character in a high key. Cote is a fine ecstatic physique who spiritualises his environment with great ease. He began to express himself by decorating little Catholic churches. Here again is a field closed to the Ontario painter who leaves it to the professional decorator to fresco and panel the house of worship. Any little tin-spired church in a Quebec village is a miniature simulation of a cathedral, on whose walls a fancy-free young artist may find a canvas for his crude but ardent symbolisms. Angels and saints, martyrs and cherubs are always indigenous to these little sanctuaries. Suzor Cote knew enough about these beings to render them in paint long before he took the trouble to study Michelangelo.

But he was not preordained to become a church frescoist. No, there was a bountiful out-of-doors right under the eyes of young Cote in his own beloved Quebec. Still a young man he went abroad—to Paris.

And that is the half of another story. While a very young person Suzor Cote had been a choir lad. When he grew up he could sing masses and troll chansons and bang out big resonant songs in bravura style. He had a basso-baritone voice that led him to hanker for the glamour of grand opera or the equally seductive post of

cantor in a cathedral. He could sing Les Rameaux with fine dramatising fervour. He swept himself off his own feet with the heroic strains of "O Canada." He knew the mass solos of Gounod and some of the operatic arias of Bizet. And when he went to Paris he had as lief as not study the art of singing to bring up that voice of his into an organ of art.

But the voice by over-exertion and too little preliminary art cracked and baffled him. He gave up the singing idea and plunged into paint. He attended the Ecole National des Beaux Arts under Bonnat and the famous Julian Academy under Lefebre. It was all French. He wanted no other. There was to him no great allurement in the dykes of Holland or the interiors of Laren. He wanted no low tones, no foggy subtleties, no dreary vapourings and melancholy moods.

To Paris he added travel—covering a great part of Europe. To paint well without knowing what to avoid by travel one must be a great genius, to which Suzor Cote makes no pretence. But he kept his brain-pores open. He toured without any greater prejudice than that of the Latin temperament, which is happily less addicted to bigotry than some others.

Back in Quebec he could see those almost braggingly beautiful landscapes down the St. Lawrence resolve themselves into forms of composition with a melody in the lines and a subtle harmony in the colours and a big bold sweep in the drawing. He had no end of inspiring subjects. River and forest and headland, marketer and sugar-maker, priest and weaver, miner and woodsman, fisherman and hunter—they were just waiting for a man with a kodak in his palette. Suzor Cote went at them with the fine frenzy of a boy at football. Always impetuous, swift, and seizing he seldom waits to let a thing get "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His painting spells action, the ardour of the morning, the keen-eyed breathless haste of the moose bounding through the brush.

What faults he has are so subtly wound up with these

obvious temperamental virtues that they must be discovered by analysis. A painting of Cote's never fails to arrest the attention. His colours alone compel admiration; the brilliance and the dazzling, if sometimes exaggerated, use of the primaries in a land where colour contrasts are often too startling for the lover of greys and neutral tints.

One may not always admire his composition, nor be always convinced by his mastery of line drawing. But it is never possible to miss in one of his pictures the pardonable joy of living and the ecstasy of paint. He makes a poor fist of sad subjects. He is himself too exuberant for sadness. He seldom reverts to low tones: there is too much of the blaze of noon and the aboriginal mingling of bright colours in nature. He is not profound. But he is amazingly virile and interesting. He is young. Profundity may come later; but if never, one has no regret concerning this master of " embarrassment du riches " in paint. When his landscapes become a bit over-intoxicant one may get a satisfying delight from his human figures. Here Cote is a big delineator. He knows the value of modelling; for he has done a considerable deal of strong but small sculpturings that show how intensely he has realised the value of bones, muscles, and ligaments, the crinkle of queer clothes, the wrinklings of time on the face, the subtle warp and woof of wear and tear on the life of man.

Suzor Cote is not the only sensuous depicter of Quebec life in paint. He is surely one of the ablest, most virile, and compelling; and his work even up to the age of forty entitles him to a place among the interpreters of a part of modern Canada. But he belongs to no school of Canadian painters; except in so far as the French-Canadian group may in themselves be called a school—which is a matter for painting experts to decide.

SIR MAX AITKEN

One of our denatured Canadians loudly proclaimed, in a Canadian newspaper office a few years ago, that he would marry an earl's daughter in Westminster Abbey. In saying so he was probably conscious of imitating Warren Hastings and Lord Rosebery. But he came precious near carrying out his threat and has been—so far as can be observed this side of the Atlantic—in semi-aristocratic obscurity ever since.

Most of these adventurous souls, of whom the newspapers keep any account, go into politics. A majority of them become Unionists, speak often on platforms—sometimes quite badly, sometimes well—write books, engage in social reform, get taken up by the aristocracy, perhaps themselves acquire titles along the way. They establish themselves in big country houses or begin to spend their declining years in club-land, cantering down Piccadilly, dodging about Westminster, taking swift runs across to Canada, dined and wined and sent back again after they have told us in this country how exceedingly well we are doing considering our limitations of opportunity.

Very little of this platitudinous programme is characteristic of Sir Max Aitken, who at present may be reckoned as the most interesting and influential of all ex-Canadians in England. In fact, it seems doubtful whether Sir Max has ceased to be a Canadian, but if he should come back to Montreal he might find the setting somewhat amateur and a bit too experimental to one who has worked himself into a facile and congenial rôle among the lords of Empire.

One speculates—if the more or less dubious prospects

of Six Max do not include a seat in the Lords. A baronage would never overwhelm him. Ten years hence he will be well along towards fifty years of age. Of all younger Canadians he has been the chief of those who accomplish the totally unexpected. When he solicited insurance and did secretarial work in Halifax, this son of a diligent New Brunswick parson surely never expected to become the chief mergerist of Montreal before he was thirty.

Shortly after he became a Canadian millionaire, he abandoned Montreal, where he played the wizard of quick dividends, to dwell among the four-per-centers of London. He left this country without even running for Parliament and entered the British Commons as member for Ashton-under-Lyne. He got a title almost before he had learned the topography of Westminster. He carried coals to Newcastle by making money in the sheep-nibbled financial pastures of London. After the outbreak of war, which upset a few of his apple-carts in continental Europe, he got himself sent to France as the official eye-witness for Canadian troops. Within sixteen months of the war, which made his own career in Canada seem like the trail of a spent meteor, he became the author of the first book dealing with Canadians at the front.

This book may not be literature. Yet it has considerable literary form. It may not be admirable history; but it will go down as a contribution to a great and glowing phase of how Canadians have helped to make history for the Empire. It is said to be Sir Max's own writing. It was written at first hand. Sir Max was—at the front. He always has been. Imagination fails to conceive of his going even to the war as a back-bencher. In the first-line trenches he saw a new Canada in the making. In those few months near the firing line he was a trained observer doing his best to get impressions in a totally new world and to work them out in a fresh medium. Plenty of professional journalists were hankering to get to the front. These experts could be left

to nibble their pencils at home or "somewhere in France." A man whose life had been spent in making news for other men to record would syndicate his copy anywhere in the Empire.

All this was very paradoxical and somewhat spectacular, but not in the least out of character with the main part of Aitken's career. Son of a diligent parson in Newcastle, N.B., he knew what it was as a youth to begrudge himself book learning. An insurance clerk in Halifax, he became private secretary to the manager of the Nova Scotia Iron and Steel Company. "Stung with the splendour of a sudden thought," he saw two parochial little banks eating their heads off with competition and overhead expenses, and he naively persuaded the bankers to amalgamate. With the tang of *haut finance* on his tongue, he breezed up to Montreal and began to trail his swift spare figure in among the shadows of the Bank of Montreal and the Stock Exchange.

At that time and until the end of his career in Montreal Aitken was quoted by other financiers and by newspapermen as a sort of wizard. He was the David among Goliaths. There were men in Montreal whose solemn brows had held the financial secrets of Canada ever since C.P.R. and the Bank of Montreal became the progenitors of great speculative movements. To men schooled in the methods of a more patient, plodding generation, this slim young innovator with the fair hair, the large head, and the blue eyes, this full-lipped, smiling-faced, resilient youth who seemed to be able to read finance before he had learned its spelling-book, seemed at first like a cheery young upstart, who would presently settle down to know that his place just now was not in the seats of the mighty and his time not yet.

Aitken smoothly deceived them. He seemed to have arrived in the nick of time. Had he begun to carve out his career in the days of the National Policy, his might not have divided itself into three distinct periods before he reached the age of forty. That bushwhacking era in

finance had been pretty well trail-blazed by a number of shrewd Scotch-brained men like Donald A. Smith, George Stephen, R. B. Angus, William Macdonald, and James Ross. This young man began where they began to leave off. As Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, believes in the poverty of other people, so Max Aitken believed in the value of other men's experiences. He had not time to creep before he ran. He had just escaped Halifax where a business sign is the gilded reflex of a family tree. Montreal was just commencing to take stock in the *nouveau riche*. The old Scotch-caution junta of money barons was finding its preserves invaded by a number of new-thoughters, of whom Max Aitken soon became the young high priest.

Had Aitken ever attended college he would have wanted an M.A. without bothering with second and third year lectures. In finance—or was it finance, this curious compounding of commodities, of iron and steel, mines, lands, water-powers, electric powers, timber, and what not?—he spent a hectic decade creating all sorts of new companies that seemed capable of paying dividends, wages, and cost of production within a very short while of their birth. How he did it he could himself scarcely tell. While some of the old-line generals of finance were leading their several armies up various climbing routes to the Parnassian peaks of prosperity based upon universal optimism, Aitken was commissioning lines of airships that got there ahead of any land schedule.

No doubt he was brilliant. He was modern. He thought in continents. Quite uncannily he had the knack of seeing into, and through, the things that other men walked about to investigate. He thought quickly and acted while he thought. He had no time for financial etiquette. From the offices of the Royal Securities Corporation—his parent child—he could see the dome of the Bank of Montreal which had no sacrosanctity to him. There was no cranny in the C.P.R. building to which he could not penetrate. Most of his financial

friends on the Stock Exchange were good arithmeticians figuring concretely in the weights, measures, and values. Aitken was the higher algebraist who dealt mainly with symbols. There was no way of computing what he might be worth at any given time. He never seemed to care. He was not godizing mere wealth. He was playing the grand game; quite as well as it has ever been played by many of the most brilliant exponents of "legitimate" higher finance. The game fascinated him. He was not a gambler; but he had the daring of any Prince of Monte Carlo. He had a fine constructive imagination. He was rather a poet of the stock market. He could write Wagnerian operas from the Stock Exchange ticker. And before he had one drama more than sketched in, with breathless haste he traced out another.

His own associates, and even his critics, very much admired him for his daring qualities. They built factories, railways, electric lines, water-power works, mills, and mining industries. He co-ordinated them and found the square of their value. Always gifted with the faculty of clear thinking, he had equal ability for expressing himself in logical language and kindling enthusiasm both in himself and in others.

In short, Max Aitken was the embodiment of that younger Canada which during the first decade of Canada's century set the country going at a pace never before known, even in the United States. Endowed with remarkable economic sense, he seldom paused to consider where this headstrong expressionism would carry the Canadian people. To him there was no need for editors and preachers to moralise on the dangers of over-expansion. The country was marching ahead. Its gait was part of a world-movement.

No one pretends that Aitken really created anything new even in finance. It was all an old story. Most of it had been tried out in the United States. Aitken was by instinct an American, not in politics, nor in sentiment —but in this amazing capacity for getting ahead. The stepping stones of his dead self never helped him. He

never gave himself time to die. Once when he paused for a moment in his financial career, he started a weekly paper which guzzled a fortune from him and died before it grew up. He might have known better. But he was willing to enjoy some of the fruits of inexperience. This was a new medium. And he never learned it.

In the midst of his brilliant career, just on the eve of a rallentando in the Opera of Expansion, Max Aitken left the country. Having put a number of names on the financial map he was supposed to be over-worked and went to England. To come back—when? Nobody knew. The things he had started might get along without him. Other men could operate the machines. He could see other possibilities.

It was a curious, almost prescient, manœuvre. Nobody quite understood what it meant. Aitken himself could scarcely say what his career would be. He was too young to retire. He had succeeded too well to quit succeeding. Mere place, preferment, or pedigree would not satisfy him. Of politics he had no great knowledge. Most of our own politics were too hopelessly intricate for a young financier to unravel. In England——

What? Well, a new environment. He was already known to the money kings. He could talk to the lords of Threadneedle Street with habitual ease. But there were other people—to him more interesting. England was full of human interest. Aitken had a fine hunger for much of it. He had met Kipling once by accident on the Miramichi, N.B. To him Kipling was a human England. They became friends. Each found in the other what he was not himself. And each before he was forty had sketched out a life work.

Indeed, Aitken found in England many things of which formerly he had only dreamed. It was a new world. Its politics were new to him. He went into politics. He made good speeches. He had a clear vision of England's problems. For a young man he had remarkable aptitude for dealing with them. Ashton-under-Lyne was as good to him as Newcastle-on-Tyne. Either was a symbol of

opportunity. By contributing money to the Unionist cause, by making good speeches, by convincing the electorate that he knew England quite as well as the average native-born blasé politician, he got a seat in Parliament, and a knighthood. Sir Max Aitken had arrived at his second stage of evolution. He was still under forty.

Most of this programme had been absurdly easy. We hear of no struggles, disappointments, hopes deferred. The Zeppelin-like ascent of this young Canadian among the heavier-than-air craft about him rather disillusioned some of us in Canada. We had supposed that on an average for a Canadian to reach the seats of the mighty in England was a good deal like the camel and the eye of a needle. No doubt King Edward and Queen Alexandra rather let the bars down to the successful money-spending American. Court was not so exclusive as it had been. Aristocracy was less rigid. Lloyd George's assaults on the Lords had put some dints in the ancestral armour. A cat might look at a king. Democracy was grinning over the parapets into the gardens of the great. Perhaps after all it was not such a feat for a wealthy, keen-brained Canadian like Aitken to get on in such a world.

We suspect that he, too, would have found the road thorny enough but for his wealth and the sort of organising brain that he has. Sir Max knew how to use his money to advantage without squandering it. He had a pleasant, engaging personality. He fell into the ways of England with a democratic smile. He linked himself up with a political party none too well equipped with organising brains. He made Bonar Law his political mentor—when he is himself a vastly cleverer man. He diffused about him the exhilarating brusqueries of Canadian optimism. There was a subdued chuckle in his eye. He was in a measure irresistible, and at that time was inexperienced enough to be a bit nervous about his prestige, at times almost to a point of being quite charmingly ingenuous. He never presumed.

"Capital!" soliloquised manor-born John Bull. "Aitken doesn't come at us with a broncho. By Jove!—er"—another screw-up of the monocle—"he's deucedly modest. Clever as they make 'em and fresh as a daisy. Splendid!"

They admitted that even in gold-glutted, bond-dyspeptic old London he had the wits to make money. And he seemed to have a fund of vitalising ideas. For a money-wizard he had a great gift of speech without splutter. He kept a big country house and a staff of servants, motor-cars and carriages galore—and yet he could smoke a cigar after breakfast at his own house with a young Canadian who had drifted to England on a pass in search of copy, even though he had gone on a cattle-ship and had trousers baggy at the knee. At the High Commissioner's Offices on Downing Street he was recognised as a man with a future, even though he already had a past. To old Lord Strathcona, into whose Bank of Montreal preserves this young man had rollicked so serenely in his twenties, Aitken must have seemed like a rather inspiring conundrum. To the present incumbent, Sir George Perley, he is probably more.

In fact we suspect that among all the Canadians in England, Sir Max is now easily the chief. He is the symbol of young Canada. His portfolio of eye-witness from the War Office gave him an odd prestige such as Sir Gilbert Parker, who had already written a very able book on the war, might have envied. He may have had trouble in getting the appointment, but he knew how to cut out the resistance. When he got over to France as lord of Canadian despatches, he was invested with some of the mysterious power of the Fourth Estate when most of the estate envied him. Perhaps he chuckled at his own success; but at the same time he made the most of his opportunity.

In so doing he became a changed Sir Max. With a definite business as part of the war machine, he had no need to deplore his comparative isolation from the financial currents of the Empire. He still had his offices,

his investments, his knowledge of the game, his seat in Parliament, his title—and his hopes. What he may become, does any one know? Has he a determinable future; or is he a burning-out fuse? He is yet too young to say. At the age of thirty-seven, he has a distinctly traceable past in three epochs. What a retrospective outlook!

COLONEL SIR HENRY PELLATT

An appropriate fiction is often more illuminating than the truth. Some years ago a newspaperman in all sincerity, as though giving an affidavit, alleged that during the South African War Colonel Henry Pellatt found himself minus all his clothes and compelled to walk some miles *in puris naturalibus* across the veldt to a farmhouse. No more apocryphal romance was ever invented, except by Balzac. It is the hypothecation of the absolutely impossible. The fact that Pellatt was never in South Africa is of course a mere episodic incident. That he was credited with having been there must have arisen from the fact that part of his regiment was in the Boer War, and that where the Queen's Own is there of necessity will Colonel Pellatt be also.

No regiment was ever continuously the personal appanage of any one man as the Q.O.R. for years has been of Sir Henry Pellatt. It was in the Queen's Own that he became a soldier, beginning in 1880 as a private; in 1906 commander of the regiment. He was major of the Canadian Contingent at the Diamond Jubilee; commander of the same at the coronation of King Edward when he took over the Queen's Own Bugle Band at his own personal expense. In 1910, when army manœuvres were held at Aldershot, the Queen's Own, 620 strong, were present under command of Sir Henry. They were wined and dined in castles and other places, starved on the route marches, praised by the people, and poohpoohed by the critics.

There never was a parade of the Queen's Own in recent years when the plethoric and pompous figure of the O.C. was not present either on his white horse or marching grandly at the head, stoically perspiring and palpitating with the uniform and the heat, and wishing that the

march might last twice as long that twice as many people might behold it. If Sir Henry could by any miracle be permitted to ride at the head of all the battalions evolved from the Queen's Own with all the Queen's Own officers drafted into other battalions since the war began, somewhere between 6000 and 7000 men would come trailing behind him. In such a khaki-clad procession the original regiment in their unmartial green-black uniforms would be a blotch of ink on a buff-coloured blotter. At present the old mother regiment is struggling to keep its corporeal identity, when at times the O.C. seems to be the most substantial part of it. But it lives, like other Canadian regiments, a part of the deathless army. And what the Queen's Own has become in the war story of modern Canada is a debt owing in great part to the Colonel commanding, who always seems as though he owned the regiment body and bones.

To dominate a regiment in peace times is possible only by spending money on it to make it a show. Pellatt long ago learned what a show a peace regiment can become, although he had the most unspectacular body of men in Canada. And he always seemed to have whatever money he needed for the purpose of providing a show. He is now the greatest unprofessional show-man in Canada; a living example of the motto, "It pays to advertise." Sir Henry's interpretation of the legend is—"What I advertise is worth other people's while to look at."

Commercially Pellatt has always been a broker. Dealing primarily with the symbolic value of money, it is not remarkable, however interesting it may be, that he has developed a colossal fancy for the tangibilities that represent the reality of wealth. He is a typical corporation man; born to be a director, to sit on boards, preside at meetings where millions are represented, and to have a finger in public utility pies. His directorates have included electric light companies, tractions, coal, iron and steel, navigation, mining, telegraphs, and insurance. He has never been a banker. Whether he is worth little or much,

he is always necessary. Men who concern themselves with iron and railways, mills and mines, find Pellatt the somehow indispensable other party to whom one sort of commodity is about as interesting as another. In corporation circles he is the personal equation.

No man ever offended Sir Henry by calling him a millionaire. When the *Montreal Star* and the *Standard* got out a Burke's Peerage of Canadian financiers a few years ago, Pellatt was not rated as a millionaire and not classified as one of the twenty-three men at the basis of Canadian finance. That was a superficial estimate and a quite supercilious omission. Whatever his common commercial rating may be in the language of the dollar, Sir Henry Pellatt is always temperamentally a millionaire. The number of letters in his surname is exactly equal to the number of digits in 1,000,000. Something in that. Pellatt is a believer in financial magic. He treats the world of finance as a great garden of nature, where some things grow huge at the expense of others. The overgrown finance plants are Pellatt's—or ought to be. He has no patience with the little border things that lose themselves in the grass. He prefers the banyan tree, or the green bay tree, or any sort of arboraceous thing that demonstrates magic expressible in money.

It is a fact that we scarcely heard of Colonel Pellatt till Canada began to be prosperous with great railways, fabulous mines, eldoradoes of arable land, the rise of marvellous power plants on the brink of Niagara with transmission lines stretching over half a province, and the bumptious, parabolic curves of real estate that would persist in going up and up regardless of what the land was worth in rent. All through that prodigal boom time in Canadian affairs, Sir Henry bloomed like a magnolia tree in the national garden. He was visible everywhere; into everything; his personal equation necessary to everybody engaged in the genial game of grand opera prosperity.

In 1907, when the money markets of America were dislocated by a near-panic in the vicinity of Wall Street,

an adventurous newspaper published alarmist statements about the condition of Pellatt securities. That was in a Sunday edition. That day there was a line of automobiles and carriages in front of the Pellatt residence on Sherbourne Street, Toronto, and a conclave of financiers in the house. Sunday though it was, and Sir Henry, like most of his financial confreres, a good churchman, there was a most searching scrutiny into the affairs of the house of Pellatt. So many banks were involved that the caucus very much resembled a clearing-house convention.

When the examination was over every banker in the room drew a long breath. There was no system of bank balances that seemed able to disturb the Pellatt equilibrium. He was so intricately interwoven with the affairs of all the banks that to have declared him insolvent would have been equivalent to bankrupting a bank—which was *prima facie* absurd. The Jovian edifice of securities built up by the personal equation of Sir Henry was found to have its vertical line from the peak fall within the area of the base. Therefore, it must be sound. The newspapers who had rushed into headlines over the misfortune of Pellatt mumbled as they ate their words next morning. Presently the storm was over. Prosperity smiled again. And the unfinancial average person somehow had an idea that Sir Henry had done it all.

Almost ten years ago Sir Henry became the subject of many benevolent regards on account of the baronial edifices he began to rear on the brow of the hill overlooking Toronto. The first structure to emerge on the summit of that hill not far from a lovely demi-forest of wildwood trees was a mammoth castle with a Norman tower, red-tiled roofs and a great courtyard round about, when all it seemed to lack was a drawbridge and a moat to make it a fit illustration for one of Walter Scott's novels.

Sir Henry did not move into that castle. The baronial structure that gleamed on a bright day for miles over

the city was inhabited only by horses and chickens, gardeners and stablemen. It was only the stable. Then the jokesmiths began a merry round of quips at the expense of that unconventional stable big enough to house a hundred horses—when, according to rumour, Sir Henry had only a few.

Sir Henry hugely enjoyed the joke. He had built that stable for people to talk about it. He had put it on the brow of a hill for people to see. Those who said it was a shameful prodigality of good money were shallow critics who never appreciated the Pellatt maxim, "It pays (the public) (for me) to advertise."

Many were the speculations as to the kind of house necessary to offset so mammoth a stable. Year by year, whenever the state of Pellatt finances permitted, the castle Casa Loma built itself up. It now stands out a great greystone baronial pile of overwhelming grandeur as conspicuous as one of the Pyramids. It is big enough for a New York hotel. It has chimneys enough for a small town, windows enough for a huge modern factory, rooms enough to house the Queen's Own, grounds big and beautiful enough to give a lawn party to the entire garrison of Toronto.

When the Duke and Duchess of Aberdeen were in Canada in the autumn of 1915 there was a grand Red Cross reception or something of the sort at Casa Loma. Such a social outburst had never been known in Canada, even at Rideau Hall. When the programme went on in the music-room—as large as a medium-sized theatre—almost a thousand people listened as they talked. A few weeks later Sir Henry gave himself the pleasure of entertaining the entire National Chorus of which he is President. Two hundred singers under the baton of Dr. Albert Ham, the National Chorus conductor, sang to Sir Henry and his friends. On these and all such occasions Sir Henry went about among his impromptu guests like a great god Pan among his nymphs and satyrs. His practical ideas of society, soldiery, and art are of the kind that can be staged only with the

dimensions of a magnified Wagner grand opera. Casa Loma must have been intended for a Canadian imitation of Valhalla.

At the foot of the hill dominated by the Pellatt castle are noisy factories, dirty railway yards, and grimy coal chutes.

"Whyever didn't you build the house further back on the hill so that you won't see those inartistic things?" Sir Henry was asked by a friend.

"My dear sir," was the loftily genial reply, "if I had done that, people would never be able to see my house to advantage without climbing the hill. I didn't build it merely as a dwelling. I intended it for a spectacle."

Up near Lake Simcoe also Sir Henry has a great farm which is a perpetual economic spectacle to the plain farmers to whom he gives prizes for fat cattle and good horses. In the prospering years he engaged so many men on this great model farm that other farmers grumbled at the scarcity of help. It seems almost a pity that the farm could not be moved from its obscurity of Lake Simcoe to the plateau forefronted by the Pellatt castle in Toronto.

Any good standard recipe for building a new nation might safely include one Pellatt. More would be dangerous. Half a dozen Pellatts would be a slogan for red-rag socialism. Sir Henry's personal function in Canadian economics must be charged up to national advertising. There are times when such advertising suggests patent medicine literature indicating the social and economic ills of the country from which no Pellatt specific for prosperity can ever deliver it. A well-known pond-stirring publication has declared that Sir Henry is a profiteer. It must be suspected, however, that no such character as Pellatt could evolve in any country unless the general tendency in boom times had been for thousands of men to become as far as possible miniature Pellatts and thousands of others to copy the miniatures. The man who works by any underground

method to become a Wallingford is no man to criticise Pellatt for advertising either his real or his hypothetical wealth as a spectacle. Sir Henry Pellatt has been a promoter of benevolences, a swaggering dash of colour in our national life, and the patron saint of a fine historic and imperialising regiment. To such a man we may address *sotto voce* the memorable salutation of a poet to England—" With all thy faults I love thee still."

LORD STRATHCONA

At least two biographies of Lord Strathcona have been written. His life is yet to write. The only man qualified for such a task would have been some Scotch clerk, who might have acted Boswell to this pemmican-eating overlord from the time he was Hudson's Bay cadet in Labrador until he settled in Winnipeg after the sale of Rupert's Land by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Government of Canada. The life that Donald A. Smith lived after that was a thing for diligent biographers.

Politics, railroading, and culture got hold of Donald A. Smith after he had passed his first epoch of the man primeval. Together they made of this borean land-son of a Viking a bewildering number of LL.D.'s, as many millionaires, a chancellor of great universities, a member of Parliament, a high commissioner, a knight, a baron, an entertainer of royalty, and a philanthropist. Smith he originally was; a universal plebeian fact, tyrant of the furposts, a dog-driving, man-lording, benevolent despot that heaped up fortunes for the fur company in London and kept the red men from going to the white man's devil as best he might. His parents should have christened him Olaf or Thor.

This Smith from Morayshire in the north of Scotland was afraid of no man; neither of solitude, nor cold, nor hunger, nor the devil. He had eyebrows that gathered the hoar and hands that cracked the long raw-hide whip over the ears of the head dog in a blizzard. He slept in deerskin bags and four-point blankets and talked Cree with a Scotch burr. He knew the long reaches of the crooked trail from post to post, the bite of fifty below zero, and the mystic fleer of the midnight sun. Silver and gold had he none, neither banknotes nor any kind of currency sometimes but beaverskins and tokens.

But he knew how to heap up profits on the goods that came drifting along the coast of Labrador, across Hudson's Bay into the factor's furpost; how to know by the pinch of the pelt and the glint of the fur what was the value of the packs of skins that came swaggering down in great canoes from the highlands of the interior.

From clerk to chief factor and resident governor, ruling a savage domain two-thirds the size of Europe, this "Oogamou" of the dog-whip and the goose-quill pen worked out the gospel of success and self-help as no man ever did in that part of North America. He had but one fealty—the "Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Rupert's Land," with outposts from the easternmost tip of Labrador to the nor'-western peak of the Mackenzie valley. Canoes on the rivers, dog-sleds creaking on the trails, and grey-winged ships gliding into the fort harbours were to him what transcontinental railways, great elevators, and bustling terminals are to modern magnates. The pile of beaver-skins or the heap of tokens were to Donald A. Smith of the bushy eyebrows and the canny Scotch thrift as authentic as the gold reserves in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal. Books he had none except faded magazines and newspapers that struggled in a year after date by dog-sled to the furpost. Pictures he never saw except the marvels of northern landscapes by the light of magic suns or the flickering aurora and the crude symbolings of red men on their skin tepees. For music he had the howling of hungry huskie dogs and the drone of the furpost accordion.

But the whole audacious drama of a rude world working itself out to civilisation paraded itself before this man, who in thirty-one years never knew the serene finality of a swallowtail or an opera hat. More than most men of his time in any country he was to demonstrate the humbug of mere environment.

This bush-lubbering epic in all its barbaric splendour must be kept in mind vividly in any attempt to get an

impression of Donald A. Smith who became Lord Strathcona. All the law there was of it—he was. All he was the great company endorsed. Donald A. Smith without the great fur company would still have been the overpowering chief of the Clan Smith; for he had in him the impetuous virility that waits for nothing and the slow, dour tenacity of the Scot from the north coast country who can wait if need be a thousand years.

Maybe the north made him so. It would have either killed him or made him. It was a struggle between two strengths: the man and the country—when the man conquered, and in so doing was conscious of no great virtue as a stoic. When he left the resident governor's log castle to become a citizen of a common country all hedged about with parliaments and laws, Rupert's Land began to cease existing.

The great feudalism came to its last days with the selling of the vast fur-domain to the newly created Dominion of Canada. The feudal chieftain, born in the same year as Queen Victoria, found himself at the age of forty-nine at the end of an epoch in his life. Had he been a plain Viking he might have died on some terrific journey and been cremated on a king's pyre. He had wrought out one man's life which, looked at from snug family firesides, seemed as fabulously romantic as the story of Ulysses. But he was yet a young man.

When Donald A. Smith quit his chieftainship under the Hudson's Bay Company the Franco-Prussian War was just beginning; Queen Victoria was in her thirty-second year of reign; the United States was just beginning to recover from the Civil War; coal-oil civilisation was at its height in America; Canada had less than a thousand miles of railway and scarcely a thousand white men west of Lake Superior.

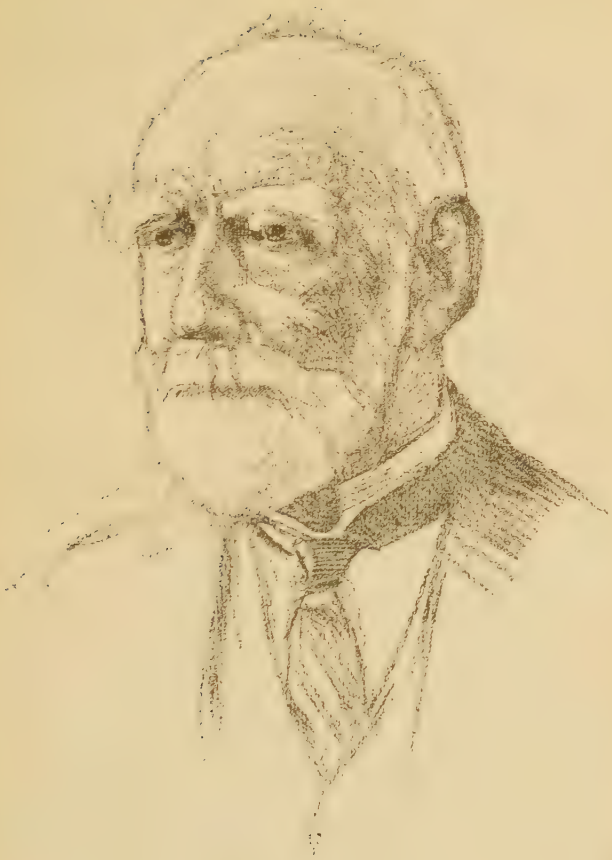
Out from the wild places for good now, the mid-aged chieftain found himself confronted with a curious half-awake civilisation that seemed to be just nicely getting over the snuff-box, minuet period of development, when hoop-skirts and baggy trousers were as fashionable as

800-page novels. So far as he might have cared to size it up, it was the beginning of the iron and steel age. There was no Canada except in the British North America Act; so far as is known, not a millionaire in the country; no known gold-mine of any consequence; copper deposits and nickel areas unexplored; electricity still in the experimental stage; not a telephone anywhere; no conception of wireless; not a clew to the X-ray; no case of appendicitis on record; no typewriting machines in use; automobiles not yet invented; nobody with the influenza and no trace of the higher critic: the world was still reading new poems by Tennyson; Gladstone was famous as an orator; George Bernard Shaw was a downy youth; Goldwin Smith had not yet come to the Grange to Oxfordise Toronto; and penny postage was in the same arc of discovery as the Pacific Cable.

In order to vindicate the popular conception of his character, Donald A. Smith in 1870 must have been somewhat bewildered by such an inchoate, evolutionary, and restless world. So many great things were just about to begin at the time when he ceased to be feudal lord in Rupert's Land to become a more or less democratic citizen of Canada. To a man with such virility, such an untamed, somewhat barbaric mind, and such a genius for organisation and despotic government, it must have been a problem to decide just what place he would fill in such a world. Like a former Alexander, having finished the song

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute,"

he might have decided that no other worlds remained to conquer, at least by his methods. What he had gone most without in the north-land he might have determined to have. As reckless as the wildcat miner suddenly become a millionaire, he could easily at his age have determined to satisfy some craving for culture, books, music, science, philosophy, art, languages. Following the later example of some of our successful Canadians he



might have taken his fortune to Rotten Row or Surrey and in a crush hat and opera cloak got himself pointed out at the opera as the once pemmican-eating Poohbah who had governed and operated an empire of furposts and was now ripe for the lorgnettes of London.

But Donald A. Smith was both too much of an unspent virility and a Scotchman to let himself become the dwindling victim of inanity. He had been long enough on the borderland of the political, more or less civilised part of this country to perceive that certain large programmes were sure to happen in the near future. Confederation was one of them. He understood that, perhaps better than some of its active political promoters. He realised the value, the cost, and the future of a great transcontinental railway even more than did the political statesmen who were trying to fight it through as a sequel to Confederation. And for all we know he may even have had dreams about the future of Canada in the Empire.

At all events here was an aboriginal master of trade, transportation, and despotism who, having conquered Rupert's Land, was ready to help organise modern Canada. Politics was one way to do it. Donald A. Smith went into politics. Old-timers on the prairie and far up to the headwaters of the Saskatchewan remember some of the election scrimmages undertaken by this grim-bearded Thor from Rupert's Land who sat first in the Legislature of Manitoba, again in the old North-West Council, and afterwards for both Winnipeg and Montreal in the Commons where he soon demonstrated that he had no pet use for either Conservatives or Liberals except in so far as they were willing to be as obedient as good huskie dogs under the whip.

So he was not merely a politician. Politics to him was an instrument. There was a bigger work than winning elections. That was the Canadian Pacific Railway. How the parent of Canadian transcontinentals came to be built is the story of no one man—more than it may be of Donald A. Smith. Sir Charles Tupper once said that

there never would have been a C.P.R. without the power and daring of this man, who seemed to defy all known methods of raising money, never knew when he was tired, baffled, or beaten, and was such a man-driving, parliament-harrying Norseman that he never would take no for an answer.

That was one way of exalting Donald A. Smith who had the faculty of suggesting the supernatural. But the C.P.R. was merely the thing that the Norseman chose for the expenditure of his barbaric and creative energy. The money could be got somehow, even though the road threatened to bankrupt every man that touched it and to wreck the fortunes of any band of politicians who put it on their programme. It was the most prodigal gamble in North America. It was bigger in dimensions than even Rupert's Land. It was a dream of daring, constructive arrogance that made it possible to dump water from the Pacific into the Atlantic by hauling it thousands of feet up the Rockies via the Kicking Horse Pass and 4000 miles from sea to sea. And its completion under the management of the resourceful Van Horne was a triumph for at least a few Homeric individuals, some of whom are already embalmed in the Pacific Scandal. Chief of all the C.P.R. creators was Donald A. Smith, who finally rode the great speculation into an enormous fortune and a place of eminence in the Bank of Montreal.

When the last spike of the great railway was driven at Craigellachie, B.C., by Donald A. Smith in November 1885, the ex-overlord of Rupert's Land was just sixty-five years of age. He had reached the end of the second movement in the huge trilogy of his career. The year following he was made a K.C.M.G. by Queen Victoria. From that time on titles and degrees, honours and fortunes, heaped themselves up about the craggy personality of this uncanny, conquering Scot. The world was as much his now as he cared to make it. He was in the third and last act of his curious, almost universal drama when political prestige, public preferment, and academic degrees came to him as iron filings to a magnet.

For the rest of his life, down to the days of his baronage, his countless philanthropies, his collections of great paintings, his benevolences in music, his castles of wealth, and his regiment of horse in the Boer War, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal became the most super-eminent conventionality in the British Empire. He turned to a splendid customary gentleman and a peer in the House of Lords. He became a public speaker, when his audiences scarcely cared what he said so long as they could gaze long enough at the weird unconquerable figure of the man. He visited Canada over and over again, when each time he came it seemed the more remarkable that a man of his great age could be pranking about so on the Atlantic. Presently it seemed as though this octogenarian had the kind of vitality that never gives out. High Commissioner, he was present at the funeral of Queen Victoria in 1901. King Edward came and went — the monarch who was born while Donald A. Smith was a Scotch clerk in Labrador.

Lord Strathcona stayed. Now and then he put up at his great baronial home in Montreal; solitary in the midst of magnificence that sometimes seemed more lonesome than any furpost. He returned to his queer, flustery office of High Commissioner in London; a shrunken, deafening, sight-dimming old Norseman who never knew when he was either old or weary. The white rime of the sub-Arctic came out to stay on his shaggy eyebrows. Withering giant of old age, he was still somehow as mystic, and dour, and compelling—with all his quavering geniality and his squeak of a voice—as he had been in the thundering, creaking days when he rode behind the huskie dogs in the whistling snow and rolled to sleep in his deerskin bag after a dinner of trailside pemmican.

TWO PERES DE MUSIQUE

Music is old enough in Canada to have had a line of ancestors, chief among whom are two men, F. H. Torrington and Guillaume Couture. When Torrington began to champion the cause of the treble clef in a crude land back in the 'fifties and the 'sixties, we had no foreign names from most of the countries of Europe on our roll of musicians. That in 1916 there are in this country many professional musicians representing by nationalities and schools of music the most that music has done for the world in all forms is due by lineage, at least, to the pathfinding propensities of Torrington and Couture; one representing the British line culminating in such men as Bantock, Elgar, Hubert Parry, and Mackenzie; the other the French development traceable in Debussy, Massenet, St. Saens, and Bizet.

Torrington came to Montreal in 1856, then a young Englishman of nineteen. He showed his adaptability by not expecting a large pipe-organship as soon as he arrived, and began by tuning pianos; afterwards tramping over Montreal teaching music at fifty cents a lesson. Organs were small and wheezy in Montreal in those days; there were no such cathedral instruments as that at Notre Dame, St. James', and the Church of the Gesu. Music was all very primitive. There was a British regiment stationed at Montreal. Torrington took lessons from H.M. bandmaster on band instruments and taught the bandsman theory in exchange. When the conductor was away Torrington led the band. He played violin in the orchestra, which it seems was a very good one, for one evening when he was to play a solo at first desk he was asked by the conductor if he would kindly give place to a new and celebrated virtuoso

who had come to town from Belgium. Jehin-Prume was the new arrival, a man who left a big mark on Montreal music and upon Torrington, who, as organist of a large Methodist church, violinist, piano teacher, and band conductor, soon demonstrated his Anglo-Saxon pertinacity by becoming the most useful musician in Montreal.

Six or seven years after his arrival the assassination of D'Arcy McGee convulsed Montreal. It was Torrington who played the funeral service in St. Patrick's. He was already a trail-finder, and before he had finished his twelve years in Montreal he made the acquaintance of another musical pioneer, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, a theatrical promoter of music festivals who, when he was a salesman for band instruments, met Torrington in Montreal, and after the Civil War was over, invited the British organist to take down a music corps to assist in the great Peace Jubilee in Boston. This was Torrington's introduction to the festival idea in America in which he was to become a Canadian inaugurator. A year or so later, having read in a newspaper about a great new organ in the Boston Music Hall, he wrote asking for permission to give a recital on this king of instruments. The result of that Boston performance was a post in the famous King's Chapel in Boston, to which Torrington went in 1868, remaining five years as organist, violinist, choral conductor, and general promoter of good works.

In 1873 he went up to Hamilton to give an organ recital. In those days Torrington was much of an organist. He had a passion for the big instrument, the bigger the better. And in those days the pipe organ was the only orchestra to be found in most towns and cities. While in Hamilton he was asked by a visiting Toronto music dealer if he would go to Toronto and take the large organ and choir in what was then the biggest Methodist church in the world, the Metropolitan, built as a result of the evangelising visit of Morley Punshon, D.D.

Torrington left Boston. He went to Toronto, as far as possible with the pioneering promotion of good music, to start another Boston on Lake Ontario. That was in 1873. He found himself in a much more single-minded and British community than Montreal. His organ and choir were not long becoming locally famous. Torrington was never cut out for one console. He had organising enthusiasm. Breaking away from traditions in his own church by giving big music for all church seasons as they have it in unevangelical churches, he began to promote choral concerts. His first chorus performance was in the old music hall above the old Public Library, in aid of a lacrosse club. It was the beginning of a remarkable series of undenominational events in music; the nebulous organisation of chorus and orchestra that afterwards became the Philharmonic Society.

The year 1886 was the musical *annus mirabilis* of Toronto. In that year the College of Music was started by Torrington on Pembroke Street, where it still is; later in the same year the Conservatory of Music under Edward Fisher; and in the early summer of the same year all the choruses and all the orchestral players that Torrington had ever mustered in Toronto, with a good many more besides, congregated from Toronto, Hamilton, and Buffalo nearly 800 strong to give the first music festival ever held in that part of the world. There had been other near-festival performances even before Torrington's time; none on the scale of this memorable event that packed the old Mutual Street rink, the only place available for such a series of concerts, and gave to the citizens of Toronto three history-making performances of Handel's Israel in Egypt, Judas Maccabæus, and Gounod's Mors et Vita.

The newspapers spent columns of description, praise, and criticism over this festival, which was the real beginning of a musical Toronto in a big way and the first sure proof that F. H. Torrington was both willing and able to do ten times more than he was ever paid to do for the sake of promoting good standard music.

Oratorio had been dabbled in before his time. Torrington made oratorio a hobby. The Festival Chorus became the Philharmonic chorus and orchestra which for a good many years made a sort of tabernacle of the Horticultural Pavilion in the Allan Gardens. Here Torrington was musical dictator, often in league with his old friend Gilmore whose famous band co-operated once a year with the Philharmonic Society. Oratorio and orchestral works were now the regular pabulum of Toronto. And it was only eight years after the great festival of 1886 that an enterprising millionaire enthusiast, Hart A. Massey, built Massey Music Hall, which was opened under the direction of Torrington with a three days' festival in June 1894.

The opening of Massey Hall came at the time when Torrington's great work as a musical organiser was at its height. In twenty-one years he had accomplished more in a big way than had ever been done in all the previous years of Toronto's musical history. He popularised organ music, choir music, choral works, and orchestral works, brought many great artists from the United States and England, pioneered the College of Music, established a musical cult in the University of Toronto, conducted a society in Hamilton, founded an orchestral school for young players, carrying the torch of hopeful illuminating art into many a corner which without him would have gone groping without good music. He was never weary of good works; never daunted by criticism; never too proud to make his art simple, edifying, and inspiring to any earnest soul desiring to get an insight into musical art.

Torrington has always been a real evangel. He was born and bred with all the qualities that make evangelism worth while, and at the same time by their very aggressive persistence arouse opposition. He seemed to thrive on troubles. He never chose the easiest way. No chorus was ever too crude and unlettered for him to rehearse with his violin at the desk to zip out the exact pitch and to play the crotchety part that somebody never

could learn by looking at the notes. When he glared at any section of the chorus and pounded the desk with his baton, when he stamped out the tempo with his foot, when he rapped everybody to a halt and began to deliver the musical decalogue—nobody in any of his choruses found it easy to be disregardful. There was a great work to be done. All men and women with whatever talent of music God had given them might help to do it.

There never was a time when Torrington failed in this clear, energising message. He was never concerned with the money he might make. Consequently he seldom had much. What he made with hard work slipped away without stint. Yet he was always organising, building up, extending his parish, increasing the public interest in good and sometimes great music. And when he retired a few years ago from the desk and baton of his choral society, then in its third or fourth phase of permutation, he got from the citizens of Toronto a formal and illuminated expression of what Toronto seemed to think it owed to a man who had made it possible for other men to build bigger things after him.

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Professor Guillaume Couture has never been out of the French atmosphere to which he was born in the city of Montreal, where he is now the oldest musician except one, his confrère Octave Pelletier, the organist, as Couture is the *maître de chappelle*, of St. James' Cathedral. Singing and the organ have always been his chosen sphere, along with composition. When the Archbishop of Montreal banned the opera *Louise*, it was at no suggestion of his *maître de chappelle*. Of all musicians in that metropolis Couture seems to have been one of the most hopeful over the future of indigenous grand opera. Sitting in his big square studio at the Fraser Institute in 1912 the Professor benignly and somewhat querulously blessed the *operatiques*. He was himself an habitué. In Paris, where he spent years of his formative career, he had been congenially stung

by the opera. Naturally—since his examiners were Massenet, Bizet, and St. Saens. Paris to Couture was an atmosphere. Montreal was always a mere suggestion.

It is a matter of history that nearly all the French-Canadian musical elect went to Paris and to Brussels to graduate. That part of Canada has been remarkably fecund of musical folk. There has been always a pronounced lyric strain in the French Canadians; probably racial, and certainly not made obsolete by centuries of exile from Gallia. Organ, violin, piano, 'cello, voice—Montreal has evolved scores of able artists: but never a permanent great musical organisation. Music in that city is peculiarly ecclesiastic in association and individual in development. There are more native artists than in Toronto: fewer organisations. Most of the wealth is Anglo-Saxon. Most of the churches are French. Choral societies have been largely promoted by the French who were always in the musical majority. The inspiration of Gounod, St. Saens, Bizet, Massenet, Widor, has always directly inspired the Gallic element in Montreal, fed more upon mass than upon opera, which when it came as a native product was backed first by a Scotch-Canadian millionaire, afterward by a New York Hebrew, and in both cases talented as to chorus and somewhat as to orchestra by native French Canadians. Paris was always the goal. Those who, like Couture, went abroad fetched back Paris with them.

So in the matter of atmosphere, quite apart from the intellectual and organising side of music, Montreal has always been temperamentally the leader among Canadian cities. There are comparatively few "foreign" music folk in Montreal, because the French Canadians have always had a habit of coming back to the big Parisising city on the St. Lawrence. Teutonic influences have always been timid in Montreal. The Latin temperament held the stage.

Of this Gallic school of music Professor Couture has for a long while been an apostle. He was an organist of a small church at the age of sixteen. At nineteen he

played organ in the old St. James' Cathedral, when the organ was not the fine French-Canadian instrument it is now—and it is a matter of great and glowing pride to the French-Canadian musicians that the organs which have become most famous in America, able to compete with any in the world, are made in the small town of St. Hyacinthe on the Yamaska.

While a very young man Couture went to Paris. He was most of all interested in voice, second in the organ—as well in whatever made musical Paris gay and solemn and æsthetic. His studies threw him into personal contact with many great French composers, including Massenet, Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*, St. Saens, the Verdi of France, and old Cesar Franck from Belgium, known to the talent as " le bon père Franck," for whom Couture was organist three years at the Church of Ste. Clothilde.

Perhaps no other musician born in Canada has such a fund of inspiring and colourful recollections built about these notable figures in a world centre of music. And as he sat and talked of them one day to the writer in his studio, the Professor rather pensively recalled those days. Regarding German music he had little to say. There seems to be no pro-Wagner strain in Couture. The greatest music to him was and still is in Paris—though he has devoted much of his life to giving standard oratorios, as well as the masses and requiems, operas and organ music, he knows so extensively and intimately. In Montreal there could never be a Wagner cult of any extent. French-Canadian influence in the hand of such men as Couture, much guided by the needs of the Church, temperamentally inclined to French and Church music, has always kept the dominant note of Montreal as near the Latin pitch as possible.

They say that Couture in his years of hard labour with choral and orchestral organisation became much of a czar in music. But he gave no sign to the writer of any autocratic temper. He seemed rather to be a mild, benign sort of man who would do anything to

promote the gentle side of music, and rather than have discord would himself retire to the background.

No longer conductor of oratorio and choral societies, he is still *maître de chappelle* at St. James', and free to compose when his teaching duties permit. His compositions are extensive and scholarly. His Requiem, composed and by him performed at the funeral of the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, once Minister of Marine at Ottawa, is regarded as a solid contribution to the literature of Church music. It is to be hoped that before he quits creative work altogether he will do something to co-ordinate the music that is native to French Canada, beginning with the old French chansons and ending with such things as he and a few others have been able to produce. Montreal, as a centre of music production, has a bright future. Professor Guillaume Couture is one of the strong steady lights by which that future may be surveyed.

TWO PAINTERS OF ONTARIO

HALDANE MACFALL a few years ago wrote a glowing eulogium in the *Academy* on two Canadian painters whose joint exhibition he had seen in the Goupil Galleries, London. Homer Watson and J. Archibald Browne are the which and tother of Anglo-Canadian art. All that Watson is, Browne is not. Both depict Canadian landscapes, and as a rule nothing else; both go afield in Quebec and Nova Scotia now and then for subjects; but for the most part they translate Ontario landscapes. And if a canvas of one finds itself at an exhibition alongside a picture of the other, there is an immediate quarrel of the canvases which, if personified, might resemble a dispute between a gruff, good-natured countryman and a dainty lady gloved, ruffed, and laced from the town or somewhere near it.

Homer Watson paints his pictures in Doon, the same little Ontario village where he was born; and of this heavy-set, pastoral community sandwiched between Scotch and German settlements he is chief citizen, Justice of the Peace, one of the oldest inhabitants, and the sole lamp of art. He paints in the Doon vernacular; and he always paints trees. The trees are usually trunky Watsonesque pioneers that seem to belong to the mid-Victorian age of development in Canada. If he should paint an inter-urban trolley he would make it feel like a stage coach even though it should look like an electric car.

One passes over the epic sonata of canvases which he did on commission in 1915 for the Canadian Government impersonated by Sir Sam Hughes. They may have been good pictures of Valcartier, but they were neither good typical Watsons nor first-rate pictures of a war camp. His normal productions are far different. His landscapes

have that solid-built character as though no tornado ever could uproot those oakish trees. One feels as though he might walk into a Watson neck of woods and hew out a double-tree for a team. There is the suggestion of the axe and the crosscut saw, the ox-team and the log-bee, the spinning-wheel and the old rag mat.

In Watson these suggestions are as sincere as the dusky light that peers over his low-toned, Puritanising canvases; and they are inherent in the man Homer Watson, who is well named. The perennial character of his work is Homeric simplicity coupled with Sabbath-going restraint. He is the human side of the old oaken bucket. Diligent respectability sits decently over most of his work. A picture of Watson's must never merely suggest—always as far as possible express and define something. The expression is not always poetic and the definition is never an epigram.

Doon is evidently an obvious Ontario settlement with all the rugged virtues rigidly set down in the day's work. You feel that ever since he was old enough to smoke a pipe this painter worshipped the diligent toiler who rose with the sun. He purveys no mystery. He makes no flamboyant appeal to the imagination. One has no remembrance of any outstanding human figure ever exhibited by this craftsman of the village studio. With his repertoire of rustic folk and villagers he might have portrayed more people and fewer landscapes. But he never wearies of the stout thick trees, the bulging hill, the cattle trail and the snake fence, the autumn wind shivering through at dusk and the stodgy days' worker whom he never illumines with the tender pessimism of a Millet—because he is too busy with the trees to paint the human worker at all. Trickery is impossible with the Watson technique, which in this country is very much his own and occasionally bears some resemblance to the plastic arts.

Impetuous ecstasy, seizing passion—he seems to have very little. I should not say that he lacks temperament; rather that he has an excess of one variety of its expres-

sion. To fetch more luminosity into his pictures would be fatal to the Watson *genre*, which requires a measure of gloom—though much less now than formerly. Isolated in the village, he has clung to the fine old virility of a first outlook upon nature which is so often lost in a city studio. He was the first President of the Canadian Art Club who seceded from the Ontario Society of Artists because they believed in evolution by protest. For some years it was found quite superfluous to seek for another President. When the Royal Canadian Academy was founded by Lord Lorne in 1880, Watson was made an associate. A few years ago he was made a full member. He is now at the height of his old-fashioned virility—and long may he remain there.

. . . . . .

Archibald Browne's pictures contain no pioneer realisms. A large majority of them for a good many years seemed like transcriptions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. One of his latest, done according to the Browne recipe for the co-insinuation of paint, looks like a god-blown soap-bubble bleached out to mother-of-pearl; a ghost of a grey sail in a swoon of vapour that in the foreground may be water and in the background may be sky, but heaven only knows where one begins and the other leaves off.

With such an etherealising technique Browne might have illustrated *The Dream of Gerontius*—except that he never paints figures. He personalises his landscapes; and it must be admitted that a large number of them are feminine. With a little elasticity of imagination one might take a fair percentage of Browne's pictures as an illustration to the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality:*

> "Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

In this business of poetising paint Browne has taken the moon for a symbol. If all his moon pictures were hung side by side they would make a tone picture of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. The Browne moon is

unmistakable. It may be full, quarter, or new; it is always pensive with the pale cast of thought. You never catch a Browne moon riding the heavens and brooming away the clouds with a high wind. It is always peering shyly into the nebula of the landscape, between ghosted trees or over phantom waters, to see what the artist has been doing rather than to give the beholder light. Critics have complained that the Browne moon is not distinctively Canadian. Browne aptly retorts that the moon is a universal object which cannot be nationalised. But there are times when the Browne moon is not even an object: merely a subtlety.

There must have been some humour in Browne's original idea to exploit the moon. In so doing he seems to have worked out an alleged theorem of Corot that he could paint the same subject in a hundred various ways and never repeat himself. Browne never pretended that he was interpreting Canada by translating the moon; neither can he deny that a good many of his lunar pictures could have been done quite as well if he had taken the original sketches to a studio in Bombay.

Whatever the first intention was, the artist has now somewhat outgrown it. He no longer dwells in the moonlight of art. Many of his later compositions are exceedingly high-keyed, colourful, and bold—some of them dramatic. In fact some time ago he broke out into a species of realism by painting old shacks and patches of city streets. In his best recent things, however, he has depicted the big valley and the bold cloud-scudded mountain on some arm of the Bay of Fundy. In such things he revels in luminosity, realistic colour, and motion.

Even in these he shudderingly avoids any modern methods in the perpetration of paint. A Browne picture is half done before he begins. He mixes his colours on the palette, not being sure that the beholder has either the ability or the patience to mix them after they are on the canvas. Of course this is an old device. But nowadays it requires occasional courage as an innovator

for a man to spiritualise his colours before he puts them on the canvas.

Browne believes that no good picture should be anything resembling a literal transcription. He has worked out his belief. Nothing is so tiresome to the Browne temperament as the mere truth; nothing so reprehensible as the camera. It is the mission of the artist to interpret nature by selecting her more attractive aspects and by the use of the poetic faculty to make them if need be more idyllic than nature could.

Grant that premise to Browne and his conclusion is obvious. The ugly must never be painted—unless by contrast to emphasise the beautiful. Rapture is better than realism. Colours in themselves are not necessarily æsthetic. They must be mixed and blended with judicious subtlety.

Merely human interest in themselves most of Browne's pictures have not. They become interesting by human interpretation in the recognition of the beautiful. He seems to ignore a large percentage of people who prefer that a picture should be first of all an interesting subject no matter what treatment the artist gives it. He prefers the more perceptive minority who care less for the subject than for the art of the artist who handles it.

Browne is not a Canadian by birth. Accident made this Scotchman a native of Liverpool; but he is not in the least English, and he prefers to regard himself as a Canadian. Which is not possible except in a cosmopolitan Canada.

REV. J. A. MACDONALD

Middlesex County, Ontario, contributed two orators to Canadian public life, Sir George Ross and J. A. Macdonald, both Celts; impassioned, somewhat bardic characters, both quite celebrated in politics, and both Liberals. The orations of George Ross, once Premier of Ontario and for many years Minister of Education, have gone into living history. The orations of J. A. Macdonald are still in the making. These eloquent Gaels came up out of a fecund, temperamental community which had two mainsprings of progress, predestination and Liberalism.

Macdonald, however, with all his belief in what was to be and therefore must be, could scarcely have suspected when he was a student of the higher catechism on a Middlesex farm, that at the dawn of the twentieth century he would become editor-in-chief of the paper on which he had been nurtured once a week along with the syndicate sermons of Talmage. Neither was he likely to imagine that the day would come in 1911 when he should be the accredited agent at Washington and Ottawa of the Taft-Fielding scheme of restricted reciprocity that drove the Liberal Government out of power.

His first liberating passion was for the pulpit. The platform, the sanctum, and the lobby came in the fulness of time. He attended college and went out to preach, in the days when great preaching was considered one of the civilising arts in a new country. Once upon a time while he was preaching to a rustic congregation in eastern Ontario, Macdonald pilgrimaged to Toronto for a week of theological examinations in Knox College. On the Sabbath he trudged early down to St. Andrew's on King Street—seated devoutly before the organist

began to play the prelude. What a strange, gloomy Scotch place it was! And when the kist o' whustles began to drone in the rear of the kirk, what unco vibrations chased themselves up and down the spine of reverend young Macdonald! Never had he heard a pipe organ before; nothing but cabinet reed organs and precentors. This was a wicked instrument and he liked it.

Into the pulpit came a pale-faced man in a black gown who, as he worked through psalms and pipe-organing old St. Ann up to his sermon, caused the raw-boned young preacher in the gallery to crane over the rail. Never had Macdonald heard such a sermon; not so much the words as the ideas. That preacher was accused of being a heterodoxist; the first freethinking parson Macdonald had ever heard. And because that too was a bit wicked, he liked it.

That was the most momentous Sabbath J. A. Macdonald had ever known; when he stood on the verge of the unorthodox, hobnobbing with heresies.

After attending college at Edinburgh, Macdonald found himself, a young resounding Demosthenes—also with a slight hesitancy of speech—pastor of Knox Church, St. Thomas, Ontario, a railway town. No Canada Southern train rushing through St. Thomas ever flung the miles over its boiler with finer ecstasy than Macdonald chucked behind him the verbiage of a grand sermonising discourse. People drove for miles to hear him go up and down the Jacob's ladder crowded with angels; now and then having for a triumphal text, "Blessed are the meek." Beginning with a zephyr-like conversation, minute by minute he pulled out stop after stop in his pipe-organ discourse, until with all the diapasons and tubes resounding the sermon became a grand kist o' whustles, the congregation were dumb-founded with awe, and the minister visiting a sick lady on Monday told her what a glorious time he had in the pulpit yesterday.

Piously he continued to read the *Globe*, sometimes

wondering why it was not even more passionate, with such a pack of Tory scoundrels at Ottawa violating Mosaic laws. Presently predestination took him out of St. Thomas and he became editor of the *Westminster*, a Presbyterian monthly, by means of which he was enabled to merge a number of little Presbyterian papers into a syndicate.

With Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a co-inspiration to John Knox, the very year that Laurier swept into power at Ottawa, J. A. Macdonald became the Principal of a Presbyterian ladies' college. He dallied in a bower of valedictory roses and elocution. He studied the peace movement. On platforms both in Canada and the United States he told of his fighting ancestors, glorying in their deeds with claymore and battle-axe — and preaching peace. And when any sceptic asked why such a brawny, cloud-splitting man could do such a thing, it was to reply—

"Well, you see, he is Principal of a ladies' college."

The dynamo Principal was getting ready for another foreordained metamorphosis. During those five years of his dalliance with lingeried curricula, Canada and its politics were undergoing marvellous changes. His chief Laurier and an aggressive Cabinet were making a new twentieth-century Canada. The west was coming to the east and the new world was going to the west. Mere preaching was no longer the great thing. Behind the scenes a play was going on, and the actors were the editor of the Toronto *Globe*, the directors thereof, and a capitalist who desired to start an independent newspaper that should tell the truth about politics no matter whom the truth hit—for a while. It might have been expected that such a reform movement would have caught up Macdonald in a cloud. But almost as sudden as a bomb from a Zeppelin, John S. Willison resigned from the *Globe* to become editor of the *Toronto News*, backed by Mr. J. W. Flavelle. The sanctum of the *Globe* was vacant.

"Macdonald's the man," said Senator Jaffray,

President of the *Globe*. And echo answered, "Ay, Macdonald's the man."

Macdonald became the editorial exponent of what was then regarded as the new Liberalism, which consisted in chastising the sins of the old Liberals. His old Middlesex idol of oratory and politics, Sir George Ross, was the first victim of what seemed like the new editor's uncompromising righteousness. The famous editorial on "barnacles" was a bad blow to the leader of the party which for thirty-two years had governed Ontario. Other men might look after the *Globe* newspaper. Macdonald from his pulpit sanctum looked after the propaganda. No man could have done it better. He had a train-platform knowledge of many parts of Canada, a glowing appreciation of big men, and a political impetuosity that might have made him an M.P. but that he played Cæsar for the sake of a better crown.

By now the doctrine of predestination had many a crimp in it from J. A. Macdonald. The Boanerges editor was famous for his speeches in Washington and all points north and west; in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and as many Sabbaths a year as possible preaching in Canadian pulpits. No editor in Canada had ever preached so much; none in America except W. J. Bryan who was a friend of Macdonald; none in England except the late W. J. Stead. In no part of the world was the oratory of Macdonald so famous as in the United States. Nowhere else did Macdonald on certain big occasions feel so much at home. Even in Canada we have at times felt rather proud of Macdonald's bardic oratory, different from the polished eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and more impassioned than the speeches of Sir George Ross. We were quite willing to have the *Globe* editor go across the border now and then to thrill audiences in Washington. But Canadians were somewhat startled on a Sabbath afternoon in Massey Hall, Toronto, when, speaking at a congress of the Associated Clubs of America, Macdonald eulogised Canada as the "greatest country under the Stars and Stripes." That was a slip

often made by American speakers in this country. In the case of Macdonald it was merely a dramatic *lapsis linguæ*. His audience were mainly Americans. He wished to make them feel at home.

So we follow the preacher-editor down to the year 1911 —his fateful year; his trips to Washington, his interviews with President Taft, the reciprocity conferences at Albany and Ottawa, and the Taft-Fielding amendment to international foreordination, the restricted reciprocity plank in the Liberal platform which the editor of the *Globe* had helped to make—then the election.

The Liberals went out of power and the editor went back to his sanctum more startled than he had been on the Sabbath when he first heard a kist o' whustles and a heterodox preacher. He consoled himself with the reflection that what had to be could not well be avoided.

Then came the war; another act of foreordination. The editor of the *Globe* was a pacifist. When Bryan left the American Cabinet the *Globe* repudiated Bryan and continued to come out as strongly as any other newspaper in Canada in favour of the Allies and of Canada's participation in a just war. Since the war began the *Globe* had been committed to its prosecution by Canada. There was no cry of peace, peace, when there was no peace. Then came the peace propaganda again, to which the *Globe* was as much opposed as any other Canadian or British newspaper. And on Friday, October 15, 1915, the *Toronto News* published a leader headed "Peace and Pacifists." This editorial said:

"Dr. J. A. Macdonald has been in conference with Pacifists at San Francisco and delivered there his well-known address on The North American Experiment. . . . It is with the Pacifists that the editor of the *Globe*, a British newspaper in a British community, confers. A British editor, supposedly in a position of leadership in this country, goes to the United States and delivers a list of denunciations, not against Germany, not against Austria, but against Europe. . . . Dr. Macdonald's friends in the United States declare roundly that the

British navy is as much a militarist organisation as the German army. . . . . Does he agree? If he does not, what is he doing in San Francisco? What is the meaning of his furious attacks on ' European ' militarism? "

These were very inconsiderate questions. The editor of the *News* was never an orator or he never would have asked them.

Not long after the end of the first year of war that was to fetch peace upon earth—for come it must—Rev. J. A. Macdonald resigned from the chief editorship of the *Globe*. The editor who had written the *Globe* war summary took his place. The orator became a contributing editorial writer.

What will he do next? There is nothing in the doctrine of predestination to forecast that. But there is always the platform. After the war there must be peace. Where there is peace there must be oratory. And in the congregation of orators there must always be a J. A Macdonald.

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